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# Michigan History Magazine

VOLUME V

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# MICHIGAN HISTORY MAGAZINE

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VOL. V, Nos. 3-4 July-October, 1921    WHOLE No. 16

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## HISTORICAL NEWS, NOTES AND COMMENT GENERAL

**"E**VERY Star has a tongue, every Stripe is articulate." Salute the Flag!

To encourage the study and writing of Michigan history by persons of scholarly training, the Michigan Historical Commission has arranged to supply a complete set of the *Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections* to any member of the American Historical Association on payment of transportation charges. The sets consist of 39 volumes, running from 1877 to 1915, plus two volumes of indices.

"A Syllabus for Ninth Grade Study of American Industries" is published in the *Historical Outlook* for April. The bibliographies attached are indispensable. This is Part III of the report of the committee on history and education for citizenship. The May number contains Part IV, "Syllabus for Modern History in the Tenth Grade," also an arresting paper entitled, "How Shall We Reconstruct the Social Studies Curriculum?" In the June number is Part V of the citizenship com-

mittee's report, a "Syllabus for United States History in the Eleventh Grade." The same number contains an extended paper on "Education for Citizenship," by professors J. G. de R. Hamilton and E. W. Knight of the University of North Carolina.

In the *Wisconsin Magazine of History* (March), Deborah Beaumont Martin contributes an exceedingly readable paper on "Doctor William Beaumont: His Life in Mackinac and Wisconsin 1820-1834." In the same number Prof. Carl R. Fish contributes a suggestive paper entitled, "An Historical Museum."

The last Iowa legislature added the sum of \$20,500 to the permanent annual support fund of Iowa's state historical work, making the total now approximately \$40,000 a year.

Dr. Milo M. Quaife contributes to the March number of the *Wisconsin History Magazine* an interesting discussion entitled, "More Light on Jonathan Carver."

The *Illinois Catholic Historical Review* for April publishes a very interesting letter from Fr. Laurence J. Kenny, S. J. of St. Louis, about the relics of Fr. Marquette which were found at St. Ignace, Michigan, in 1877.

The *First Biennial Report of the State Historian of the State of Wyoming* has been issued. Its varied and interesting contents speak well for the enterprise of

the State Historian, Eunice G. Anderson. The volume issues from Cheyenne.

The *Autobiography of Martin Van Buren*, written by the author in 1854 when 71 years old, makes up the second volume of the *Annual Report of the American Historical Association* for 1918.

Michigan Republicans, who have heard much about the origin of the Republican Party at "Jackson under the Oaks," will be interested in an article entitled, "The Republican Party Originated in Pittsburgh," by Charles W. Dahlinger, in the January 1921 number of the *Western Pennsylvania Historical Magazine*.

The recent Indiana legislature provided that county commissioners, which correspond to boards of supervisors in Michigan, in each county where there is an historical society may appropriate \$1,500 a year for collecting historical materials; another Act authorizes the same boards to appropriate \$1,000 for printing county war histories.

*Chronicles of Oklahoma* is the name of the new quarterly Magazine launched by the Oklahoma Historical Society, of which James S. Buchanan is editor, and Edward E. Dale associate editor.

## THE STATE

**I** DO love my country's good, with a respect more tender, more holy and profound, than mine own life."—*Coriolanus*.

A healthy and vigorous community life is founded on energised community history. The development and growth of a people is projected from the past into the future. The present is a cross section of dynamic history. None realize this better than big men with great vision, and the chambers of commerce of Michigan cities are among the staunch promoters of Michigan's state historical work.

"Citizenship Day" was this year celebrated by many Michigan communities for the first time. Impressive ceremonies marked the occasion when former aliens from many countries were given the papers which distinguish them as American citizens. Stirring addresses, military music, and patriotic songs were participated in by local, fraternal, business and patriotic and civic organizations, and the churches. This "Day" will become increasingly significant as it is realized by the public generally how much this welcoming hand of good fellowship would mean to them, if they were in a foreign country pledging to make the necessary sacrifices to receive the compensating privileges of citizenship.

Detroit's beautiful new Public Library building

was formally dedicated on Friday, June 3, with some five hundred people in attendance at the exercises. The principal address of the occasion was delivered by William J. Gray. The aims and ideals of the Library are eloquently set forth by Librarian Adam Strohm in *Library Service* for June 3, a copy of which may be obtained from the Library on request.

In the appointment of Edwin Denby as Secretary of the Navy, Michigan is very pleasantly honored by President Harding. Mr. Denby is a graduate of the University of Michigan in the law class of 1896, and has since been a member of the Detroit bar. From 1904-1911 he was in Congress, where he was chairman of the House Naval Affairs Committee. In the recent war and in the Spanish-American War he enlisted in the Navy as a private. In college he was interested in athletics. He has won financial success as an executive in the automobile industry. In Mr. Denby's career is again exemplified the fact that America stands for vast opportunity to the practical idealist.

The June number of the *Michigan Alumnus* contains the report of Mr. H. L. Sensemann to the War Records Committee of the University of Michigan, showing the total return of the military records to date to number 12,712 University men who saw military service during the Great War. The total, it is said, will be unquestionably larger when all the military service blanks have been returned. A detailed classification of the service of the men accompanies the report.

The initial publication of the Railway and Locomotive Historical Society has come to our desk, from Mr. Roy W. Carlson, Escanaba, corresponding secretary. The Society was organized in December, 1920. One of its main objects is the gathering of material relating to the history of the early railroads of the country and placing it in some central depository. The titles of some of the articles in the *First Bulletin* indicate its nature and scope: "Yesterdays on the New York Central"—"The Story of New England"—"America's Most Famous Trains." This first issue contains the charter and by-laws of the Society.

There are a number of subjects of historical nature which should be of special interest to the women of Michigan, and if properly treated would be appropriate for the *Michigan History Magazine*. Some of these are: "Women and the Common Law in Michigan," "Evolution of the Guardianship of Children in Michigan," "Women in Michigan Industries," "The Problems of Marriage and Divorce in Michigan." We would be glad to know of women students and writers, or men who would be likely to be interested in preparing a paper on any of these subjects.

The Michigan Authors' Association held their 11th annual dinner June 14 at the Statler Hotel, Detroit. The principal speakers were Mr. E. G. Pipp, publisher of Pipp's Weekly; Mrs. Marie Frink of Ann Arbor; and the editor of this Magazine. Mr. I. Leonard Braun, dramatic tenor, sang, accompanied by Miss Pauline Johnson, Detroit pianist.



The University of Michigan monthly, *The Chimes*, has attained in the past year to a high standard of excellence. Our best wishes are with the staff for the year 1921-22.

Michigan is signally honored in the selection of Dr. James R. Angell, son of our beloved "Prexy," as president of Yale, this being the first time in its history that Yale has gone outside of its alumni for a president.

Through the kindness of Miss Cora DePuy, of the Michigan Authors' Association, Detroit, the Michigan Historical Commission has received a fine collection of play-bills, posters, programs, and pictures relating to the English stage in the 18th and 19th centuries, selected from the Collection of the late Charles Sanders, Detroit. The Collection is now in possession of Mr. Fred Sanders of that city.

The *Michigan Alumnus* for March contains a memorial read before the University Senate upon the life of the late Prof. Isaac Newton Demmon, faithful servant of the University for nearly half a century.

The long expected *Bibliography of Michigan History*, by Floyd Benjamin Streeter, is in press, to appear in two volumes. The exceeding usefulness of this work to every class of business, professional and literary workers will amply compensate for the long wait necessitated by the difficulty of the undertaking. It is equipped with a complete cross-reference index. The volumes are being published by the Michigan

Historical Commission, of which Mr. Streeter is Archivist.

Michigan is proud of the distinction conferred by the election of Maj. John G. Emery of Grand Rapids as National Commander of the American Legion, following the tragic death of National Commander Frederick W. Galbraith. Major Emery had served for some time as vice-commander. In France he participated, in command of Co. F, 18th Infantry, First Division, in the battles of Cantigny, St. Mihiel and in the Meuse-Argonne offensive.

In the April number of the *Michigan Law Review*, Mr. W. L. Jenks of Port Huron contributes "The History of the Michigan Constitutional Provision Prohibiting a General Revision of the Laws;" the May number contains "The Trust Company in Michigan," by Mr. Ralph Stone of Detroit.

The resignation of professors Albert A. Stanley and Victor C. Vaughan removes two great leaders from the faculty of the University of Michigan. Professor Stanley has been Professor of Music there since 1888, and to his efforts is largely due the place Ann Arbor holds today in the musical life of the Middle West. The distinguished medical service of Dr. Vaughan covers a period of forty-five years, thirty of which he has spent as dean of the Medical School.

A very interesting series of pioneer stories is running in the *Capac Journal* under the caption "Early Days."

George R. Fox, director of the Edward K. Warren foundation museum of Three Oaks, and well known as an archæologist and lecturer, has started on a trip to Yucatan where he will study Indian mounds and prehistoric ruins. He is accompanied by George Eggleston, a well-known educator of Virginia.

Mr. William L. Jenks of Port Huron was elected Historian of the State Society, Sons of the American Revolution, at a meeting of that organization held in Detroit in April.

The Bay County Historical Society held its regular meeting in Bay City at the Board of Commerce building in May. Among interesting papers Mrs. J. E. Downing presented one on "Women's Clubs and Their Relation to History." Mrs. Henry B. Smith was chosen president for the ensuing year.

About 200 people gathered in the North Stockbridge cemetery, Ingham County, Sunday afternoon, June 5, to pay tribute to the memory of Ephraim Wheaton, the one Revolutionary patriot who lies buried in its soil. The Lansing chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, conducted the ceremony of placing upon his grave a marker. Appropriate words were spoken by Mrs. M. L. Moody of Lansing, chairman of the patriotic committee, and others.

Mr. Vernon J. Brown of Mason, clerk of Ingham County, has prepared a booklet entitled *The A-B-C of American Government*, "especially to assist the alien

to acquire sufficient knowledge to permit him to pass the required test in citizenship," written in question and answer form. Its publication was authorized by the Ingham County Board of Supervisors, and a free copy will be presented to every applicant for citizenship who applies for his first papers in Ingham County.

The Woman's Progressive Club of Hart, Oceana County, entertained the pioneers of Hart Township on May 4. A fine program was given, in charge of Miss Mate Miller, the club's Historical chairman. Numerous relics of pioneer days were brought by guests and added to the local collection. It was voted to draft plans for a permanent organization to be known as the Progressive Hart Township Historical Society.

Scottville Community Hall (Mason Co.) was a veritable bower of bloom on the afternoon of May 12 when the Pioneer Ladies of Scottville were welcomed by the Scottville Women's Study Club to their annual Pioneer Day program. Pioneer Day is an annual affair with the Study Club and is looked forward to from year to year as a red letter day by the pioneer ladies of Scottville.

Pioneers' Day, May 11, was an inspiring event in Three Oaks, Berrien County, under the auspices of the Three Oaks Historical Society, George R. Fox secretary. About 1,500 persons were present; gathered from all the surrounding territory, from far south in Indiana and from distant points in Michigan. This

event is the annual homecoming. It is signalized each year by some permanent memorial, being this year the dedication of a marker on the site of the first school in what is now Three Oaks village. The graduating class of the High School provided the marker and bore the expenses of setting the stone and of chiselling in the letters, and the dedication exercises were in charge of the school. A fine historical program was given, and about 100 new members joined the Society.

On May 14, Pioneer Day was celebrated at Hersey, Osceola County, and plans made for a permanent Historical Society for the county. A full report of this organization will appear later.

A Norway, or red pine, is to stand as Michigan's representative in a grove of trees from all the States in the country, which is being established in Exhibition Park, Los Angeles, California. "The Norway pine," says Prof. A. K. Chittenden, head of the M. A. C. school of forestry, "is one of the trees which made the original wealth of the State. This tree reaches probably its best development in Michigan."

The St. Clair County Centennial Celebration and Homecoming, July 3-9, will be reported fully in the next number of the Magazine. This is one of the largest celebrations of this kind in the history of Michigan. Fifteen thousand invitations have been sent out to persons formerly living in the county, consisting of a tentative eight-page program, covering the entire week of the celebration. It is hoped that Thomas A. Edison,

the inventor, may return on this occasion to his boyhood home and old friends in Port Huron.

The citizens of Holland, Ottawa County, are preparing for a mammoth celebration in 1922, of the 75th anniversary of the founding of the city. A splendid semi-centennial celebration was staged in August, 1897, which took the greater part of a year for the preliminary preparations. In that event Mr. Gerrit Van Schelven, past president of the State Historical Society, had a leading part, and he is still actively engaged in promoting the cause of Michigan history. The city of Holland has a keen sense of historical values, rooting in the traditions of the old country, and it is setting out to make the 1922 celebration outrival that of 1897.

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WITH the trees along the river bank forming a natural background, and great flood lights illuminating the stage of the out-door theatre in Sleepy Hollow, M. A. C.'s third annual pageant was presented on Tuesday and Wednesday nights of Commencement week before 5000 people.

This year's pageant, "The History of Michigan," a gay panorama depicting the history of Michigan, combining allegorical events with historical processions, was much more pretentious than anything attempted in previous years. The senior girls, under the direction of Mrs. Norma Gilchrist Roseboom, arranged the theme and the principal events. Mrs. Roseboom has also directed the pageant in previous years, but ill health made it necessary for her to turn it over to

someone else after it was started, and a professional director, F. K. Cowley, of New York took charge three weeks before the production was put on.

Miss Michigan was played by Sylvia Wixon of Amadore, who was chosen as the most popular young woman in the senior class; and Uncle Sam was played by Jack Foster of East Lansing.

The dances of the Indians, the meetings of the Indians with the traders, the appearance of Father Marquette and Joliet, and the picturesque French traders, as historical events; and the allegorical dances of the seasons, the flowers and blossoms, the fruits, the immigrants, the dance of the waves, symbolical of the coming of the first ship, and the bout between John Barleycorn and Sir Temperance, were all interesting and beautiful episodes in the history of our state.—*M. A. C. Record*, June 24, 1921.

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**TO THE** teachers of Michigan: Librarian S. H.

Ranck of Grand Rapids says that while in France during the war he heard a French soldier remark, in tones of deepest feeling, "Other lives will come. The fields will be tilled, and crops gathered, but our precious records of a thousand years are gone forever." In the older countries people have been taught to properly value the records of past life. In a new country, people feel too busy, their perspective is short, the present is engrossing, and folks are inclined to let posterity shift for itself as far as records of the past are concerned. The sentiment of "laying broad and deep the foundations" appeals to them in other things. It is hard to



cure this inveterate habit of neglecting records in a new country. But we can try, especially with our boys and girls, who will be the men and women of affairs in the next generation.

O teachers! Who will try if you do not?

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ONE of the good signs in the public schools is the new place of civics, history and economics in the curriculum. There was a time, not so long ago, when those studies were regarded, by pupils, at least, as tedious courses to be skimmed through as lightly as possible. They bore no relation to the civic life surrounding the school and shed no light or interest on community problems. Today it is different. *Teaching*

The introduction of social studies—just the old history, civics and economics freshened up and made vital—into both elementary and secondary schools is wide-spread. When the department of superintendence of the National Educational Association met recently at Atlantic City it organized a special group to be known as the National Council of Teachers of Social Studies, whose task it will be to secure a greater degree of co-operation among educators interested in reorganizing these subjects in the schools.

In schools where the social courses have had a year's try-out the pupils are found to be tremendously interested. The teacher who knows classroom conditions, and who is wise and far-sighted in her teaching, is able to do a good deal more than teach the history and theory of government. If there are labor troubles in the community, if there is radical propaganda going



the rounds, if there is dissatisfaction with laws or their enforcement, the teacher hears all about them in the social problems class. Many times, by the simple process of asking leading questions and getting the boys and girls interested in a discussion of the problems, the teacher can point out the fallacy of the radical talk of the neighborhood, or can suggest some constructive thought which weakens the menace of the undercurrent of discontent.

This is really training boys and girls in citizenship. They will know something about laws and courts, city ordinances, police and fire departments, representative government and the individual responsibility of citizens toward the general public welfare when they have finished such a course. And while they are talking these things out thoroughly in the classroom they are carrying much of it home to elders who need the teaching, too.—(Editorial from the *Lansing State Journal*, March 18, 1921.)

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THE State Historical Society of Wisconsin is preparing to publish an edition of the proceedings of the Rump Council held at Green Bay January 1-15, 1836. The text will be the reports of the sessions as contained in the *Green Bay Intelligencer* of January 13, 20, 27, and February 3, supplemented by material from the *Galena Gazette* covering probably the matter which was carried in the *Green Bay Intelligencer* of January 6, copy of which is not available in Wisconsin. Supt. Shafer desires if possible to test this first installment by having it collated with the report in the *Green*

Bay *Intelligencer*, if a copy of that paper for January 6, 1836 can be found. He asks if there is one in the state of Michigan. The Green Bay *Intelligencer* was the official paper of the council; its editors, Ellis and Arndt, were printers to the Council, and Ellis was secretary of the Council. There is little doubt that the *Journal of Proceedings*, issued later, merely brought together the partial reports contained in the numbers of that journal cited above. If anyone can command a copy of the Green Bay *Intelligencer* of January 6, 1836, kindly report the same to the Michigan Historical Commission.

AN OLD book of deeds, belonging to King George County, Virginia, of the years 1729-1735, recently came into the hands of Mr. C. M. Burton of Detroit, who has returned it to Virginia. This volume seems to have been carried away when some soldiers of a Michigan regiment of the Army of the Potomac passed through there in 1862. The publication of its discovery and of Mr. Burton's action brought out the following letter from Virginia:

Mr. C. M. Burton:

Dear Sir: I see from an article in the "Free Lance" a paper published in Fredericksburg, Va., that you will return a registry of deeds taken from our office by Union soldiers during the Civil War. It is very kind and thoughtful of you to do this and the fact is fully appreciated I assure you.

My father, the late William S. Brown, was clerk of the County and Circuit Court during the Civil War, when the Southern soldiers (the Rebs) withdrew across the Rappahannock River in 1862. My father had all the newest records removed to his house, about two and one-half miles from the Court House, and I a boy about 12 years of age, stowed them away in the attic. When the Yankee cavalry came to our country (I think it was the Michigan cavalry), they broke

open the clerk's office, destroyed many things, even breaking the office clock, and carried away many of our oldest records. Among others, they carried away our oldest Will Book, dating from 1721. Probably the same trooper that carried off the Registry of Deeds also carried off the Will Book. Many persons from the northern states, as well as from other states, have been to our office looking for our oldest Will Book. Now if you could find that Will Book our county would be under lasting obligations to you, and if the party holding the same refuses to give it up without remuneration I am sure our board of supervisors would be willing to pay a fair price for its return.

Thanking you in advance for any trouble you may have, and hoping you may be able to locate the old Will Book, I am,

Very truly yours,

W. W. BROWN,  
Late Clerk.

LINCOLN in Michigan is described in the Grand Rapids *Daily Enquirer*, Volume I, Number 229, September 1, 1856, in an article headed:

#### THE KALAMAZOO MEETING

"The Kalamazoo Gazette says of the Republican meeting at that place last week:

"The 'Republican' State demonstration on Wednesday was a very creditable gathering in point of numbers. Good judges estimate the attendance, including women and non-voters, at from 7,000 to 10,000. The appointments in way of banners, music, badges and the like, were good; and the crowd after their arrival was very handsomely displayed by the managing officers.

"In the way of speakers the effort of our opponents was a bad failure. No man of commanding talent was present, or could be procured. Mr. Lincoln, of Illinois, was the only foreign speaker in attendance. He made a very fair and argumentative address; but was far too conservative and Union loving in his sentiments to

suit his audience; and upon one occasion at least, his hearers protested in emphatic tones against his views. During his speech, we had occasion to test, by the varying sentiment of those around us, the fact which we have so often maintained heretofore, viz: that the 'Republican' league is in no sense a party, but a conglomeration of all the discordant factions and ISMS that are running riot in our land. The speaker, although a shrewd man, could advance scarcely a single proposition that would command the entire concurrence of his hearers. If he proclaimed that the southern men had hearts, consciences and intellects like those around him, he was met by a frowning countenance. If he declared that, could he see slavery agitation permanently ended, and both sections of the Union living again in peace and concord, at the expense of yielding Kansas as a Slave State, he would willingly consent—he was met by a clamor of voices that silenced him at once. If he proclaimed the durability of the Union, through the patriotic endeavors of both Northern and Southern men, the sentiment met no favor at the hands of the ultra abolition element of his audience. And so on, to the end of his discourse, which we repeat was, in many respects, a fair and candid one, he was constantly treading on the toes of some class belonging to the 'Republican' forces present. The occasion more than ever convinced us of the utter discordancy of our opponents' sentiments even in regard to Slavery alone." (Contributed by Mrs. Caroline P. Campbell of Grand Rapids, from the Michigan Room, Grand Rapids Public Library.)

A FEW years ago the Michigan Historical Commission paid an official visit to Niles and made a reconnaissance of the land with the purpose of locating the resting place of Father Claude Allouez. There stood at that time about a stone's throw from the site of the fort a rude wooden cross which tradition had always regarded as the marker for the grave of the saintly missionary. Verification was requested by the editor of this Magazine from the Librarian of the University of Notre Dame, Rev. Dr. Paul J. Foik, C. S. C. At his suggestion, Mr. John A. Lemmer, a student at the University undertook the research and in due course there appeared in the *Michigan History Magazine* (Vol. I) a contribution, which while it did not settle the burial place of Allouez, stimulated nevertheless the citizens of Niles in particular, to carry on a thorough investigation at the very place, with the hope that certain unmistakable evidences might be disclosed clearing up this mooted question of history.

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In reply to a request for a report upon the Claude Jean Allouez' memorial since erected at Niles, Mrs. Catherine Francis Babbitt, who was at the time chairman of the Historical Committee of the Woman's Progressive League of Niles and through whose efforts principally and that of the committee supporting her the movement became an actuality, has kindly provided the following account:

see resting place  
+ history

Mr. William Isaac Cummings, one of the oldest pioneers of Niles related that as a boy, he had passed by this historic spot almost daily from his log cabin to the school. He could not keep his eyes off the crude wooden cross which stood high upon a bluff overlooking

the St. Joseph River. He had heard frequently at his mother's knee, the stories about the heroic priest and missionary. This so kindled his devotion that he hoped that he might see the day when Allouez' memory might be perpetuated by some more enduring monument. About ten years ago after a return from the far west he determined to carry out this great desire of his life. He sought the owners of the land on which the rude cross stood, repeated the ancient and sacred tradition of his forefathers to Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Wilkinson, who encouraged him and even became partners with him in the work for the realization of a more lasting memorial.

The hallowed ground, sixty-six feet square, around the cross of wood was deeded to Mr. Cummings on condition that thereon would be erected a cross of granite or of iron. The marker was to be dedicated in July, 1917. To accomplish the work, the pioneer chose the Women's Progressive League of Niles who undertook the task of collecting funds and of erecting the monument. Permission and approval was readily granted by Father Ducat to start the canvass. The President of Notre Dame, Rev. Dr. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., was also interviewed, and he sanctioned the project and volunteered his support.

The Historical Committee of the Women's Progressive League was appointed by Mrs. W. G. Blish, then President. Mrs. Mary Ballard as Chairman was obliged through illness to resign after only a few weeks of office. Her place was taken by Mrs. Ann Bunbury, who after doing some preliminary research work, was compelled on account of pressure of home duties to

cease activity. February, March and April passed. In May, the time was extended and a new committee appointed consisting of thirteen members. The following was its personnel: Chairman—Mrs. Catharine F. Babbitt; Committee—Mrs. Hillis Smith, Mrs. L. H. Benson, Mrs. H. L. Fox, Mrs. L. E. Wood, Mrs. J. Wurz, Mrs. H. DeMott, Mrs. H. Rosewaine, Mrs. T. Willard Ready, Miss Mae Jefferson, Mrs. Thos. H. Horan, Mrs. W. L. Fowler, Miss Carolyn Southworth. The first efforts to raise funds through pleasure parties were discouraged because war work was at that time more urgent. Opportunity however soon presented itself to continue the task without any further embarrassments of this kind. The Chairman unfolded a plan of campaign, first within the Women's Progressive League itself, and she headed the list with her own contribution of five dollars. Mrs. Blish gave ten dollars, and the rest of the committee, two dollars each. Thus thirty-six dollars were raised.

The chairman and one other member of the committee solicited from the citizens of Niles, \$103.50. In November in spite of great opposition, a moving picture show was planned. The Committee, however, was loyal and worked faithfully, bringing the nine days engagement to a successful conclusion. The Women's League at its annual rummage sale added one hundred and seventy-two dollars to the fund. In March, Rev. Dr. John Cavanaugh, President of Notre Dame University, volunteered one hundred dollars. In the meantime, the Committee approached the Knights of Columbus and other Catholic organizations in Niles, St. Joseph, South Bend and elsewhere. By May 1918,



donations had mounted to seven hundred and thirty-four dollars.

Under the new President, Mrs. Bowen, it was decided that sufficient money had been raised. The Committee was reduced to eight members, with Mrs. Catharine F. Babbitt again as chairman. A memorial, ten and one-half feet high, was purchased from Mr. E. T. Kies of Kalamazoo. It consisted of a Latin cross in Barre granite, mounted on two bases. To the lower part of the stone a bronze tablet, designed by the Detroit Mausoleum Equipment Company, was affixed, with the following inscription by Rev. Dr. Cavanaugh:

"To the memory of Father Claude Jean Allouez, S. J., whose intrepid courage won the admiration of the Indians and whose apostolic zeal earned for him the title of the Francis Xavier of the American Missions. Father Allouez was born at St. Didier, France, in 1622, and died near this spot in 1689. Erected by the Women's Progressive League of Niles, Michigan, 1918."

The memorial did not arrive until June 7, 1919, being delayed in transit on account of war material taking precedence on all railroads. During the course of the work of erection, footings had to be made which necessitated some excavations. For fear that the workmen, perchance, in digging might carelessly scatter the bones of the missionary, it was decided that the granite cross should be erected twelve feet from the old wooden cross. Strange to say the bones of a human skeleton were unearthed in this very place and coffin nails were also found. The frame was that of a white man. Thus what was once tradition in regard to the



resting place of Father Allouez now became an historical fact, for it is natural and reasonable to suppose that Father Allouez died near the scene of his labors. The precious remains were scrupulously gathered together, placed in a box and buried at the foot of the cross.

The state of Michigan and more especially Niles may well honor the memory of this Christian hero, who braved the hardships of missionary life among the savages. History relates that Father Allouez baptized over ten thousand neophytes with his own hand. He carried the gospel and civilization to twenty different tribes in the great Northwest. For thirty-two years he labored among the Indians, facing dangers without flinching and enduring sufferings without complaining, all of which entitles him to a place in the hearts of all true Americans, irrespective of creed. Thanks then to the Women's Progressive League of Niles for its efforts, and to the generosity and broad-mindedness of its loyal friends, who have made this enduring monument possible.

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**I**N the central part of Missaukee County, six miles east of Lake City, is an abrupt elevation of some two hundred feet which extends six miles eastward and is perhaps three miles broad at its greatest width. From its eastern end glimpses of Houghton Lake may be seen, sixteen miles off in Roscommon County. From its western summit the Wexford hills about Cadillac are visible, with one of the finest farming regions in northern Michigan lying between or stretching away

*Indian  
background*

southward into Osceola. Northward, ranges of lofty hills lie along the borders of Kalkaska. The blue waters of Missaukee Lake, on whose eastern shore Lake City lies, are plainly seen, and from a neighboring hilltop in the northwest one may look down upon the Grand Traverse Bay region. It is a sightly spot, well worth the tourist's effort to visit.

Near the central portion of this upland are curious formations that at times have attracted investigators but whose nature and origin have never been satisfactorily accounted for. In the summer of 1920, for the purpose of solving the mystery if possible, County Farm Agent H. L. Barnum, Judge G. J. Leemgraven and Rev. Warren W. Lamport, with their wives, and with Mr. A. F. Welch of Fort Wayne, Ind., paid a visit to the spot.

Near the foot of the northern slope of a deep, oval-shaped depression three-quarters of a mile wide, is a circular formation one hundred and sixty feet in diameter, made by shoveling up the soil from the outer side. The height from the bottom of the trench to the top of the embankment is from six to eight feet. The surrounding timber has been cut away, and popple and briars are growing over the spot. On the top of the embankment are several pine stumps, one of which shows a growth of one hundred and fifty years. It is now thirty years or more since the lumberman's axe leveled this monarch of the woods, and considering that some time may have elapsed after the shovelers ceased their work before the original pine cone germinated and began to grow, it is probable that the embankment was formed not less than two hundred years ago, and

possibly much earlier. Within the enclosure are several small mounds that look like graves. Two of them were opened, but nothing was found in them; there was a marked difference, however, in the earth with which they were filled.

A quarter of a mile farther up the northern slope are two larger mounds that were used for burial, a pine stump four feet in diameter growing above one of them. The other had been opened and the skull and a few other parts of the occupant's skeleton taken away. Those parts that remained, including a thigh bone, indicated a man about six feet in height.

A half mile beyond the western gateway of this depression there is another embankment similar to the one described; but its form is heart-shaped rather than circular, the point extending toward the west. On its eastern side there is a passageway cut level with the ground.

It is said that there are several pits to be found between these two embankments, but this was not known to the party investigating, and they were not seen.

About the only conclusions arrived at by the visitors were, that these formations were neither natural nor the work of white men and that they could not have been made within less than two hundred years. No arrowheads, nor domestic utensils of any kind, were to be found in their vicinity. Were they community lodges? Were they stopping places along some ancient trail of the red men? Or were they of the nature of fortifications? Who knows? Perhaps some of our antiquarian readers can give the answer.

There is a small community of Ottawa Indians living along the main highway north of this section, peaceable and industrious citizens. Several of them are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. When asked his opinion, one of the older men said: "We have a tradition that when the Ottawas came into this country that upland region was already occupied by another tribe. It was choice hunting ground and a battle was fought for its possession. Those embankments were made to protect the women and children while the warriors fought from the pits between them." (Data contributed by Mr. Warren W. Lamport of Lake City.)

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**T**HE forty-seventh annual meeting of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society was one long to be remembered for the excellence of the addresses, the inspiring music and the earnest spirit of devotion to the cause of Michigan history. The sessions were held in the dining room of the Chamber of Commerce, which was beautifully decorated with an immense state flag in the immediate fore-ground, bunting and smaller flags displaying the Stars and Stripes amidst the green and flowers furnished from the Bissinger greenhouse. Mr. Harold Jarvis of Detroit sang selections from a wide group of composers, responding generously to encores, and was pleasingly accompanied by Mrs. Jason E. Hammond of Lansing. Each session started promptly on time, making the very remarkable record of not having a single speaker absent. The sessions opened Wednesday afternoon, May 25, with the Invo-

cation by Rev. G. W. Simon, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Lansing, and closed with the evening program of Thursday. The general spirit is expressed by one pioneer who is now in his 85th year, who said, "One more notable pioneer event is now history."

The various papers and addresses of the several sessions will be published in the Michigan History Magazine. A list of them is given here for convenience of reference, in the order in which they were given upon the program: *Life at the University*, by Mr. Wilfred B. Shaw, A.B., General Secy. U. of M. Alumni Association and Editor "Michigan Alumnus," Ann Arbor; *Historical Research in Relation to the Schools*, by Hon. Thomas E. Johnson, A.B., LL.B., State Supt. of Public Instruction, Lansing; *Pioneering*, by Paul F. Voelker, Ph.D., president of Olivet College; *Michigan in the Industrial Revolution*, by Prof. David Friday, Ph.D., University of Michigan; *The "Red Arrow" Division in the World War*, by Col. Guy M. Wilson, State Commander, American Legion, Flint; *The "Human Interest" Value of Documents*, by Mr. G. K. Stimson, Lansing State Journal; *Michigan As a Field for the Novelist*, by Mr. Arnold Mulder, M.A., Author and Editor, Holland; *Archeology in Michigan*, by Mr. George R. Fox, Director E. K. Warren Foundation, Three Oaks; *Method in History*, Rev. John A. McClorey, S. J., Detroit; *Michigan's Normal Schools*, Dwight B. Waldo, Ph.D., president Western State Normal, Kalamazoo; *Women's Council of National Defense, Michigan Division*, by Caroline Bartlett Crane, LL.D., Kalamazoo; *The Indian As an Orator*, by Prof. R. Clyde Ford, Ph.D., Michigan State Normal College,

Ypsilanti; *Primitive Man in Michigan* (Illustrated with stereopticon), by Dr. W. B. Hinsdale, University of Michigan.

Besides the music furnished by Mr. Jarvis, delightful selections were rendered by St. Mary's School, directed by the Sisters of Charity, and by the Public Schools of Lansing under the direction of Prof. John W. Stephens. Every one especially enjoyed the little kindergarten Band of St. Mary's with their unique instruments, under the direction of Miss Gladys Ellison. The violin solo by Carl Heinowski, pupil of Sister Alice, showed earnest study under careful training. The boys from the Industrial School gave a patriotic number, and Deloss Daify gave as an encore two very pleasing selections. The Wilde Conservatory kindly gave the service of Mrs. D. Hirsch, pupil of Mr. Waller Whitlock. Her rich voice and gracious manner afforded pleasure in two fine solos.

A portion of Thursday morning was devoted to a lively business meeting, conference of delegates, and pioneer reminiscences. Every meeting sees a larger official representation from Michigan counties, including the Upper Peninsula. The previous evening a dinner meeting of the Board of Trustees was held at which discussion was had of the year's work and general plans were formulated to present to the business meeting on the morrow.

At the business meeting, secretary Fuller reviewed the work of the year, dwelling at length upon the meetings at Sault Ste. Marie and Charlotte. The remarkable pageants at the Soo and at Marquette in the summer of 1920 were discussed in some detail.

Attention was called to the approaching celebration and home-coming to be held in St. Clair County, July 3-9. The work of the Historical Commission was touched upon, particularly the publications. A brief survey of progress with the historical and memorial building and with work in the County historical societies, Women's clubs, and D.A.R. chapters was made.

The report made by treasurer B. F. Davis showed a balance on hand of \$71.55 and a trust fund of \$200 held for historical work in Kalamazoo County.

The committee on marking the grave of Judge Fletcher reported through committeeman Byron A. Finney as follows: "The committee met with a committee from the State Bar Association, appointed for the same purpose, and again decided not to attempt to raise the amount necessary for a proper memorial by subscription, but to ask the State of Michigan for an appropriation, through the legislature, meeting in January, 1921. A bill asking an appropriation of \$1,200 for the memorial was prepared by the joint committee of the two societies, and, with slight modifications (a copy of the bill is filed with the Secretary of this Society), was presented by Senator Sink, of Ann Arbor. The text of the bill, which was based on precedent in the case of the monument at Detroit to Gen. Alex. McComb (Pub. Acts No. 252, 1905), and the Gen. Custer statue at Monroe (Pub. Acts No. 296, 1907) is as follows:

"SENATE BILL NO. 106. A BILL to make an appropriation for the erection of a monument to mark the hitherto unmarked burial place of William A.



Fletcher, the first Chief Justice of the State of Michigan. The people of the State of Michigan enact: Section 1. The sum of twelve hundred dollars, is hereby appropriated out of the State Treasury to erect a monument to mark the hitherto unmarked burial place of William A. Fletcher, the first Chief Justice of the State of Michigan, said monument to be erected in Forest Hill Cemetery in the city of Ann Arbor, Michigan. Section 2. The appropriation hereby made shall be expended in the erection of such monument under the direction of a joint committee of the State Pioneer and Historical Society and the Michigan State Bar Association. The cost thereof and the necessary expenses incurred thereby shall be certified by the officers of the said State Pioneer and Historical Society and Michigan State Bar Association to the Board of State Auditors and allowed by them and the sum so allowed shall be paid from the State Treasury on the warrant of the Auditor General and charged to the account hereby created. Section 3. The Auditor General shall incorporate in the State tax for the year 1922 the sum of twelve hundred dollars, which, when collected, shall be credited to the general fund to reimburse the same for the money hereby appropriated.'

"Through the efforts of Senator Sink, and Dr. Fuller who is the Secretary of this Society, and others, the bill passed the Senate without trouble, but was held up in the Ways and Means Committee of the House and not recommended, owing to the existing financial deficit of the State.

"This will make at least another two years' delay,



if legislative appropriation is depended on for the memorial. Your committee finds that a good native boulder can be secured with little trouble, which with a bronze tablet, would make a suitable memorial, and come within the \$200 which the Supervisors of Washenaw county could be authorized to appropriate for a historical landmark within the county, and would ask an expression from the Society as to whether we should ask the county supervisors for such appropriation.

"JUNIUS E. BEAL,

"BYRON A. FINNEY,

"WILLIAM L. JENKS,  
Committee."

The Society voted in favor of the boulder memorial and the committee was continued, with power to act in the matter.

The Society accepted an oil painting of the mother of honorary member Henry J. Martin of Vermontville. Mr. Martin recounted with deep feeling the hardships of the early days of the 30's when his parents came to Michigan and settled on the spot which afterwards became the village of Vermontville, the most typical New England colony in the early settlement of the state.

Mr. Alvah L. Sawyer of Menominee was elected president for the ensuing year, and Mr. William L. Jenks vice-president. The secretary and treasurer were continued. Trustees elected for the years 1921-23 were Alvah L. Sawyer, attorney, Menominee; Rev. Monsignor Frank A. O'Brien, Kalamazoo; Prof. Claude S. Larzelere, Mt. Pleasant; Prof. Lew Allen Chase,

Northern State Normal College, Marquette; Hon. Charles A. Weissert, author and editor, Kalamazoo. President Marion L. Burton of the University of Michigan, and President Paul F. Voelker of Olivet College were elected honorary members.

The next midwinter meeting was voted to go to Mt. Pleasant, though invitations were received from several cities, which will be considered at a future meeting. A large attendance was forecast for the Upper Peninsula meeting August 11 and 12, and the place of the next meeting in the Peninsula was left to be determined at that time.

Among the resolutions adopted was a resolution of thanks to Mrs. Chase S. Osborn for the gift of two fine mirrors to the pioneer museum, which came from the estate of ex-Governor Blair. Thanks were expressed to the Chamber of Commerce and to its secretary, Mr. Charles Davis, for the very fine way in which they took care of the Society during its several sessions and helped in carrying through one of the best annual meetings this Society has had in some years.

AT the Ingham County Historical and Pioneer Society meeting held in Mason June 14, a chairman was appointed for each township in the county whose duty it will be to plan for a township historical meeting some time during the coming year.

The object is to gather every bit of interesting history available, for use in a future volume of Ingham Pioneer History, which it is hoped will follow the one now in the hands of the publishing committee.

As soon as arrangements are made, and the date for the meeting decided upon, the chairman should report to the secretary of the county society, Mrs. Franc L. Adams, Mason, who will see that there are no conflicting dates in the schedule.

Those in charge are as follows:

Alaiedon—Mrs. Fred Brenner, Mason, R. F. D.

Aurelius—W. M. Webb, Mason, R. F. D.

Bunkerhill—Mrs. Belle Lawrence, Stockbridge, R. F. D.

Delhi—M. E. Park, Holt

Ingham—Mrs. C. L. Randall, Dansville

Lansing—W. E. West, R. F. D., Lansing

Leslie—Mrs. Ella Haltz, Leslie

Leroy—A. H. Catlin, Webberville

Locke—Roy Duncel, Webberville

Meridian—A. D. Hatch, Okemos

Onondaga—Mrs. M. C. Baldwin, Onondaga

Stockbridge—Andrew Boice, Stockbridge

Yevay—Mrs. Carrie Chapin, Eden

Wheatfield—Miss Nellie Traver, Williamston

White Oak—Ed. Lantis, Stockbridge

Williamston—Mrs. Rose Dana, Williamston

**MRS. FRANC L. ADAMS**, secretary of the Ingham County Historical and Pioneer Society, reports for the year ending May 25-26, 1921:

"The years have linings just as goblets do,

The old year is the lining of the new;

Filled with the wine of precious memories,

This fruitful year in future fruitful ones still lives."

Very briefly I will trace the marks made by the finger of time on the lining of the old year, ere the year itself passes on to become the lining of the new.

At the beginning of the current year there was every prospect for the accomplishment of work that would make this report of

more than ordinary interest. I am not willing to admit that the work has fallen behind the standard of other years, but the progress has been slow, and it is only by taking results as a whole that one can really see how much has been done.

The annual meeting for 1920 was held in the City Park at Mason. The attendance was small when compared with that of early days, but the county at large was very generally represented, and the hearty greeting and fervent hand-shakes given by the "old-timers" showed they had not lost their interest in pioneer days and their history.

One pleasing feature of the year was the pioneer picnic held under the great forest trees in the lawn at the home of Lloyd Laylin in Alaiedon township, on August 4, 1920. At the request of the county society the Woman's club of Alaiedon had worked out a very successful plan for getting the entire history of the township. Under the leadership of Mrs. Fred Brenner, there was an historian appointed for each school district, and the data, with many pioneer items nearly forgotten, made a valuable addition to the Pioneer History of the county which the secretary has compiled ready for publication.

Cursory reports have come to the secretary from every township in the county but, so far, only Delhi and Alaiedon have made a systematic canvass of their territory, leaving much valuable material to be lost unless a strenuous effort is made to procure it at once. That can be best done by following the plan used in Alaiedon, and it is the desire of the officers of the society to hold such a meeting in every township sometime during the coming year. This the officers cannot do alone; it requires united effort and hearty co-operation on the part of the township residents, who should be interested in preserving its records.

Much energy has been expended during the year in an effort to secure the publication of the Pioneer History, mentioned above.

When the Board of Supervisors was asked in 1920 to appropriate a second \$200 to be used for Historical work, it was granted just as cheerfully and unanimously as was the first \$200. With \$400 as a nucleus for a publishing fund, the committee in charge was very hopeful that a sum sufficient to complete the work might

be procured from the county at large. The chaotic condition in the printer's world, with similar drawbacks, makes it necessary to report that the book is still in manuscript form in the county clerk's vault at the court house, where it was placed for safe keeping.

Throughout its forty-nine years of existence the Ingham County Historical and Pioneer Society has never changed the amount of its annual dues, and they are still twenty-five cents. This accounts for the fact that the society, because of lack of funds, has never been able to carry out the plans proposed year after year, and this very thing has retarded the growth as well as the progress of the society.

It is the plan this year to change the old system for conducting the membership roll, so that it will be understood that whoever pays his annual dues this year goes on the roll as a permanent member, and will be expected to pay dues every year, whether present or not. This contemplated change, if adopted, will be a protection to the society, and place it on a stronger foundation.

The reports of the society show that each year since its organization in 1872, thought was given to work that could, and should, have been done in marking and preserving historic spots throughout the country, but mere thoughts and words never accomplished anything, without some force back of them, and that element seems to have been entirely lacking. Among the early members were men who might be called nation builders, on a greater or lesser scale, and some of the addresses they made before the society were so enthusiastic and inspiring that it is disappointing to learn that they brought no results.

Now comes the question, Can we amid the hurry and rash of today, revive in any minds the memories of those pioneer days and the deeds those sturdy pioneers performed, in making this land a pleasant dwelling place? Not only do we owe them a deep measure of gratitude, but our brothers and sisters by adoption who also enjoy the fruits of their labors, should honor them by preserving and marking the places they made of historic interest. To give a list of them would make this report too long, for not alone in Ingham County, but throughout this great state of Michigan

memorial emblems should grace historic sites, lest, in the rush and bustle of modern life, "we forget!"

Through the research work done by the secretary of the Ingham County Society, the graves of over forty soldiers of the War of 1812 have been located, besides some of the Mexican War, Black Hawk War, Toledo War, Spanish-American War, many hundreds of the Civil War, and what brings us to the history of today, our boys of the World War who lie in Ingham County soil, and those who lie in foreign lands or beneath the ocean wave, are not forgotten.

But, what links us to early days, is the fact that three Revolutionary soldiers sleep in Ingham County; Martin DuBois, who died in Bunkerhill in 1854, and was buried in the Fitchburg cemetery, and whose grave the Elijah Grout Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, officially marked three years ago; Ephraim Wheaton, who died in Stockbridge in 1853, and is buried in the North Stockbridge cemetery, and whose grave the Lansing Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, marked with appropriate ceremonies; and Thomas K. Baldwin, who lies in the Onondaga cemetery, and whose grave will be marked later.

Ferris Reynolds, a New York soldier in the Revolution died in Ingham County, but is buried in Sylvan, Washtenaw County.

John Champe, a sergeant under George Washington, lies in an unknown grave in Kentucky, but a monument to his memory was erected years ago by the family, in the Champe burial lot in the Lane cemetery in Onondaga.

Many plans for the year failed to materialize, for various reasons; the chief among them the serious accident sustained by Col. L. H. Ives, the president of the society.

The poet says:  
 "Time like an ever rolling stream,  
 Bears all its sons away,"  
 and its resistless tide has borne 120 to the other side, during the past year.



**MISS OLIVE PENDILL**, past historian of the Marquette County Historical Society, submits the following list of books and pamphlets in possession of the Society:

- Annals of Fort Mackinaw, Dwight H. Kelton, Capt. U. S. A.  
 Diagrams of Surveys in U. P. Made in the Field, Wm. Burt.  
 Diary, 1867—Kept in Negaunee.  
 Document—Report of, Walter Cunningham, Late Mineral Agent on Lake Superior, 1845.  
 Document No. 211, Mineral Lands of United States, 1846.  
 Farmer's Map of the Surveyed Part of the Territory of Michigan, 1836.  
 Farmer's State Map of Michigan, Exhibiting the Sections, 1842.  
 Farmer's Sectional Map of Michigan, with part of Wisconsin and Minnesota, 1865.  
 Forgotten Heroines, Rt. Rev. Mgr. F. A. O'Brien, LL.D.  
 First Post Offices in Marquette County, with Postmasters. Furnished by the U. S. Postoffice Department.  
 History of Menominee, Michigan, by High School Class of 1910.  
 History of Sauk County, Wisconsin, Place Names, H. E. Cole.  
 Kabaosa, or the Warriors of the West, Mrs. Anna L. Shelling, 1842.  
 Lake Superior Journal, Saturday, May 17, 1856.  
 Land Claims of Michigan, Report of the Committee on Public Lands of the House of Representatives, 1828.  
 Life and Times of Lewis Cass, W. L. G. Smith, 1856.  
 Macalaster College Contributions, No. 7, Edward P. Neill, D.D.  
 Mackinaw City, Exposition of the Natural Position of, etc., E. D. Mansfield.  
 Map of Marquette County with Jackson Trail Traced Three Miles (Trail located by Robert Blemluher of Marquette).  
 Map of Marquette and Presque Isle Bays—Issued by U. S. Government.  
 Map of Northern Michigan and Lake Superior, J. H. Colton, 1854.  
 Map of the Surface Formations of the Northern Peninsula of Michigan, Work of the Geological Survey of Michigan, R. C. Allen, State Geologist, 1911.  
 Map Showing the Route of the Proposed Railroad from the Copper and Iron District of Lake Superior to Connect with Railroad Built or Being Constructed in the State of Wisconsin as Adopted by the Citizens of Ontonagon and Marquette Counties in Michigan, at Public Meetings Held in November and December, 1855.  
 Marquette Literary Association's Records, 1855.  
 Michigan Fur Trade, Ida Amanda Johnson, (with Pere Marquette R. R.).  
 Michigan Gazette, 1879.  
 Michigan History Magazine.  
 Minnesota and the Far West, Lawrence Oliphant.

- My New Home in Northern Michigan, and Other Tales, Charles W. Jay, 1874.  
Native Copper of Michigan, E. B. Hinsdale, 1890.  
Old Mackinaw: or the Fortress of the Lakes and its Surroundings, W. B. Strickland, 1860.  
Pere Marquette Railroad, Paul Wesley Ivey (with Michigan Fur Trade).  
Rapport L'Exploration des Lacs Supereor et Huron, Le Conte de Rottermund.  
Report upon the Manufacture of Iron and Steel at Marquette, Michigan, John Birkinbine, Engineer.  
Report of Committee upon Coke Iron Manufacturers for the City of Marquette, Michigan, 1890.  
Report of the Central Mining Company, Keweenaw County, 1855-1906.  
Summer in the Wilderness, Charles Lanman, 1847.  
The Little Bee—September 1884—August 1885, 12 Vols.  
The Trail from Iron River to Lake Gogebic, A Diagram, Wm. Burt.  
Tour from New York to Detroit, May 2-September 22, 1818, Watin Darly.  
Upper Mississippi, George Gale, 1867.  
Way-side Glimpses, North and South, Lillian Foster, 1860.  
Woman's Edition, Marquette Mining Journal, January 1, 1897.  
Michigan Historical Commission Bulletins, Nos. 5, 6, 8 and 11.  
Coke Iron Making on Lake Superior, U. S. A., Richard A. Parker, 1893.  
Report of Committee upon Coke Iron Manufacturers for the City of Marquette, published by Citizen's Committee, 1890.  
Coke Iron Making on Lake Superior, Richard A. Parker, 1893.  
Report upon the Manufacture of Iron and Steel at Marquette, by John Birkinbine, Philadelphia, 1918.  
The Copper Mines of Lake Superior, O. D. Ashley, 1873.  
Annual Report, Marquette County Chapter American Red Cross, 1917-19.  
Report Minnesota Mining Company for 1856-57 and '59.  
Indian Land Cessions of U. S., by Chas. Royce, 1899.  
Hitchcock's Chronological Record of the American Civil War, 1866.  
The Lumber Industry, in four parts, U. S. Department of Commerce, 1913 and '14.  
Land Claims in Michigan, Report of Com. on Public Lands, 1828.  
Reports of City of Marquette for 1914-'16, '17, '18, '19.  
Sieur de la Ronde, the First Navigator of L. S. in a Sailing Vessel and the Pioneer in Copper Mining; with Documents.  
Report of Directors of Knowlton Mine for 1864.  
Gazetteer of State of Michigan for 1839, in three parts, J. T. Blois.  
Sharon Mining Company, Sharon, Pa., 1853.  
Boundary, Ohio and Michigan, December 10, 1835. H. of R. Doc. 7.  
Exposition of Natural Position of Mackinac City, 1857, E. D. Mansfield.  
Remarks Made on a Tour to Prairie du Chien, Thence to Washington in 1829, by Caleb Atwater.  
18th Annual Report Bureau American Anthropology (bound with Indian Land Cessions).



The Western Gazetteer, or Emigrant's Directory, by Daniel R. Brown, 1817.

History, Les Cheneaux, by Frank R. Grover, 1911.

32nd Division in World War.

New Light on the Early History of the Greater Northwest from Manuscript Journals of Alex. Henry and David Thompson.

Detroit Commercial Convention, the East and the West Equally Interested in the Development of American Steamboat Navigation, 1865, Hamilton A. Hill, Boston.

Hand-Book and Guide to Marquette, Michigan, A. E. Holland and E. H. Dwight, 1886.

System of Public Instruction and Primary School Laws of Michigan, prepared by Francis W. Sherman, Supt. of Pub. Ins., 1852.

Reports of the Mineral Resources of the U. S., J. Ross Browne, and James W. Taylor, 1867.

Report of the Commissioner of General Land Office, 1868.

Annual Report of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics on the Commerce and Navigation of the U. S. for Fiscal Year Ended June 30, 1877.

School Funds and School Laws of Michigan, etc., 1859, compiled by John M. Gregory, Supt. Pub. Instruction.

Narrative of a Voyage to the Northwest Coast of America in 1811, '12, '13 and '14, by Gabriel Franchere.

The following Michigan State publications:

Democracy's Educational Problem, Claude H. Van Tyne, Ph.D.

First Annual Report Michigan Historical Commission May 28-December 31, '13.

Forgotten Heroines, Rt. Rev. Mgr. F. A. O'Brien, LL.D., 1916.

Nicolet Day on Mackinac Island, 1916.

Names of Places of Interest on Mackinac Island, Michigan, 1916.

Prize Essays, War History Contest for 1918-19.

Prize Essays, 1915-16 (two copies).

Dr. T. A. Felch has given the Society about 280 papers which tell of personal and professional life of Gov. A. Felch in an intimate way.

Mrs. Nellie Flower Swineford-Stafford has lent—with intent to give—L. S. Journals of 1858, '59, '60.

The Society has been asked to have custody of the films of Teal Lake and Lake Michigamme Pageants.

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- Private bank currency of the Bank of Saline, Michigan, dated November 1, 1837. 187

This list mentions only the very few papers which are of general interest that shows the range of all fairly well. All these papers were the gift of Dr. T. A. Felch to the Marquette County Historical Society April 4, 1920.

#### ARTICLES OTHER THAN BOOKS

Acquired by: 1921

#### MARQUETTE COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

- Casting.**—Part of an Ore Car Used on Iron Mountain Railroad. 188
- Casting.**—Section of the Base of a Cornish Stamp. 189
- Iron Ore Found on "Jackson Trail,"** Where it had Fallen en Route to Marquette. 190
- Fifteen Photographs of Early Marquette.** 191

Various Programs, including sketches of the following:  
 Sketch of Marquette Harbor, Showing First Breakwater, 1861, by Mrs. Dolph  
 of New York.

Three Small Show Cases, showing the results of the following:

Five Photographs of Lake Superior and Ishpeming R. R. Bridge and First and  
 Second (Concrete) Ore Docks.

Hymn for Independence Day—Words, Rt. Rev. G. Mott Williams, Bishop of  
 Marquette—Music, Alexander P. Hamby, Marquette.

Letter of a Soldier of War of 1812 to his Parents from Brownville, February 10,  
 1814. Fragment of Another Letter by Same Writer was Oren Collins, whose  
 home was in Brimfield, Mass.

Two Letters by Surgeon G. F. A. Baker: One Written at Bridgeport, Alabama,  
 August 18, 1863; one on South Bank of Green River, Kentucky, November 7, 1863.

Photograph of Baraga Avenue "Taft Day," September 11, 1911.

A LARGE and enthusiastic gathering of the older  
 settlers of Osceola county occurred at Hersey, on  
 Saturday, May 14, in response to a call by School Com-  
 missioner O. J. Heber, at the suggestion of Mrs. Ferrey,  
 Curator of the Michigan Historical Society, Representa-  
 tive Chase and others. The attendance from all parts  
 of the county was representative, several car loads  
 being from the vicinity of Evart.

The gathering was called to order at the court house by Mr. Chase, shortly  
 after ten o'clock; he was named temporary presiding officer, and stated the object  
 of the organization, which was named, and a constitution and by-laws adopted.

Permanent officers were elected, namely, U. S. Holdridge, Evart, president;  
 Mrs. Francisco, Reed City, vice-president; Mrs. Frank McIntyre, Hersey, secre-  
 tary; Herbert Millard, Hersey, treasurer; Mrs. C. E. Duesler, Hersey, historian.

The constitution provided that the annual meeting of the society was to be held  
 at Hersey the third Monday in August of each year; the annual dues were fixed at  
 fifty cents; the depository of the society is to be at Hersey.

Among those most prominent from abroad was John W. Blodgett, of Grand  
 Rapids, who was born in Hersey, in July, 1860. His presence was enjoyed by many  
 of the older ones present, and he apparently enjoyed the renewal of the friendships  
 of his youth, meeting them, recalling incidents of his early associations, relating  
 amusing incidents and viewing early scenes of the town.

Mr. Blodgett was first called upon and responded in a pleasing manner, ap-  
 plauding the organization of the society, and promising aid in the collection of

reliable data for the society. His father's papers undoubtedly contain many incidents and he promised to search them and give the society the benefit of his research.



After the election of officers as stated above, the assemblage adjourned to the parlors of the Congregational church, where all participated in a pot-luck dinner. This furnished a very delightful hour, when friendship and acquaintance were renewed, and incidents of former days called to mind.

The meeting was resumed at the court house after dinner, and was addressed by Mrs. Alex. McFarlane, the oldest living pioneer of Hersey; Mrs. Laughlin, the second teacher of the county north of Reed City, Mrs. Chas. Francisco, E. C. Cannon, Fred Allen, of Rose Lake, Mrs. A. E. DeShetler and others. Many incidents of historical importance were related, and as they were taken down by a stenographer, we shall expect to have them preserved by the historian.

The organization of the society, though long delayed, may yet be of inestimable value in gathering and preserving the history at first hand by the makers, though many pioneers have passed to their reward. It is suggested that those remaining write their stories, of any incidents, dates and reminiscences, in a brief form and forward the same to Mrs. C. E. Duesler at Hersey, the historian, who will be materially aided in preserving them.

It is desired that every person contribute their mite to make Osceola county history.—*Evart Review*, May 20, 1921.

**THE** St. Clair County Historical Society, whose meetings are held in the auditorium of the Port Huron Public Library, has laid out an interesting Michigan history program for 1921-1922, as follows:

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|----------|---|
| Oct. 5.  | Map talk, including all geographical data, climate, etc.  |
| Oct. 12. | Early Michigan History.   |
| Oct. 19. | Mackinaw, Sault Ste. Marie.   |
| Oct. 26. | History of Detroit.  |
| Nov. 2.  | Territorial Period.  |
| Nov. 9.  | Review of "Daughter of New France."   |
| Nov. 16. | Mound Builders and Indian Legends.  |
| Dec. 7.  | State Educational Institutions.   |
| Dec. 14. | Newspapers of Michigan.   |
| Jan. 4.  | Michigan Railroads.   |
| Jan. 11. | The Lumber Industry.  |
| Jan. 18. | The St. Clair River.  |
| Jan. 25. | Michigan Authors, poetry and prose.   |
| Feb. 1.  | Michigan's noted men and women.   |
| Feb. 8.  | Early History of some of the principal cities.  |

- Feb. 15. Minerals and other resources.
- Feb. 22. The fisheries and Belle Isle.
- Mar. 1. Review of "The Blazed Trail."
- Mar. 8. Public Institutions.
- Mar. 15. Ship Building.
- Mar. 22. Military History of Michigan.
- Mar. 29. Annual meeting and picnic supper.

**PIONEERS** from every part of the county were present June 8 at the 48th annual meeting of the Pioneer-Historical Society of St. Joseph county held at the court house park. The attendance was the largest in the history of the organization.

The business meeting was called to order at ten o'clock by Mrs. Caroline Bateman, president. The reports of the officers showed that much good work had been accomplished throughout the county during the past year.

Mrs. Nichols of Menlon, after making the report of the activities in Mendon township, suggested that the organization should make an effort to secure descriptions of historic places, how they looked years ago, where located, and other information that would be of interest to the younger generation. She also advocated the securing of pictures of the historic fording places of the various rivers.

Mrs. Franders of Sturgis, in her talk stated that every effort should be put forth for the collection of relics of pioneer families and that these relics should be added to the museum, which was the center of attraction at the meeting.

J. A. Todd, 80, of Kalamazoo, a former resident of St. Joseph county, gave an interesting description of various places and happenings in this county when he was a boy.

Thomas Jacobs of Sturgis who was born on the Sturgis prairie in 1837, spoke on early recollections. His brother, John Jacobs, also of Sturgis, delighted the large number present with a poem on "The Pioneer."

W. T. Langley was unanimously elected president of the organization for the ensuing year. Rev. Fred M. White of Centerville, was named secretary and treasurer, and Heber Sturgis of Sturgis, vice-president.

Following the business meeting the noon hour was devoted to a picnic dinner. While many of the pioneers and others ate their dinner on the court house lawn, others used the various rooms in the court house. As the last bites were being taken the Centerville band started playing and for half an hour the hundreds present enjoyed a concert by the musical organization.

The afternoon meeting was called to order by the president. Rev. Frederick

M. White gave the invocation, and the greetings were given by Hon. F. S. Cummings. These were responded to by Pioneer Charles A. Palmer.

"St. Joseph County Before the Pioneer" was the subject of Rev. F. M. White's talk which followed a selection by the male quartette. Hon. Dallas Boudeman of Kalamazoo, a former St. Joseph county resident, gave an interesting address on "Pioneering." Rev. F. M. Thurston of Three Rivers spoke on "Pioneering Today," and Hon. F. S. Cummings read the address given by Hon. H. H. Riley in 1861 when the cemetery in Three Rivers was dedicated.

Mrs. Frank Dukette and Mrs. Frurer-Genter rendered several beautiful musical numbers on the violoncello during the afternoon. The selections were greatly enjoyed and brought forth much applause.

Vice-presidents and secretaries for the various townships will be named later by a committee to be appointed by Mrs. Caroline Bateman, retiring president.

Among the many relics presented to the museum during the past few days was a bee hive made of rye straw in 1839 by Isaac Mowrer of Park township. The hive is in fine condition and today attracted much attention. Mrs. L. B. Perrin is the owner of the relic.

Another relic which attracted much attention today was a bark house decorated with porcupine quills. This was made by the Indians 75 years ago and was presented to the museum by Mrs. S. A. Walton of Three Rivers.

A hand corn planter patented in 1854, bought and used for a number of years by Gilbert Laird of Mendon, is also one of the latest additions to the museum. It was presented to the county organization by Gilbert J. Laird of Mendon, son of the man who for several years planted acres of corn with the hand planter.

Probably never before did the pioneers and the public in general have the opportunity of seeing as fine a collection of old relics as they did today, and much credit is due the organization and officers for the efforts in making the St. Joseph county museum one of the best in the state.

**THE** first Pioneer Historical Association meeting ever held in Flowerfield township, St. Joseph County, convened at the Howardsville Church Friday, June 3rd.

The meeting opened with a pleasing solo, an Indian lovesong "Pale Moon" by Mrs. James Freese. Mrs. Charles Bateman, president of the Association, gave an interesting talk on the subject of the Association, by urging a preservation of all things, including birds, flowers, or records in Flowerfield township, pertaining to pioneer rights.

Mrs. Frank Munn followed with a most interesting paper on the "Hardships by Stage Coach in the days of Pioneer Life in St. Joseph County." This paper

showed much study and care. It gave a history of the town of Flowerfield, describing the platting of the village, naming of the streets, the early pioneers, industries of 1829 and later years, and the abundance and beauty of the wild flowers which suggested the name given to the village and township.

Henry C. Moore, probably the oldest pioneer born in the township, gave an interesting talk on his boyhood recollection of the early industries, means of traveling and amusements in Flowerfield township. One of the amusements he enjoyed most was running races with Indian children, playing with them on the mound near the village, but always getting home before dark.

Leonard Mohney, 12 years old, gave a recollection of his grandmother, Mrs. Harriet Mohney, of her girlhood days in upper Flatbush. This was followed by another boy who sang and impersonated an Italian song, "Nozolenia."

As a diversion, Mrs. F. H. Miller gave the names of her pioneer ancestors, among them M. T. Thurston, a Greek student of Burr Oak township, who selected the names for his twelve children from Homer's Iliad.

A very accurate and interesting history of the Flatbush Bethel Church was given by Mrs. C. S. Jewell.

The song "Darling, I Love You," was rendered by Mrs. L. E. Roxby.

Items from the supervisor's records of the first record of 1842 comparing the valuation from Pioneer days to our present time was given by Reuben Bent, township supervisor.

Mrs. Claude Castle read a well prepared record of the early expense of the pioneers.

M. S. Godshalk, road overseer of District Number Three was too busy making good roads to prepare a paper on his subject "Old Roads," but gave a short talk on the use of road taxes.

The ever appealing song, "Annie Laurie" was sung by Mrs. Fred Miller and Mrs. James Freese.

After a humorous opening speech, Mrs. Ed. Houts gave a record of the M. E. church of Howardsville. Another old pioneer, E. B. Tinker, gave a general history of Howardsville. The village was first called Tinkerville, but was named Howardsville when the Postoffice was established in the village by the postmaster, father of E. B. Tinker, in honor of Franklin Howard, the first settler.

Mrs. Lyle D. Smith pleased the audience by singing "Dreaming Along in the Twilight."

Mrs. L. B. Pernin in her original manner gave her rare story, as only she can, of the "Indian Trail to St. Joseph County."

"The Indian's Lament," given by Mrs. Joseph Dent, was a fitting finish to the Trail Story and was one of the most appreciated and enjoyed numbers of the program.

Mrs. Abner Dickory of Howardsville, who was present, told about her remembering the swing of the Papoose of the Indians.

The singing of Auld Lang Syne closed the meeting. The accompanist, Mrs. Alfred Avery, presided at the organ.



Mrs. Henry C. Moore, secretary of the Association, arranged and had charge of the program.

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**T**HE 48th annual convention of the Washtenaw County Pioneer and Historical Society began its all-day session at the county building June 8th. The meeting was held in the circuit court rooms and was called to order by M. S. White, president of the society, who gave a brief report of the recent state convention at Lansing, stating that Prof. R. C. Ford of Ypsilanti, who spoke on the early life of the Indians, had promised to repeat his talk before the pioneers of the county.

The secretary's report was read by Robert Campbell. Mrs. Margaret Redding Koon sang several appropriate songs and the rest of the morning meeting was taken up with the reading of the deaths of the pioneers in the various townships, villages and cities by the vice-presidents. Mr. White, reporting for Ann Arbor city, said that a total of 94 had died during the past year. The members of the society ate dinner at the City Y. M. C. A., the meal being served by the women of the auxiliary.

Last year's officers were re-elected. The pioneers voted to fill the places of the vice-presidents, where they have been delinquent in reporting, with women members of the society. M. S. White was elected president again, Robert Campbell, secretary, a position which he has held for many years, and O. C. Burkhardt, treasurer. Mrs. B. D. Kelly was re-elected necrologist.

The pioneers decided to put the matter up to the supervisors of placing a monument over the body of William A. Fletcher, first supreme judge of the state, who is buried in Forest Hill cemetery, Ann Arbor. Byron A. Finney reported the findings of a committee and recommended that the matter be turned over to the supervisors, who are authorized to use \$200 for historical landmarks. The body of Judge Fletcher was transferred from Felch Park to the present burial place. The monument, if erected, would probably consist of a boulder marked with a bronze plate.

Evan Essery, commissioner of schools, gave a short talk on the matter of consolidated schools. He said that there was one thing left in these modern times that harks back to pioneer days, and that was the one room rural school. He said that consolidated schools meant better buildings, ventilation, light and moral influences. Mr. Essery favored placing the consolidated school in the country.

Mrs. Ely Moore told of attending early Quaker meetings. She recalled stopping at Cook's hotel in Ann Arbor 71 years ago, while coming home from Tecumseh.

She stated that the influence of the Friends had been a great one in her life. She went to school at a place called Harmonia, near Battle Creek, on the ground occupied now by Camp Custer. This school was taught by Quakers. She told of the early struggles to clear land in this country, when everything was a forest, and how the early pioneers were possessed of indomitable spirit.

Mrs. B. F. Brown suggested that a junior department be added to the local society. She told of the work of the Child Conservation league. Ely Moore told of the early experiences with corduroy roads, and said that the pioneers appreciate good roads.

An interesting letter was read from Ebenezer Smith of Lima township. The letter told about his experiences on July 4, 1841, when the first train of cars came into Dexter on the Michigan Central railroad. He drove there in a lumber wagon drawn by two oxen.

John Bunton, who claims he is the oldest pioneer born in the county, told of his experiences with the Quakers. He said that he attended one meeting where a man arose to his feet after the gathering had sat silent for several hours and said: "Zacharias climbed up a sycamore tree," and then sat down.

Charles Harmon, veteran of two wars, told the pioneers about the proper care of the flag and urged that the younger generation be taught to reverence it. Robert Martin, well known as "Whispering Bob," made a few appropriate remarks.

When some one jested with him about his powerful voice, he said that he was justly proud of that voice. He said it had been useful to him in his lifetime, he had called his hogs many a time, a mile away. He said that the city life was too lazy for him, he wished to be out in the country where he could work and keep strong.—*Ann Arbor Times-News*, June 8, 1921.

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**MRS. GRACE GREENWOOD BROWNE** of Ann Arbor has kindly provided us with the following interesting note:

Pursuant to the request of the secretary of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, to prepare a report of the activities of the Historical Association of Washtenaw County, I am undertaking to make a meager report of same as has come to my attention as vice-chairman of the Michigan Historical department of the Michigan State Federation of Women's Clubs.

As early as 1873, the Washtenaw County Historical Association was started informally, and the organization received its state charter in 1876, having as many as eight hundred names on its roster. It has been the purpose of the organization to keep alive an interest in the history of the county by the annual meeting of the pioneers. While almost anyone who is interested is eligible for membership, a certain period of years in residence in the state is necessary. Dues are not required.

The officers of the society are: President, M. S. White, Ann Arbor; Treasurer

Mr. Burkhardt, Ann Arbor; Secretary, R. A. Campbell, Ann Arbor; and Necrologist, Mrs. B. D. Kelly.

I find that Washtenaw County has not had a constructive program in its meetings of the Historical Society. Nevertheless there are about fifty members who attend the session regularly, which occurs but once a year. The officers of the Association are very enthusiastic about their organization, and while the custom has previously been for rather a long speech to be given at the annual meeting, this year a more elaborate program has been prepared, to comprise speakers who will talk on live topics of the day, and who will tell what has been accomplished in Washtenaw County in the line of prohibition, child welfare, etc.

The meetings of the society occur on the second Wednesday of June, and it is planned to have the Court House at Ann Arbor the locality for all the gatherings hereafter. Previously, Chelsea, Dexter, and other places have, in turn, been the points for meeting.

There is an especially large field for constructive historical work in Washtenaw County, the seat of the State University, and one of the oldest organized counties in the state.

We have all heard, perhaps, of the young man who mispronounced a word, and was corrected by a relative who took the trouble to substantiate his correction by the dictionary. But was the young man grateful? Not a whit! "I don't care what the dictionary says about it," was his retort, "the other way is the way I have always pronounced it, and is the way I always will pronounce it."

The young man had, unfortunately, attained his mental growth. There is no time when an individual should stop growing mentally and spiritually, neither is there a time when a county historical society should stop growing, and upon this point public opinion is becoming more universally agreed. A strong, practical, constructive pioneer and historical program is needed in the county. Such a program would make more people feel a strong responsibility "to do their bit."

**M**R. HENRY LASLEY, who died March 1, 1921, was not only the oldest native of Muskegon, but also through his mother a representative of the ancient Ottawa tribe. His maternal grandfather was a Scotchman named George Cowan, who married an Ottawa woman. Their daughter Louise was born in Muskegon in 1812. She was a woman of exceptional business talent and after the death of her father conducted trading operations in Western Michigan for some time. She married William Lasley, a Pennsylvanian who came to Muskegon about 1835 and their son Henry was born at the Lasley trading post the site of which was long occupied by the office of Charles H. Hackley and his associates in the lumbering business. S. Henry Lasley was born November 21, 1840. A few years later William Lasley built a saw mill at Muskegon. He died in 1862. His widow afterwards made her home in Wisconsin where she died a few years ago having lived almost a century.

Because of the lack of school facilities in Muskegon, Henry Lasley was sent to Grand Haven to attend a school taught by an aunt of the late Senator Ferry, and long affectionately called "Aunt" Mary White by scores of pioneer boys and girls who enjoyed the advantages of her exceptional talent as a teacher. Among his schoolmates were E. P. Ferry, Noah H. Ferry, T. Stewart White and others who afterwards were leaders in Western Michigan affairs. Like most of Michigan's pioneers William Lasley highly valued education and he sent his son to a college at Appleton, Wisconsin, and a business college at Chicago. After finishing his schooling the son joined his mother who was then living at Mackinac, but in 1866 he became an employe in the store of Ferry, Dowling & Co. at Montague. This business he afterwards purchased. Later he engaged in banking as cashier of the Whitcomb State Bank. The failure of this bank in 1896 swept away most of Mr. Lasley's earnings. From 1893 to 1897 he was register of deeds of Muskegon County. At one time he was president of Montague village. After living several years at Mackinac Island he returned to Muskegon in 1919 and became one of the family at the Hume-Old People's Home where he received excellent care.

In his boyhood Henry Lasley witnessed the closing scenes of the once great fur trade, the supplanting of the Indian hunter and trapper by the white lumberman and farmer. During his active life lumbering developed from an insignificant industry to be the dominant industry of Northwestern Michigan. In his old age he saw the death of that industry and the town-wrecks which followed but it was his privilege to live to see that revival which he prophesied, to see prosperous manufacturing and commercial cities and villages take the place of the decayed but once flourishing lumbering towns. That he was privileged to pass his last days in the city of his birth, living in the fine home for the old, overlooking the beautiful Muskegon Lake, which delighted his eyes in childhood when Indian canoes floated on its depths and the encampments of the red man were common on its forest-clad banks, was a pleasure indeed to this fine old pioneer who was a link between the romantic and always interesting past and the present and every different age. (Data contributed by Mr. J. L. Smith of Muskegon.)

#### AMONG THE BOOKS

**EUROPE, 1789-1920**, by Edward Raymond Turner, professor of modern European history in the University of Michigan, is the most adequate single volume for the general reader covering its period. The style is fluent and clear, pleasantly colloquial at times, and in general compact and summarizing. Its maps, chapter bibliographies, appendices and index make it

easily usable. It is the kind of volume a busy man is thankful to find.

It is written in two parts, from the French Revolution to the Franco-Prussian War, and from the latter event to the present. For most people Part Two will probably have the greater interest, dealing with the more immediate events leading up to the Great War. Respecting this period the author says in the preface:

"To people now living, the epoch since 1789 is the most important and interesting in the history of mankind. It began with a revolution whose effects are not yet all measured; it ended with another whose consequences can scarcely yet even be guessed at. It was ushered in and completed by devastating wars which altered and may alter Europe for many generations. It was a period of mournful failures and mistakes, but it witnessed more progress than any epoch preceding. It was a period when for the first time the mass of the people got education, and some political power—which still they are learning to use. In the latter part of the period, amidst the infinite complexity of modern life, there was slowly unfolded a mighty sequence of things, ever more ominous and dreadful, like the prologue to some ancient tragedy, or music which forebodes doom approaching, until at last a catastrophe came which threatened to engulf civilization. As this book begins at the end of an old era, so it concludes with the ending of an era which already begins to seem old."

*SOME Problems of the Peace Conference*, by Charles

Homer Haskins and Robert Howard Lord, is a scholarly study of a subject in which the American public has been deeply interested. Both authors, professors in Harvard University and members of the American Peace Commission, are in position to speak with authority.

The style of the book is popular, the chapters being letters delivered at the Lowell Institute, Boston. The purpose is to give "a rapid survey of the principal elements in the territorial settlement of Europe," omitting Russia, because of limit of time and space.

Especially interesting is the opening chapter, "Tasks and Methods of the Conference," in which it is shown that the decisions reached by the heads of states were based essentially upon the findings of commissions of experts and that there was a sincere desire, despite the natural selfishness of human nature, to reach results that would stand the test of time.

Of the eight lectures, each author delivered four. A bibliographical note is added at the end of each chapter for further study. Six maps help to elucidate the text. (Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.)

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*THE United States, an Experiment in Democracy*, by

Carl Becker, professor of modern European history in Cornell University, is a series of ten very readable chapters in which Professor Becker raises the question, Has the United States been successful in its experiment in democracy? He does not answer the question, but presents the data which he is eminently capable of



doing from the standpoint of the impartial historian, and leaves the reader himself to answer. Significant are the closing words of the final chapter:

"To mistake the form for the substance of democracy, to assume with complacency that institutions under which liberties were once won will always guarantee them—this will be, for any people in the twentieth century, to court disaster. It is perhaps the peculiar danger of the United States. The time for national complacency is past. The sentimentalism which turns away from facts to feed on platitudes, the provincialism which fears ideas and plays at politics in the spirit of the gambler or the amateur, will no longer serve. The time has come when the people of the United States must bring all their intelligence and all their idealism to the consideration of the subtler realities of human relations, as they have formerly to the much simpler realities of material existence; this at least they must do if America is to be in the future what it has been in the past—a fruitful experiment in democracy." (Harpers, N. Y.)

*THE Frontier in American History*, by Frederic Jackson Turner, professor of history in Harvard University, brings together for the first time under one cover the materials essential to a correct understanding of the meaning of our westward expansion. Professor Turner was formerly on the faculty of the University of Wisconsin, and it was there that he began his intensive cultivation of the field of western history. The significance of the Frontier in American



History," the first chapter of the volume, is the widely known essay read at the annual meeting of the American Historical Association in 1893, and the twelve succeeding chapters of the book are reprints of papers and addresses used on various occasions. Excepting the first they are arranged in the chronological order of their subject-matter, which is the order of the march of the frontier westward. They have some value as interpretations, at different periods, of the influence of the frontier in American history. The author says, of the "The future alone can disclose how far these interpretations are correct for the age of colonization which came gradually to an end with the disappearance of the frontier and free land. It alone can reveal how much of the courageous, creative American spirit, and how large a part of the historic American ideals are to be carried over into that age which is replacing the era of free lands and of measurable isolation by consolidated and complex industrial development and by increasing resemblances and connections between the New World and the Old."

In the book as a whole there is considerable repetition, owing to the origin of the chapters, and no little of it is "inspirational" rather than properly historical. The general reader will find it stimulating. (Henry Holt, N.Y.)

*THE Relation of the Judiciary to the Constitution*, by William M. Meigs, is a timely volume. The author was a writer on this subject as early as 1885 (*American Law Review*). The present volume, he says,

has been largely influenced by the work of Brinton Coxe, *Judicial Power and Unconstitutional Legislation*. It is a deprecation of that "itch for change which is so conspicuously to be seen among our public men today."

Its method is historical. The author points out how a clamorous minority will often drown by its vociferations the sober opinion of a real majority. He says, "There is the gravest danger that this noisy minority will lead the country largely, even entirely, to abandon its canons and laws and to launch out upon evil ways, much to its detriment, precisely as a street mob will often follow courses far worse than the average desire of its members." His conviction of this danger was the spur for the production of this volume, which was finished during the last days of the Great War. (Neale Pub. Co., N. Y.)

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*SINCE the Civil War*, by Charles Ramsdell Lingley, Professor of History in Dartmouth College, is the third volume in a series edited by Professor Max Farrand of Yale, in which series Prof. Farrand wrote the second volume, *Growth of a Nation*, and Prof. Winfred T. Root, of the University of Wisconsin, the first, *Colonial Beginnings*.

Prof. Lingley disclaims any wonder-working power in selecting the material to be included in his volume, but he has succeeded very well in being judicious in his choice, in keeping free from bias, and in discharging the role of a sympathetic critic of this difficult period in our national development.

The volume is written for citizens, in the belief

that "next to balanced intelligence, the greatest need of the citizen in the performance of his political duties is a substantial knowledge of the recent past of public problems." The concluding chapter is "The United States and the World War." (Century Co., N. Y.)

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*THE Outline of History*, by H. G. Wells (Macmillan) is at least interesting, both in conception and execution. It is truly "some sweep" from *The Earth in Space and Time*, to *The Catastrophe of 1914*, embracing, as the author tells us, "the whole story of life and mankind so far as it is known today." And it is something indeed that the author should compel hundreds of thousands of people to read with avidity two sizable volumes of any kind of history.

It is of course true that even an observer as keen as Mr. Wells needs historical training to see things in proper relations and in correct perspective in a field that is not his own. To Mr. Wells, everything outside of Europe is in the "suburbs." It will hardly be satisfactory to the friends of Uncle Sam, at least few will wish to believe, that the time is approaching when the constitution of the United States will be regarded as belonging rightly to the New Stone Age.

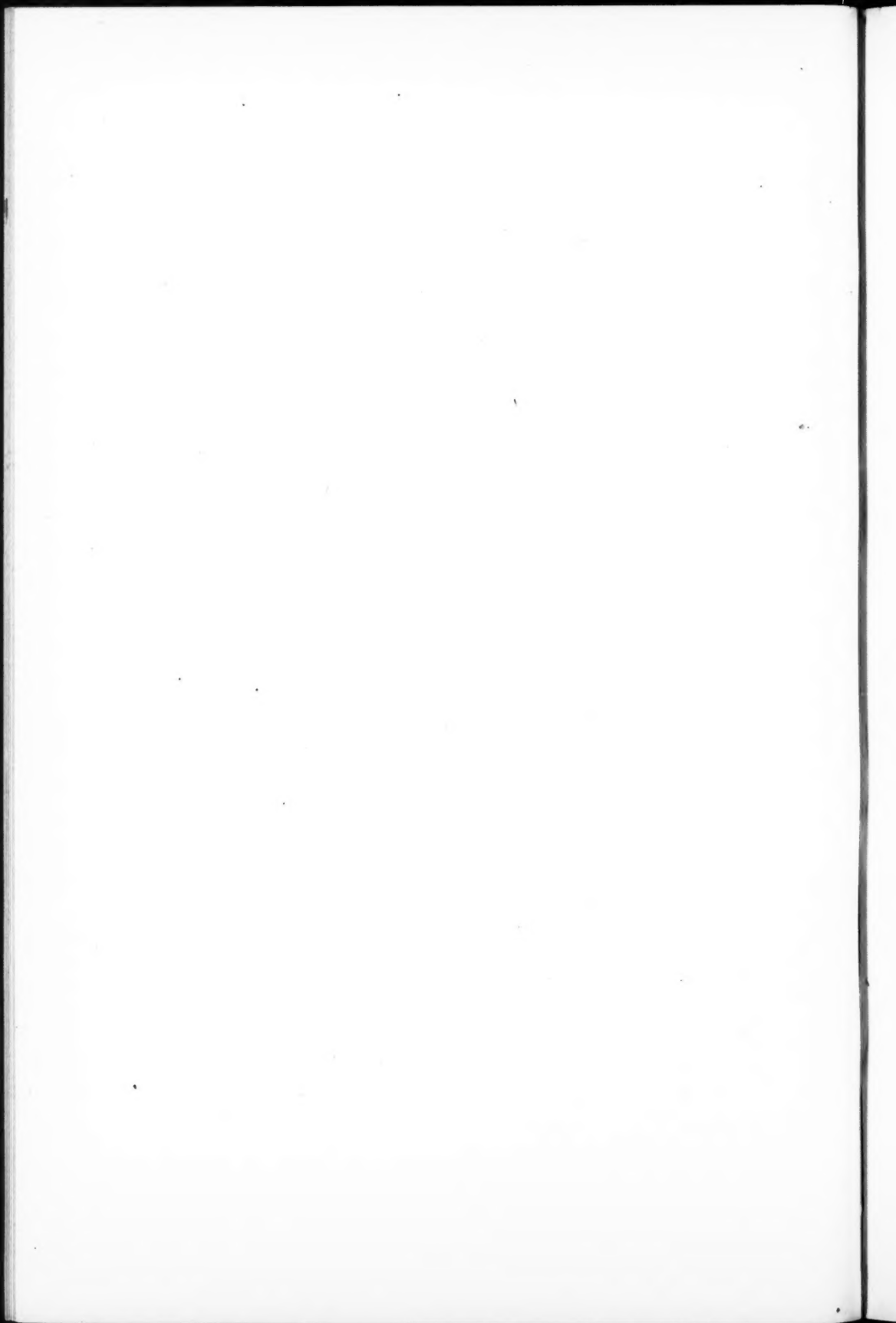
Obviously Mr. Wells' work owes its popular success to the powerful imagination, lucid style and assured literary position of the brilliant novelist. Mr. Wells is a radical, an anti-militarist, and has certain views of his own about Christianity. Many doubtless find a certain exhilaration in his sheer daring, his cocksureness, which always delights those who want to know "just how it

was," whether the evidence warrants any conclusion or not. One thing, however, seems quite true. Mr. Wells has struck a fundamental note in the historical writing of the twentieth century. There is other evidence than his of a return to the synthetic writing of the eighteenth century, and of decreasing emphasis on the monographic writing which was the distinguishing characteristic of the nineteenth century.

*INCIDENTS in the Lives of Editors*, collected and published by Mr. Arthur Scott White of Grand Rapids, is a delightful little book of about a hundred pages about the lighter side of the lives of a score of men well known in the newspaper and publishing fraternity of Michigan. Among them are William M. Hathaway, George B. Catlin, David N. Foster, Burridge D. Butler, Frank I. Cobb, Thomas W. Fletcher, Charles W. Garfield, William B. Weston, Louis G. Stuart, Henry M. Rose, Robert Baerid, John H. ("Mickey") Finn, John Bailey Mills, George A. McIntyre, Henry G. Wanty, Mark T. Woodruff. The booklet was printed privately, but we understand there are a few copies yet to be had, and Mr. White may be reached at his old stand, the "White Printing Company, Grand Rapids, Michigan, U. S. A."

*WHO Won the War*, by Edwin James Tippet, Jr., is a live little book that will be enjoyed by every ex-service man. The author was formerly Corp. Co. A,

112th M. P. 37 Div. A. E. F., and is now a member of the Joseph Baker Post, Toledo, American Legion. He writes an absorbing story of humorous and thrilling experiences in twenty-one months of service with the 37th Division. It is personal adventure, and the writer's experience will find an echo in many memories. (Miami Book Co., Toledo, O.)



## PAPERS



TABLES

(151)

OLD FLAG

## OLD FLAG

BY HUBBARD PARKER

WHAT shall I say to you, Old Flag?  
You are so grand in every fold,  
So linked with mighty deeds of old,  
So steeped in blood where heroes fell,  
So torn and pierced by shot and shell,  
So calm, so still, so firm, so true,  
My throat swells at the sight of you,

Old Flag.

What of the men who lifted you, Old Flag,  
Upon the top of Bunker's Hill;  
Who crushed the Briton's cruel will,  
'Mid shock and roar, crash and scream;  
Who crossed the Delaware's frozen stream  
Who starved, who fought, who bled, who died,  
That you might float in glorious pride,

Old Flag?

What of women brave and true, Old Flag,  
Who, while the cannon thundered wild,  
Sent forth a husband, lover, child;  
Who labored in the field by day;  
Who, all the night long, knelt to pray,  
And tho't that God great mercy gave,  
If only freely you might wave,

Old Flag?

What is your mission now, Old Flag?  
What, but to set all people free,  
To rid the world of misery,  
To guard the right, avenge the wrong,  
And gather in one joyful throng  
Beneath your folds in close embrace  
All burdened ones of every race,

Old Flag?

Right nobly do you lead the way, Old Flag  
Your stars shine out for liberty,  
Your white stripes stand for purity,  
Your crimson claims that courage high  
For honor's sake to fight and die.  
Lead on against the alien shore!  
We'll follow you e'en to Death's door,  
Old Flag!

## POLYGAMY AT BEAVER ISLAND

BY MILO M. QUAIFFE, PH.D.

MADISON, WISCONSIN

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MUCH has been written and said about James J. Strang's kingdom of Saint James on the Beaver Islands, and the practice of polygamy which he instituted there has been accorded its full share of comment. Yet the popular discussion of the subject has seldom been based upon any considerable degree of real information, and witnesses of supposed standing and credibility have drawn grotesquely inaccurate pictures of Beaver Island conditions and practices. Thus, the United States district attorney who prosecuted Strang in 1851 on charges of treason, counterfeiting, and other serious crimes has recorded this pretended veracious account of the external aspects of polygamy in the Prophet's own household:<sup>1</sup>

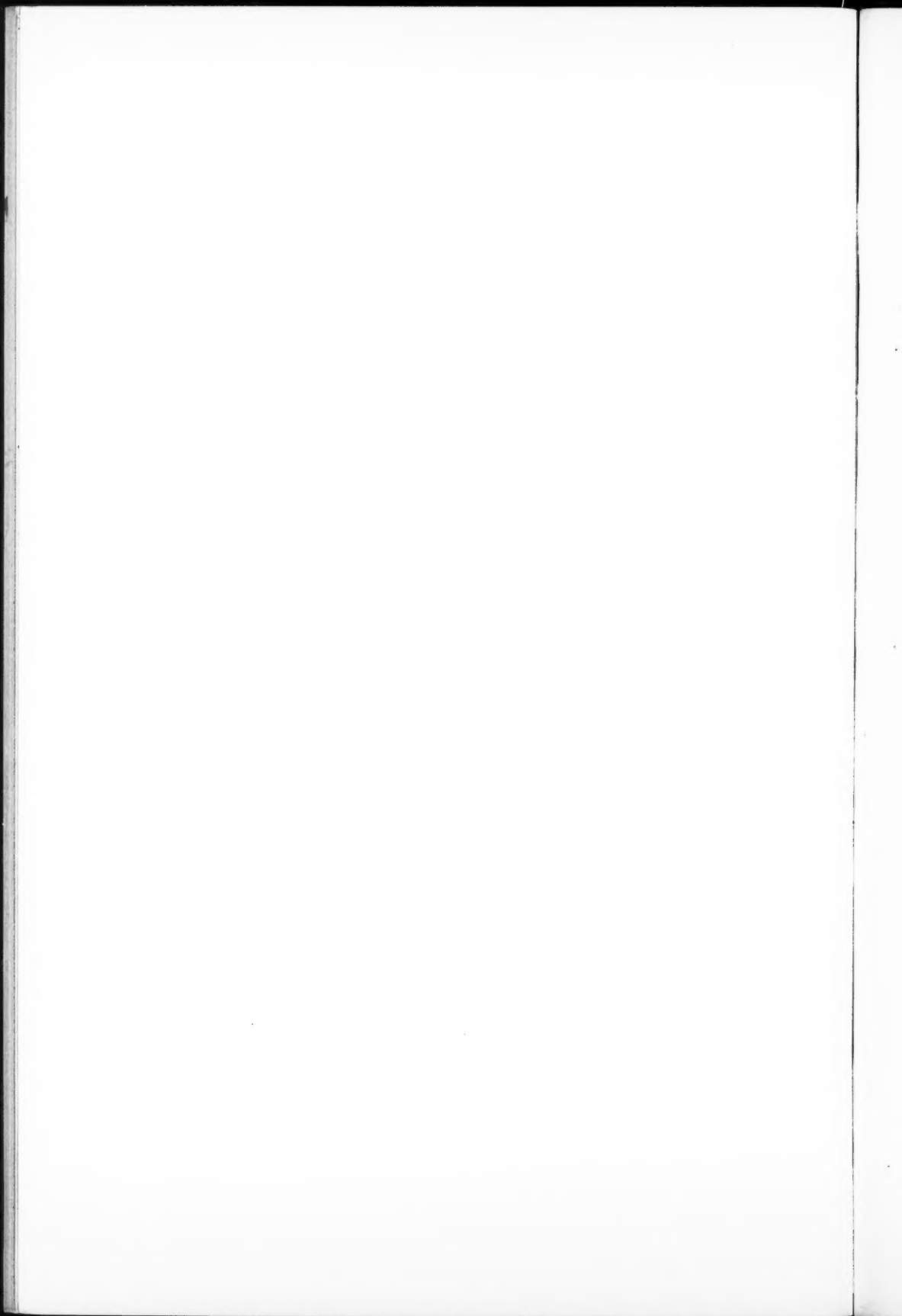
"The capturing party on arriving (at midnight) at the place where Strang usually slept saw a light gleaming from an upper window of a long hewn log building two stories high, with the gable end toward the path, and stationing the big boatswain under the farther end window with orders to capture at all hazards anyone who should seek escape there, and the young boatswain at the front entrance, and unveiling instantly the globe lantern, the district attorney and the principal deputy crept quietly upstairs, entered a long, low room where

wide berths, heavily draped with stunning calico, shielded beds like the berths and staterooms of steamers, which proved to be occupied by Mormon women four in a bed."

Without intruding further upon this enchanting scene, it is perhaps a sufficient commentary upon the accuracy of District Attorney Bates' description to observe that at this time Strang had but two wives and that of these two one (his first and only legal wife) was not living with him. But the District Attorney's picture has a real historical significance, nevertheless, in that it affords a fair representation of the state of contemporary Gentile opinion concerning the Saints. Apparently his narrative rests upon the same psychological foundation as did the marvelous tales told by mediæval travellers. In that age one who visited distant lands was expected as a matter of course to see strange sights and undergo marvelous adventures; consequently when a traveller returned to his home he commonly spurred his imagination to the task of satisfying the popular expectation. So too, the District Attorney, we incline to think, spun such a tale about the doings of the Saints at Beaver Island as the Gentile opinion of his time demanded. That opinion persists widely even yet in Michigan and Wisconsin, and the most unjust and ridiculous statements concerning them are still passed about. The writer is not an advocate either of polygamy or Mormonism, but he believes it worth while, from the viewpoint of Michigan local history, to record such facts as he has been able to recover concerning the practice of polygamy at Beaver Island. Necessarily the story deals very largely



Truly & sincerely  
James J. Stuart -





with the doings of Prophet Strang, whose brains and hand were responsible for laying the foundation at the Beavers of an absolutism as thoroughgoing as any the mind of man ever conceived.

Strang, it will be remembered, was a recent convert to Mormonism, who on the death of Joseph Smith in the spring of 1844 put himself forward as his divinely appointed successor. This pretension was hotly contested by the leaders at Nauvoo, who assumed control of the church upon the death of Joseph, and in course of time led its followers into the wilderness to found the state of Utah; Strang, meanwhile, fixed his headquarters first at Voree (near modern Burlington) in southeastern Wisconsin and later at the Beaver Islands, and until his death in 1856 conducted a vigorous and bitter warfare against the "Twelve," who had speedily fallen under the domination of Brigham Young. It suffices for our present purpose to note that the leaders at Nauvoo were currently charged with addiction to polygamy, spiritual wifery, and other "abominations." None pressed these charges more hotly than did the rival leader of the church, James J. Strang himself. It follows that during the earlier years of his prophetic career (roughly speaking 1844-1849) he was a stern opponent of polygamy and the spiritual wife doctrine. Against these "abominations" of the Brighamites he poured out the vials of God's wrath, and those Saints who at Voree became infected with spiritual and plural wife leanings were cut off from the church with unfailing regularity and dispatch.

Again and again in these early days the Prophet went on record in opposition to all sexual vagaries and

misconduct. Thus, in July, 1847 he printed in the Voree *Herald* an editorial with the title "Polygamy not possible in a free government." Although short, it was a masterly exposition of the thesis stated in the title. Two weeks after this John E. Page, one of the presidents of the Strangite church, printed a communication to the Saints devoted wholly to refuting the doctrine of polygamy and to proving that Strang had no responsibility for it. This article elicited a signed editorial from Strang himself,<sup>2</sup> which, confirming the sentiments expressed by Page, concluded:

"I now say distinctly, and I defy contradiction, that the man or woman does not exist on earth or under the earth who ever heard me say one word, or saw me do one act, savoring in the least of spiritual wifery or any of the attending abominations. My opinions on this subject are unchanged, and I regard them as unchangable. They are established in a full consideration of *all* the Scriptures, both ancient and modern, and the discipline of the church *shall* conform thereto."

A more emphatic avowal than this could not be penned, and it continued to express the Prophet's position at least until September, 1848, for at that time Page, as president of the Twelve Apostles, addressed a formal order to the Saints, to withdraw their fellowship from advocates of polygamy and spiritual wifery, characterizing these as "unfruitful works of darkness, born of hell and begotten of the Devil."<sup>3</sup>

It is a modern theory that the leopard may not change his spots, yet within a year from the time the Prophet recorded his "unchanged and unchangable"

opposition to polygamy he had become himself a secret practitioner of plural marriage, and the remainder of his life was devoted to a vain effort to foist this relic of primitive life upon the world as a divinely ordained institution. How are we to account for this surprising reversal, from which were to proceed consequences of momentous importance not only to the Strangite community but to the whole future development of Mormonism? A son of the Prophet tells me that the change was made when Strang became convinced that Joseph Smith before his death had become an advocate of polygamy. I venture to suggest a theory which does not conflict necessarily with this explanation. Strang was a man of erratic brilliancy, and I surmise that his head was turned by his success in gathering and dominating over his followers, so that he came to believe he could do anything he chose with them. But it may be asked why he should choose to do this thing, which ran counter to his entire career hitherto? One answer has been suggested above. Another may lie in the two facts that Strang was a man of powerful sexual impulses<sup>4</sup> and that he had made the acquaintance of a brilliant and charming young woman, whom he, being long since married, could possess only through the avenue of polygamy.

Returning from the realm of surmise to that of demonstrable fact, let us note the facts pertaining to the Prophet's first polygamous marriage. In some way (by direct revelation from God, if his own claim is to be credited) his attention had been directed to the Beaver Islands as a promising center for the further development of his theocracy. There were substantial

economic reasons, into which we need not enter here, for planning a removal from Voree. Accordingly the Beaver Island Archipelago was hit upon and in 1847 the process of settlement was begun. It proceeded slowly enough, but by the summer of 1849 Strang's affairs had reached such a state both locally at the Islands and elsewhere, that he decided the time opportune for a decisive forward movement. Accordingly the project was laid of holding the July conference of the church on the island; thence the Prophet and his lieutenants were to undertake a prolonged invasion of the East, with the two-fold purpose in view of capturing the eastern centers of Mormonism for Strang and negotiating with influential leaders at Washington for certain extraordinary privileges desired by the Prophet with respect to the federal domain in the Beaver Islands. Returning in the spring of 1850 from this eastern tour Strang planned to transfer his seat of operations from Voree to Saint James and therewith throw off the mask which had hitherto shielded his real designs by publicly proclaiming the establishment of the kingdom of God on earth with his vicegerent, James J. Strang, as its ruler. In this connection was first revealed to the world the remarkable *Book of The Law of the Lord* which, providing a comprehensive framework of government for the newly-established kingdom, incidentally revealed that God now not merely looked with approval upon polygamy but even urged it upon his followers.

The effect of this announcement upon Strang's followers we shall presently have occasion to note; we have first to deal, however, with a performance of

Strang which is difficult to reconcile with the accepted rules either of common morality or of common sense. Elvira E. Field was a native of Streetsborough, Ohio, born July 8, 1830.<sup>5</sup> Her parents became converts to Mormonism and joined the church at Kirtland. In 1844 they removed to Michigan and here the girl blossomed into a charming womanhood. For two years she lived with an uncle in Washtenaw County, by the name of Israel Smith, and at the age of sixteen began teaching school. She taught at Eaton Rapids in 1847 and near Charlotte the following year. When James J. Strang put forward his prophetic claims they were accepted by Elvira's parents; and he, apparently, made her acquaintance on the occasion of one of his early visits to Michigan. To her in the summer of 1849 came George J. Adams, one of the presidents of the Strangite organization, with as strange a proposal as has ever escaped in sober earnest from the lips of mortal man. The Prophet, he told her, had received from God, by an angelic messenger, a precious and holy record, containing the law of God for the governance of his people in the kingdom which was shortly to be established on earth. A part of the revelation thus divinely communicated commanded the Saints on earth to institute a polygamous organization of society. The Prophet would himself set the example for his followers, and Adams had been sent to offer to Elvira Field the distinguished honor of becoming his first polygamous wife, and his queen in the kingdom of God on earth which was shortly to be set up. It affords a striking example of the limits of human credulity that the girl accepted this offer in all sin-

*polygamous  
ref 7/12/51*

cerity; and without the knowledge of her parents went out from her home to become at once, in advance of the public annunciation of the new program, the secret wife of Strang. The union was consummated on July 13, 1849, a few days after the close of the church conference at Beaver Island, and on the eve of Strang's departure upon his eastern mission. While his real wife remained at home at Voree in blissful ignorance of this—to her—tragic event, the Prophet embarked upon his tour taking his young bride along attired as a boy and posing, under the pseudonym of Charley Douglas, as his nephew and secretary.

The autumn and winter were passed in the great cities—New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington—"rolling up" the work of the Lord, and under the Prophet's personal supervision laying the foundations of the Strangite church in the East. Through all these months Elvira Field maintained her difficult pose; while the Prophet devoted his days to expounding the will of God to his followers and his nights to the company of the winsome girl whom he had selected a year in advance of any public announcement of God's will in the premises to become the first exemplar of his forthcoming polygamous state.

It seems evident the secret of Strang's relations with Elvira Field was shared by some, at least of his more intimate followers.<sup>6</sup> Probably inklings of the secret were gained by some with whom Strang had no desire to share it. At any rate two of them, Lorenzo Dow Hickey and Increase Van Duzen, in the high tide of the Prophet's meetings in New York City precipitated a violent uproar. Hickey charged Strang with



adultery, fornication, spiritual wifery "and all the abominations that were ever practiced at Nauvoo," and professed to have letters from his wife at Beaver Island which would support these charges.

We incline to think that some inklings of Strang's plans for the public announcement of polygamy the following year had become noised abroad, and this gossip had been conveyed to Hickey by his wife; he was evidently ignorant of the real identity of "Charley Douglas," else he would have pointed to her, present in the meeting, as affording conclusive material proof of his charges against the Prophet. The course pursued by Strang in the face of these accusations is interesting in view of what we now know concerning their essential truth. Hickey was a true religious zealot who, save for this temporary defection, ardently upheld Strang's religious pretensions until the day of his death some forty years later. Van Duzen was an arrant scamp, whose religious zeal was measured by his estimate of the likelihood of material benefit to accrue therefrom. Both men were at this time practically unbalanced mentally.<sup>7</sup> Confronted by such accusers, Strang boldly denied their charges and demanded an immediate investigation. The result was the excommunication of Van Duzen and the suspension of Hickey "for most gross lying and slander" upon Strang and others.

We return to the public unmasking of Strang's great design at Beaver Island July 8, 1850. Here, at the budding city of Saint James on the shore of Paradise Bay,<sup>8</sup> in the uncompleted tabernacle the kingdom of God was set up on earth. A portion of the newly-revealed *Law of the Lord* was read, and the four hun-



dred zealots who had assembled at the call of their chief with uplifted hands entered into a solemn covenant henceforth to be God's people and live in accordance with his law as revealed to them by his prophet in the flesh. The Prophet, clad in a robe of bright red, was escorted to a platform and around him were grouped the apostles and other officers of the church, while the remaining space was occupied by the common people. George J. Adams, an actor by profession and now Strang's right-hand assistant, acted as master of ceremonies, which concluded with placing on the brow of Strang a crown of metal with a cluster of stars in front. On the selfsame day the new-made king received a divine revelation appointing the "Islands of the Great Lakes" as the inheritance of the Saints and delegating to the king the authority of apportioning lands among them. Henceforth forever the return of the day that "James the Prophet was established King" was to be celebrated with sacrifices and thank offerings.<sup>9</sup>

Thus the kingdom was set up, and coincident therewith it was made known to the people that polygamy was an institution ordained of God, whose laws as revealed to them by his Prophet they had covenanted to obey. Presumably at this time (although positive information as to the date is lacking) the Prophet made known to his followers that he had led the way for them by taking to wife Elvira Field a year before. The effects produced upon Strang's followers by this advocacy of an institution which less than two years before the church organ had denounced as "born of hell and begotten of the Devil" were

various. Some accepted blindly the new teaching, while others revolted from it and severed their connection with the Strangite church. We shall follow the course of each of these in turn, but before taking them up we may pay our final respects to George J. Adams, who was more intimate with Strang during these months when polygamy was being foisted upon the church than was anyone else.

Adams was an erratic but always interesting knave whose full career it would be well to trace did space permit. He is said to have conveyed to Miss Field Strang's proffer of marriage in 1849; whether this be correct or not it seems certain that he was cognizant of that union. He seems to have been a man of eloquence, whose powers as a preacher had won for him the distinction he had achieved in the Strangite organization. Yet he had not escaped the charge of odious sexual misconduct in the past.<sup>10</sup> In the winter of 1849, while preaching to "vast throngs" at Boston, Adams became acquainted with a woman of "indifferent fame" whom he took with him to Baltimore and there introduced to his associates as a wealthy widow from Charleston, South Carolina. In the spring of 1850 he returned to Beaver Island with her in the role of Mrs. Adams, giving out that his former wife, who was affected with consumption, had died. Before long, however, it transpired that the real Mrs. Adams was living in New Jersey, where her husband had abandoned her. For this offense against decency and humanity Adams was disciplined by Strang and was deprived of his authority as a president of the church. Against his iniquitous conduct Strang commented feelingly in the *Northern*

*Islander*, and it is but fair to the Prophet to say, public opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, that he seems never to have condoned wrong doing on the part of any of his followers. Adams' villainy calls for no defense at our hands, yet it seems not unlikely that he found inspiration for his course in the conduct of the Prophet himself, in his secret union with Miss Field. Judged by plain human standards Adams' abuse of his marriage vows and of the rules of common morality was not essentially worse than the course of Strang in wronging his wife by leading a young girl into an illicit union with himself. If such conduct was permissible to the mouthpiece of God on earth, why was it not equally laudable in the case of George J. Adams?

What Mary Strang, the Prophet's legal wife, thought of the new revelation is shown by her action in promptly separating from Strang when she became aware of his connection with Elvira Field. Those of Strang's followers who assented to the establishment of the kingdom seem not to have objected to the polygamous dispensation. When it came, however, to the point of personally exemplifying it, their response was not very enthusiastic. There were never more than eighteen or twenty polygamous families at Beaver Island.<sup>11</sup> The Prophet had four wives (excluding his first) and L. D. Hickey had three. All the other polygamous families consisted of but two wives. At the time of the dispersion in 1856 the Mormon population of the Islands and the nearby mainland was about 2500. It seems reasonable to estimate that there were as many as 500 heads of families. It follows that only in about one family in twenty-five did plural

marriage prevail. The causes of this limited response to the Prophet's teaching seem reasonably evident. Probably simple poverty, coupled with a scarcity of eligible females, was the chief factor in the premises. The Saints were highly industrious but they had scant store of accumulated capital and they were engaged in the task, old in American history, of hewing homes out of a wilderness. Aside from the causes noted, the shortness of time permitted Strang's kingdom to exist naturally operated to hinder any widespread development of polygamy. There is no room to doubt that the community believed thoroughly Strang's teaching; and its sentiment was such that young women deemed it an honor to be considered eligible to become plural wives of the Prophet.<sup>12</sup>

We have ventured to cast doubt upon attorney Bates' picture of polygamy as exemplified on the occasion of his midnight invasion of Strang's home in the spring of 1851. If there were not more than twenty polygamous homes in all, and if in only two of them were there more than two wives, it is obvious that the "wide berths" shielding "beds like the berths and state-rooms of a steamer," wherein Mormon wives were crowded by fours never existed outside the writer's imagination. Others have stated that Strang provided different houses for his several wives. A recent letter of his sole surviving widow to me<sup>13</sup> sheds light on this and other points concerning polygamy at Beaver Island as exemplified in the Prophet's own household: "You ask if we all lived in the same house—we did but had separate rooms—and all met in prayer and ate at the same table—he (Strang) was

a very mild-spoken, kind man to his family although his word was law—we were all honest in our religion and made things as pleasant as possible—there were four of us living in one house.”

This testimony from one who now has no motive or desire to shield the Prophet or his established order affords a rather pleasant picture of the practical operation of polygamy, one which contrasts sharply with some of the fiction which has been written about the institution at the Beavers. Human nature is a variable quality, however, and there are reasons for supposing that in Strang's own household one encounters the institution at its best. That all the polygamous husbands were judicious and mild, or that all the wives were free from personal jealousies and loyal to the teachings of their religion it would be hazardous to affirm. In another material respect, also, the testimony of Mrs. Wing contrasts sharply with popular report and recent fiction; she was not harried into marriage; rather she married the Prophet in opposition to the judgment of her father (one of the twelve apostles). When she told him of her intention to marry Strang he answered that he would almost as soon see her buried as married in polygamy. “But I took the chance,” continues Mrs. Wing, “I thought he was the Lord's chosen prophet and all would be right.”

Here, incidentally, is additional unconscious testimony as to the motives which impelled young women to place themselves at the disposal of the Prophet. Strang indeed must have been the religious and social urge which would impel a beautiful girl of seventeen

(her daguerreotype likeness, taken about two years after marriage affords evidence of her beauty) to become, in opposition to her father's judgment and wish, the fourth or fifth wife of a man of forty-two.

As the Prophet was by far the most notable exemplar of polygamy at Beaver Island, a brief compilation of the more essential data in his marital career may be of interest here. He married his first wife, Mary Perce, in western New York in 1836. Both Elvira Field and Mrs. Wing agree that she left him when she learned of his indulgence in plural marriage. Mrs. Wing, who as a child knew her at Voree, informs me that she never came to the Beavers. She thinks there was no divorce, and also that Strang supported her at Voree (where she had relatives) after the separation. It has been more than once stated that when Strang was shot he ignored his later wives and expressed a desire to be reconciled to Mary; and that on being carried to Voree she attended him until his death. I regard this statement as a pleasant bit of fiction, and have the best of contemporary evidence to controvert the latter portion of it. Strang was the father of three children by her before the separation. The eldest of these, a daughter named Mary, died in babyhood. A son, named William Strang, spent his life as a railroad man, with his home at Terre Haute, Indiana, rising to the position of conductor. With him the mother and her second daughter, Myraette Strang, made their homes. The latter was a teacher and remained unmarried. Strang married Elvira Field, as we have seen, July 13, 1849. Two and one-half years later, on January 17, 1852, he took to wife Betsy McNutt. There is some



mystery as to the date or dates of his marriage to Phoebe and Sarah Wright. Zenos Wright (brother of Sarah and cousin of Phoebe) informs me that the ceremony was a double one, both girls being married on the same day. Mrs. Wing pronounces this incorrect: "there was some rumor," she adds, "that we were married at the same time, but there was a few months difference." Possibly the explanation of the confusion may be found in the keeping of one of the unions secret for a time. Charles J. Strang, Elvira Field's eldest child, states that Sarah was married July 15, 1855 and Phoebe on October 27. In the absence of other or more conclusive information we are constrained to accept these dates as correct.

Strang was shot in June, 1856, dying on July 9. Thus he lived with Elvira Field seven years, with Betsy McNutt four and one-half, and with the cousins, Sarah and Phoebe Wright, somewhat less than a year. All of these women gave birth to children after the Prophet's death. By Elvira Field Strang had four children: Charles J., born April 6, 1851; Eva, born April 18, 1853; Clement J., born December 20, 1854; and James J., born January 22, 1857. Betsy McNutt became the mother of three children by Strang,—Evangeline, Gabriel, and Abigail; the dates of their birth I have not learned. Sarah Wright became the mother of a son, James J. Strang, and Phoebe of a daughter, Eugenia.

With the shooting of Strang and the mobbing of his followers at the Beavers in the summer of 1856 these wives and children of the Prophet were scattered far and wide, never, for the most part, to meet again on



earth. Their after careers, which I have been at some pains to trace in so far as possible, are not without interest for our story.

Only by a strong effort can the imagination visualize the deplorable plight of these polygamous wives deprived of their protector, plundered of their property, the religious community responsible for their existence blotted out, two of them with little, and all with unborn, children to care for,—thus were they suddenly cast forth as wanderers in a cold and unsympathetic world. Not more pathetic certainly was the plight of the exiled Acadians than that of these forlorn women. Face to face with grim necessity they all made shift to keep body and soul together, however, and all succeeded in raising their families, respectably if not in comfort.

Of Elvira Field it is recorded<sup>14</sup> that she lived as a widow at Voree until 1860, when she removed to her girlhood home in Eaton County, Michigan. She had a hard struggle to maintain her children, and in this year when she was believed to be fatally ill, she gave them to the care of friends. Recovering, in 1864 she took back all but the youngest, who had been adopted by David Grier and whose name had been changed to Charles J. Grier. In 1865 Mrs. Strang married John Baker, a widower, and to the couple were born two children. From 1873 until old age Mrs. Baker resided in Lake County, Michigan; she died at Courtland in June, 1910. Charles J. Strang, her eldest son, died recently at Lansing where he had long resided. Although importuned to assume his father's prophetic

mantle he always resisted the appeal and held aloof from his father's followers.

Clement J. Strang, the second son of Elvira, graduated from Michigan Agricultural College and Andover Theological Seminary, and has spent his life as a Congregational minister. Charles Grier became a lawyer. Concerning Eva Strang we have no information other than the fact of her marriage.

Betsy McNutt was "an old maid" when she attained the earthly glory of handmaiden to a prophet in the flesh. Concerning this match Wingfield Watson has told me the story: At some social gathering at Saint James Betsy was being rallied on her single state; she responded to her tormentors by saying that there was only one man on the Island she would think of marrying. It became evident that this man was the Prophet, and the matter was reported to him; whereupon out of a sense of supposed gallantry he offered himself to her in marriage. My informant intimates that she was not noted for her beauty, and further that the Prophet was none too keen in driving a matrimonial bargain. Betsy never remarried, after Strang's death. A few years after the dispersion at Beaver Island she made her way to the woods of Jackson County, Wisconsin, where was a considerable Strangite community, and by picking berries and other shifts managed to eke out an existence. When Evangeline, her eldest child, married John Denio of Lamoni, Iowa, Betsy went there to live; there she became a Reorganized Saint, and there died. Her son, Gabriel, proved, like his father, both brilliant and erratic. A few years since, he robbed a man of a team of horses in southern

Michigan and being captured in true Wild West fashion was committed to Ionia. After some years he was released on parole; this he promptly violated by taking French leave, since which nothing more is known of him. Abigail, the youngest daughter of Betsy and the Prophet, last resided in St. Joseph, Missouri, a member of the Reorganized Church of Latter Day Saints, where she died in May, 1921.

We come, then, to Sarah and Phoebe Wright, the girl wives of Strang's last year. These women, like Betsy McNutt, found their way to the wilds of Jackson County, Wisconsin. To Sarah was born a daughter, Eugenia (she is the "Princess Eugenia" of A. N. Somer's narrative "An American King" in the *National Magazine* for May, 1901) who grew to womanhood in Jackson County and became the wife of a banker of Black River Falls. In recent years they have resided in Tacoma. The mother (Phoebe) lived in Minnesota for a number of years, later joining her daughter at Tacoma, where she died a few years since. She never married after the death of Strang.

Sarah Wright followed her parents to Racine upon the dispersion at Beaver Island. A few miles away, at Voree, her husband lay dying, but, destitute, she was unable to be with him in his last days. She went with her parents to Jackson County, Wisconsin, where in November, 1856, her child, James J. Strang was born. She here married a Saint, Dr. Wing, and removed with him to Utah, where under his tutelage she learned the medical art. The husband had polygamous inclinations, which the wife had renounced after the death of Strang. Accordingly a separation ensued,

and Mrs. Wing for many years practiced medicine at her home in Springfield, Utah. Here she still lives (1920) at an advanced age, and in feeble health and with impaired memory.

It is a striking commentary upon the futility of human aspirations and strivings that not a single member of Strang's numerous family, so far as our information goes, remained loyal to his religious teachings and prophetic pretensions. Of his wives two at least—Elvira Field and Sarah Wright—were of more than ordinary capacity and talent. Both renounced Mormonism altogether, and Sarah even reared her son in ignorance of the very name of his father.<sup>15</sup> Betsy McNutt went over to the Reorganized Church but before her death had become an adherent of some other of the numerous "isms" which have afflicted the church since the death of Joseph Smith.<sup>16</sup>

It remains to set forth the results for the future of Mormonism of that dramatic proclamation of the kingdom of God by the pleasant harbor of Saint James on July 18, 1850. The new development, with its renunciation of opposition to plural marriage proved too much for some of the Saints who had followed Strang's teachings hitherto, and out of their revolt proceeded consequences of far-reaching importance. At Zarahemla (modern Blanchardville), Iowa County, Wisconsin, was a Strangite church which had been organized but a short time before by Zenos H. Gurley, who had been for several years an ardent proselyter for Strang. Living in the same community was Henry H. Deam, another follower of Strang, while at Beloit lived Jason W. Briggs, one of the most active of

Strangite ministers. These men repudiated the doctrine of polygamy, and they were largely instrumental in establishing the Reorganized Church of Latter Day Saints. Their first measure, taken under the leadership of Deam, was to publish in the Mineral Point *Tribune* a protest against polygamy "and other abominations" practiced by Strang and his followers, and an announcement of their secession from his leadership.<sup>17</sup>

Gurley, who had founded the local church, was absent from home when the protest was published. On returning he asked the signers what they proposed to do next. They answered that they did not know; they believed the first principles of the gospel he had taught them, but they refused to accept polygamy and its attendant doctrines now being taught by Strang. In this dilemma it was resolved to "seek to the Lord for wisdom" on the question who was the true head of the church. They were answered repeatedly "through gifts of tongues, prophecy, and vision" that all pretenders to the prophetic office were imposters, and in due time "young Joseph" would be called to the office, of which he was the rightful heir. During the next two or three years the Reorganized Church was established with the usual accompaniment of visions, revelations, and angelic visitations, on the twin cornerstones of monogamy and the leadership of young Joseph Smith. Today this church numbers over ninety thousand adherents (several thousand of them in Michigan and Wisconsin) and is a vigorous rival of the Utah or Brighamite faction of Mormonism.

The kingdom of God so hopefully established on earth by his vicegerent James J. Strang in the summer

of 1850 vanished amid scenes of pillage and tumult exactly six years later. Today, in contrast to the ninety thousand members of the Reorganization and the half million Brighamite Saints the followers of James number a few score humble individuals.<sup>18</sup>

The city of Saint James still nestles by the blue waters of Paradise Bay, over which the white gulls circle and sweep even as they did in the days of King James. Adown the Island runs the King's Highway and over the ancient corduroys laid by the followers of the Prophet rattle the Detroit-made chariots whose staccato explosions resound around the globe. By diligent inquiry the curious tourist still may find the slight depression which marks the site of the home of the King, and the rotting remains of the wharf where he was lured to his doom. But no Mormon foot presses the soil of Big Beaver, and only the names remain to attest their former rule. Yet still here and there over the face of the country may be found by the sympathetic seeker an aged zealot who cherishes the memory of James J. Strang as the greatest personage on earth since Jesus Christ, and fondly anticipates the fulfillment of certain prophecies of the founder of Mormonism whereby the rule of the Saints shall be established in its fullness and glory.

#### NOTES TO POLYGAMY AT BEAVER ISLAND

<sup>1</sup>Narrative of George C. Bates, in *Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections*, XXXII 231.

<sup>2</sup>Voree Herald, August 12, 1847.

<sup>3</sup>Voree Herald, September 7, 1848.

<sup>4</sup>I have this information from a nonagenarian who resided at Beaver Island from 1852 to 1856 and who is still a devout adherent of the Prophet.

<sup>5</sup>Memorial Booklet, prepared by her son, Charles J. Strang, after her death in 1910.

<sup>6</sup>At least by George J. Adams, who was at this period Strang's principal coadjutor in the church.

<sup>7</sup>Data for these statements have been drawn chiefly from contemporary reports in the Voree Herald, Strang's official church organ.

<sup>8</sup>It is a curious coincidence that the harbor of Saint James was known to the fishermen as Paradise Bay long before Strang turned his attention to the Beavers.

<sup>9</sup>*Book of the Law of the Lord*, Chap. XL; an account of the celebration of July 8, 1852 (in July, 1851, the King was undergoing prosecution in the federal court at Detroit) is in the *Northern Islander*, July 8, 1852.

<sup>10</sup>The *Advent Herald* of Boston in the winter of 1844 charged that Adams had been excommunicated by Joseph Smith for an unnamable offense. Strang, replying to the *Herald*, contented himself with observing that Adams' moral lapse was no worse than that of Judah. *Voice Herald*, February 22, 1849.

<sup>11</sup>Information of Wingfield Watson of Burlington, Wis. He lived on the Island from 1852 to 1856 as a young married man, and is still a devoted follower of Strang, although he never practiced polygamy he accepts fully Strang's teaching concerning it.

<sup>12</sup>This statement is based in part upon information received from Zenas Wright of City Point, Wisconsin, whose sister and cousin became wives of Strang.

<sup>13</sup>Mrs. Sarah A. Wing, Springfield, Utah. It should be explained that Mrs. Wing no longer believes in polygamy, or in the religious claims of her former husband.

<sup>14</sup>Memorial booklet by Charles J. Strang, her son.

<sup>15</sup>Information contained in a personal letter to the writer.

<sup>16</sup>Charles J. Strang has stated that his father, in addition to his acknowledged wives, had a number of "concubines" at Beaver Island. Presumably this statement was made on the basis of information derived from his mother, and in view of the Prophet's own secret union with her for a year before public acknowledgment of the practice of plural marriage was made, it does not seem inherently improbable; but I have come upon no confirmatory evidence on the point.

<sup>17</sup>The protest was as follows: "To whom it may concern: This is to certify that we, the undersigned, who are members of the Yellowstone branch of the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, do hereby protest against the practice of polygamy and other abominations that are practiced by James J. Strang and his followers; and withdraw our fellowship from them, and from all the so-called pretenders to the succession-ship or presidency of the church; among whom are the said James J. Strang, Brigham Young, William B. Smith, Colin Brewster, Alpheus Cutler, Lyman Wight, and others; and hold ourselves aloof from them and do not wish to be responsible for any of their evil teachings or practices."

<sup>18</sup>Recently an effort at reviving the church has been made; publication of *The Latter Day Precept*, a small monthly sheet, was begun at Kansas City in the summer of 1919, and plans are entertained for reprinting the *Book of the Law of the Lord*.



## THE LEGEND OF ME-NAH-SA-GOR-NING

BY SAMUEL M. LEGGETT

PONTIAC

IN the State of Michigan, in one county alone, that of Oakland, is a chain of beautiful clear lakes, some four hundred in number, many of them miles in length and width. Around these wind the roadways over beaches of white pebbles shaded by the "forest primeval." Two rivers, the Huron and Clinton, run through these lakes, and in their tortuous forms wind and turn and twist, till after a course of hundreds of miles they at last rest in Lakes Erie and St. Clair.

These rivers are in summer dotted with the water lily. As they flow on through the "Openings," on their banks are huge old oaks, under which in the "days that are gone" stood many a wigwam.

The legend which I have attempted to versify is founded upon an incident occurring at Orchard Lake long before the coming of the white man and while the grand farms now lying around it were merely a vast "Oak Opening," its sole occupants the Indian and the wild beast.

Very near the center of Orchard Lake is a large island wooded to its very shore. On it are a few apple trees, "old and gnarled," remnants of an orchard planted so long ago that the Indians even have no data concerning it. Its name, "Me-nah-sa-gor-ning," meaning "Apple place," still lives in tradition. On this

island the Algonquin chief Pontiac is said to have had his lodge after his repulse at the siege of Detroit. On the high bank of this lake, opposite the island, is still to be seen the ancient burial ground of the Sacs, Hurons and Wyandots.

Tradition says that back beyond the memory of the red men a young chief sickened and suddenly died. The maiden to whom he was betrothed became insane, and whenever she could escape from her guardians, would take the body of the chief from its resting place in the old ground across the lake and carry it back where the lodge formerly stood.

At last, weary of guarding her, with the advice of their medicine man the tribe killed her, upon her refusal to marry. This crime, so directly opposed to all former Indian custom, so offended the Great Spirit that he avowed his intention totally to destroy the tribe and to give the maiden "as long as water flowed," complete control of it.

She was given the power to assume her form at any time. She could compel the attendance of the tribe by the beating of the Indian drum. At this sound they must gather and wait at the spot where an old canoe had been gradually covered by the drifting sands. Upon the signal of her coming with her dead, the warriors must meet her on the shore, bear the chief to his bier and lay him down by the ashes of his council fire, waiting beside him until she could caress him, then carry him back to his resting place.

All, however, must be done between sunset and sunrise, a foggy night being always chosen to elude observation.

On the cedar-crowned beach of Me-nah-sa-gor-ning,  
Where the waves o'er the pebbles roll slowly ashore,  
And the ruby-eyed gull with her head 'neath her wing  
Sleeps calm on her nest when her day's flight is o'er,

Lies an ancient canoe, buried deep in the sand  
That the storms in their fury have over it spread,  
And at eve when the fog rolls away o'er the land,  
This canoe rises up and is launched by the dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

As the night-hawk whirls by with a swoop over head,  
And the loon's trilling cry rises shrill from the bay,  
In the west the calm lake is with diamond dust spread,  
And in garnet-hued clouds the red sun fades away.

O'er the marsh hangs a fog, and all wildly it trends,  
Rolling backward and forward through valley and hill  
And it wavers like smoke where the still river bends,  
And it toys with the alders, yet never is still.

Then it fondles the flags, and its pearly drops press  
The soft cheek of the iris while filling its urn;  
And it spreads o'er the mosses a spray cover'd dress,  
And it trickles a-down the green fronds of the fern.

List! the roll of a drum. The gaunt wolf sneaks away,  
And the dead rise from graves 'mong the roots of the  
trees,  
And listening a moment, they hasten away  
And their foot-fall is heard on the fog-laden breeze.

They are seeking faint trails, and they halt, as each sign  
Comes again as of old on their wildering sight,  
And they wind through the trees till their torches of pine  
Gleam like nebulous stars through the curtain of  
night.

They are gathered all armed where the stranded canoe  
On the mist-hidden lake floats as light as of yore,  
And they wait on the beach till a distant halloo  
Rolls away on the night from the opposite shore.

O'er the lake where the pines laugh the wild winds to  
scorn,  
And still sigh for the dead who are dust on Earth's  
breast,  
Echo shouts to old Echo, till far distant borne  
Like a play-wearied child it sinks down to its rest.

With a sound on the air like the loon's pattering feet  
When it drags o'er the lake as it rises for flight,  
A canoe's glistening prow cuts the waves as they meet,  
And mingles their spray with the dew-drops of night.

There's a swaying of reeds where the ripples pass  
through;  
With a murmur of waves seething over the sand;  
When through rifts of the fog looms a tiny canoe,  
That an Indian girl slowly guides to the land.

In the frail birchen shell she is paddling alone,  
As it surges along o'er the white-crested wave,  
And she heedeth no sound save a low undertone  
Like the dirge that the mourners chant over a grave.

Bending low o'er a form that seems nodding in sleep,  
With her paddle she checks the canoe's rapid way,  
Till it noiselessly rests where the sentinels keep  
Steadfast watch all the night for the coming of day.

Ere the light floating bark crush the beautiful weeds  
That are draping each stone with their emerald green,  
She has guided its prow where the brown-tufted reeds  
Throw their buds in her lap, as she passes between.

As she leaves her small craft by the stranded canoe,  
And glides in through the mist where the warriors  
meet,  
In the hush of the night-time the shoal water through,  
Comes a dull plashing sound as of moccasined feet.

Looking back like the doe, when the wolf's distant cry  
Swelling loud on the wind breaks at night on her ear,  
Stands the maid in deep shadow, while silently by  
Aged warriors pass with the chief on his bier.

With a sound like slow rain, each foot moves a leaf  
That has mouldered long years in the old forest trail;  
While the drone of the wave, and low chant for the chief  
Float quiveringly up over hilltop and dale.

'Neath an old fallen pine, whose bared roots are all torn,  
And are knotted and twined like huge serpents in fight,  
On dressed skins of the deer, lies the chief they have  
borne  
Over moss-cover'd paths through the darkness of  
night.

From the rain-dimpled ashes, time-furrowed and gray,  
Through the cedars the council-fire glimmers once  
more;  
And its flame through the mist throws a pale lurid ray  
On the maiden's slight form as she comes from the  
shore.

She kneels down in the midst of the warriors there,  
With her little hands clasped o'er her blanketed head,  
And far out o'er the lake in the fog-thickened air  
Floats the dirge that the mourner chants over her  
dead.

"I have borne thee again from the distant shore,  
I am kneeling, Beloved, by thy side once more,  
And the night goes by—  
Dost thou think of me still in the Spirit Land?  
Oh! Lov'd, Oh! Lost—could'st thou clasp my hand  
I would gladly die."

"They will bear thee away from my sight again,  
And the Autumn's dried leaves and the Summer's rain  
Will fall on thy breast.  
Wilt thou think, Love, of me, when the evening showers  
Shed their tears with mine on the beautiful flowers  
Where thy head shall rest?"

Once again the mute throng with a slow muffled tread,  
Wend their way o'er the beach to the stranded canoe;  
Once again through the foam gently bearing the dead,  
Go the warriors plashing the shoal water through.

Kindly hands take her own; with a look of despair,  
While yet warm on her lips breathes her simple refrain  
She moves on in the trail of the sad mourners there,  
As the fawn follows on when the doe has been slain.

In the silence of grief, peering out through the dark,  
On the shore with her dead stands the listening maid;  
Rocking light on the wave the once stranded bark,  
Slowly glides where the bier of the chieftain is laid.

Not a sound on the beach from that shadowy crew,  
As they lift the dead form of the warrior there;  
Not a sound on the lake as that ancient canoe  
Floats as silently out as the mist on the air.

Leaning forward, she stands with her hand to her ear;  
And she listens, where all seems as still as the grave.  
And she peers through the gloom—not a sound can she  
hear  
Save the moan and the splash of the incoming wave.

Then the maid, stooping down, holds her little brown  
hand,  
Where the waves flecked with foam die away on the  
shore,  
Till she knows that the swell surging up o'er the sand  
Is a messenger back from the bark passing o'er.

\* \* \* \* \*

She has passed through the mist, as the sentinel's cry  
Telling daylight is near rises piercing and shrill;  
And again o'er the lake the old echoes reply,  
And then murmuring turn in their sleep and are still.

In their old forest graves sleep the shadowy band—  
And the fog melts away with the first ray of morn—  
While the ancient canoe sinks again to the sand—  
And the gulls scream aloud in their greeting of dawn.



## A DARING CANADIAN ABOLITIONIST

BY FRED LANDON, LIBRARIAN

LONDON, ONTARIO

THERE died in the city of Detroit, on October 27, 1897, a man whose services in the abolition movement and during the Civil War were of so self-sacrificing and daring a character that they gained for him the tributes not only of the abolition leaders but of Lincoln himself. Alexander Milton Ross, M.D., Canadian by birth, friend of Garibaldi, Bryant, Emerson, Greeley, and Lincoln, had a career that deserves to be better known. "Thy fifty years have not been idle ones, but crowded with good works," said Whittier in a letter to Dr. Ross, while Wendell Phillips declared, "No higher heroism, courage or tenacity of purpose was ever displayed than by you in your chivalric efforts to help the slaves to freedom." Reading the memoirs of Dr. Ross<sup>1</sup> one cannot but feel that here was a modern Knight of the Round Table who lived again the days when

"every morning brought a noble chance  
And every chance brought out a noble knight."

Early influences determined the course of this reformer. Born in the little Ontario town of Belleville on December 13, 1832, of Scottish parentage, he inherited a love of freedom which manifested itself

<sup>1</sup>*Recollections and Experiences of an Abolitionist*, Toronto, 1875, and *Memoirs of a Reformer*, Toronto, 1893.

even in his childhood. From his mother he heard of human slavery, and its horrors he learned from the fugitive Negroes who had found safety only when they reached the British Queen's dominions. When he was seventeen he went to New York and there worked as a compositor on the *Evening Post*. Bryant, who was then editor, became interested in him and had considerable influence on the young Canadian in those formative years. Greeley was another early acquaintance. At his suggestion young Ross spent a winter in Washington where he saw the workings of the Government, and saw, too, a good deal that stirred his feelings against slavery. The arrogance of the slave interests in Congress, joined with the spectacle of slave gangs passing the Capitol on their way south, intensified his hatred of the institution and clinched his determination to aid in freeing the oppressed when the opportunity should come.

Returning to New York young Ross studied medicine. He was recalled to Canada by the illness and death of his mother and, then, returning to the United States, embarked upon his adventurous career as one of the most daring of slave abductors. Through Gerrit Smith he obtained full information regarding the workings of the "underground railroad" and also met the leading spirits of that organization in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. "I was initiated," he says, "into a knowledge of the relief societies, and the methods adopted to circulate information among the slaves of the South; the routes to be taken by the slaves after reaching the so-called free States; the relief posts, where shelter and aid for transportation could be

allotted relief posts

obtained." With Gerrit Smith he journeyed to Ohio and Indiana gaining further information and making acquaintances among the "underground" workers.

Dr. Ross's plan was to go right into the heart of the South and so convey to the slaves the information with regard to routes and friends that would enable them to make their way to Canada. He was not blind to the risk involved. To be detected would probably mean death for himself and danger for others, yet he did not shrink. After making the necessary arrangements with regard to a code for correspondence he crossed the Potomac in April, 1857, and went direct to Richmond to the home of one who was known to be a friend of the slaves. A few weeks were spent in quietly looking over the ground; then, having laid his plans, on a certain Sunday evening he met forty-two slaves at the home of a colored preacher and explained to them the routes from Virginia to Ohio and Pennsylvania, along with the names of friends who would assist them to safety. They were asked to circulate the information quietly among their friends and to meet a week later if they desired to make the break for freedom. On the following Sunday night nine young men declared they would gain their freedom or die in the attempt. To each was given a compass, a knife and a supply of food. The routes were again gone over, with directions to travel only by night and rest in some secure spot by day. A few months later Dr. Ross was rewarded by hearing that all nine had safely reached Canada. The wife of one of them also escaped six months later and joined her husband in Chatham, Ont.

Richmond was no place of safety after this piece of

work had been accomplished, so Dr. Ross went the next day to Nashville, Tenn. Here he worked on exactly the same plan, gathering together the most intelligent Negroes, explaining the road to freedom and then asking those determined on the attempt to meet a week later. Seven men, unmarried, set forth for Canada and Ross sent letters to friends in Evansville, Cincinnati and Cleveland, to keep a sharp lookout for "packages of hardware." As he was leaving the post-office a small printed bill was thrust into his hand detailing the escape of thirteen slaves from Richmond and offering a reward of \$1,000 for their recovery. Dr. Ross very prudently decided to leave Nashville and accordingly went to Memphis. Here he found the newspapers full of the abduction of slaves at Nashville, offering a reward of \$1,200 for the apprehension of the abolitionist who was said to have aided the runaways. The description of the "abolitionist" was so accurate that Dr. Ross immediately left the hotel where he was staying, went to the home of a Negro where he remained hidden for six hours intending to take the night boat for St. Louis. But he did not leave alone for while he was in hiding he heard a conversation in the adjoining room that changed some of his plans. A woman was begging the Negro host to ask Dr. Ross to take her to Canada whither her husband had gone two years before. She had run away from her master because of cruelty, her back being still raw and seamed with the lash, and was even then a fugitive. Ross determined to help the woman and ordered her to dress in male attire so that she might pass as a valet. He himself had shaven his beard and changed his

clothes so that the risk of detection was lessened, yet it was with beating heart that he set out for the wharf and not until it had moved out into the stream, after long delays, did he feel any relief. St. Louis was reached in safety, and from there he went to Chicago and then on to Detroit where the fugitive woman was hidden until an opportunity came to take her over the Detroit River in a small boat under cover of darkness. Her husband was located working in a barber shop in London, Ont., and within a few days they were reunited after a separation of two years.

December of 1857 saw Dr. Ross in New Orleans undertaking yet more dangerous efforts on behalf of the slaves. He had decided to make a journey through the whole of the slave South, scattering the seeds of knowledge of freedom everywhere and believing that the results would be worth all the risk. Accordingly, he went first from New Orleans to Vicksburg where he posed as a naturalist collecting birds. Every favorable opportunity was taken to talk to slaves and the slave owners unwittingly threw opportunity in his way by sending out slaves to assist him in his researches and also by allowing him to roam at will over their plantations. In this way he became acquainted with slaves who spread news of Canada all over the South. From Vicksburg Dr. Ross went to Selma and then to Columbus, Miss., where he had one of his most dangerous adventures. On his trips out from Columbus he was accompanied by a slave who had his master's initials burned into his back. This man confided to Ross that he had determined to run away and asked advice. Ross encouraged him and gave him the necessary

directions. Two or three days later, while seated at the supper table of the hotel, he suddenly found himself the center of a group of slave-holders and angrily denounced as a "d—d abolitionist" who was assisting slaves to run away. In a twinkling he was manacled. For a moment his life seemed in danger but making the Masonic sign of distress brought a request from a member of the group that he be allowed to speak. His request that he be taken before a magistrate was granted and after a night spent in a filthy cell infested with rats and vermin he was placed on trial. A crowd had gathered and evidence was quickly given that the prisoner had gone out bird-hunting with a slave "Joe" who had failed to return. The epithet "negro thief" was warmly applauded by the crowd. It was a tense moment for Dr. Ross as the judge turned and asked him if he had anything to say, but just at this moment who should enter the court room but "Joe" himself, who explained that he had gone to see his brother but had been detained by spraining his ankle. The judge immediately ordered the release of Dr. Ross. Two years later, in Boston, the latter found "Joe" a waiter in the hotel. He had made his escape within a week after the court episode.

From Columbus Dr. Ross passed on to Iuka, then to Huntsville, Ala., and Augusta, Ga., actively circulating information about Canada among the slaves at each place. At Augusta he resumed his "bird-hunting" operations and inside of two months equipped and sent north a party of eleven slaves, all of whom reached Canada.

"No one, not actually engaged in similar work,"



he says, "can clearly appreciate the extreme delicacy of my position. There was not a day, in fact scarcely an hour, that I did not live in expectation of exposure."

Leaving Augusta Dr. Ross went to Charleston, S. C., then to Raleigh and there took the train for Washington, six months from the time he had landed in New Orleans. A few months later, on his way to Boston, Dr. Ross was having supper at Springfield, Mass., when he noticed an elderly man looking at him earnestly. A moment later the stranger sat down at the table and leaning over said in a whisper, "How is the hardware business?" It was John Brown, of Kansas, whom Ross had met once before this at Cleveland. That evening Brown outlined the campaign that he intended to begin in the mountains of Virginia to create a reign of terror among the slave-owners. He also announced that he planned to hold a convention at Chatham to effect organization for invading the slave States. He asked Dr. Ross to go to Richmond about the time the attack was planned and watch developments from there. Accordingly, as soon as Dr. Ross received word from Brown that the event was coming off he went to the Virginian capitol and was there when the raid took place. As the result showed that nothing could be done, and as the Virginians were in a dangerous mood, Ross returned to Washington. When sentence of death had been pronounced upon Brown he attempted to see the condemned man but was refused by Governor Wise who ordered him out of Virginia.

"I have been in the presence of many men whom the world called great and distinguished, but never



before or since have I met a greater or more remarkable man than Capt. John Brown." This is the tribute of Ross to the old hero of Harper's Ferry.

A few months after the curtain had been rung down on the Harper's Ferry tragedy, Dr. Ross undertook yet another journey into the slave States, Kentucky being his field of labor this time. Here he succeeded in bringing out to liberty a man and woman who had been separated by the sale of the wife. The two fugitives were first united at Cincinnati and after a short stay there were placed in a freight car routed for Cleveland, being billed as one package of "hardware" and one package of "dry goods." Dr. Ross met them at Cleveland and drove them in a closed carriage to the harbor where a schooner loading for Port Stanley offered the means of getting them to Canada. The next day they had reached the land of freedom.

"I led my two companions on shore and told them that they were now in a land where freedom was guaranteed to all. And we kneeled together on the soil of Canada and thanked the Almighty Father for his aid and protection."

The fugitives were taken to London where work was secured for both of them and kind friends offered to give them assistance.

In a visit to several of the Western Ontario towns at this time Dr. Ross met no less than fifteen of the people whom he had assisted to freedom. All were industrious and making their own living.

The election of Lincoln and the outbreak of the Civil War made such services as those which Dr. Ross had been accomplishing for the slaves no longer pos-

sible. The freedom of the slave was henceforth to be an issue of the sword. But during the Civil War he rendered most valuable services to the Federal Government as a secret agent in Canada watching the operation of Confederate agents there. At the close of the Civil War he offered his services to Juarez in Mexico but the capture of Maximilian and the end of that phase of Mexican history rendered his services unnecessary and he returned to Canada, residing in the city of Toronto for a number of years. Here, after years of exciting adventure, he gave himself up to the study of Canadian natural history, making large collections of specimens and writing several books on the subject. He left Toronto in September, 1897, to go to Chicago to live with a daughter there and was visiting with his son, Dr. Norman G. Ross, 79 Bagg Street, Detroit, when death overtook him. He was then sixty-five years old.

A sketch of Alexander Milton Ross could scarcely conclude better than with the quotation of the lines addressed to him by John G. Whittier:

“For his steadfast strength and courage  
In a dark and evil time,  
When the Golden Rule was treason  
And to feed the hungry, crime.

For the poor slave's hope and refuge,  
When the hound was on his track  
And saint and sinner, state and church,  
Joined hands to send him back.

Blessings upon him—What he did  
For each sad, suffering one,  
Chained, hunted, scourged and bleeding,  
Unto our Lord was done.”

## WHAT THE GLACIERS DID FOR MICHIGAN

BY FRANKLIN S. DEWEY, M. S.

DETROIT

**D**RIVE out Michigan Avenue, Detroit, towards Ypsilanti and Brooklyn. Note the remarkably even and level surface of the land. Observe that it is only slightly broken by occasional sand knolls and long low ridges stretching away across the country. Only the River Rouge with its few little tributaries have scooped out their shallow beds in this otherwise unbroken plane. On nearing Ypsilanti the low level leaves off and the hill country confronts you. It is the same as you go southwest on the Wabash railroad till you pass considerably beyond Milan.

On Grand River Avenue the same conditions obtain until suddenly you come to the rolling hills just beyond Farmington Junction. On Woodward Avenue you come upon the undulating hills at the Twelve Mile Road at Roseland cemetery. In the Rochester direction you reach the picturesque hills close by Utica. Now complete your circuit—journey to Port Huron. You find nothing at all of the beautiful hill country. These facts strike one as being very peculiar. One naturally inquires the reason for this strange phenomenon. You examine the level land. You dig into it. Everywhere you discover it to be clearly lake sediment. It is generally in distinct layers, sorted and deposited by the agitation of the water. Here and there you find in it clam shells and snail shells. Great logs are often found deep down beneath the surface where the waves of the lake had washed them up. The more you examine

it the more you are convinced that this whole level region for many miles back from the present shores was once submerged for a vast period of time.

If you examine the hill country you find entirely different conditions, a different soil, a different topography. There are sand and gravel and clay and stones mixed and stirred and tumbled and jumbled into every conceivable hodge-podge and form with precipitous hills and low hollows and deep lakes, all disposed in a manner so disorderly as to excite at once our curiosity, amazement and admiration. The limited layers of sand and gravel are all out of level. The two regions are fundamentally dissimilar. And it is the same all around the State. There is the high, hilly lake land and the low, level, lakeless fringe.

At many places in this level fringe next the Great Lakes the old bed rocks are exposed, or covered only by a scant layer of earth. There you find them scratched and furrowed and planed and polished as smooth as a marble table. No matter where you uncover them, be it even a hundred feet deep, the furrows and scratches and markings are there and all distinctly parallel. It is clear that some gigantic, powerful plane has been pushed and driven over all this region.

Science reveals to us what this Herculean force was. It points to an enormous field of ice that covered the face of our State. Indeed, a vast continental glacier, spreading from ocean to ocean and as far south as Kentucky. The cause of it is too complicated for discussion here. So also, is the time of its coming and disappearing, but it was a long time ago—perhaps a hundred thousand years or more; for like all geological

questions the order of sequence may be definitely determined but the dates are largely a guess.

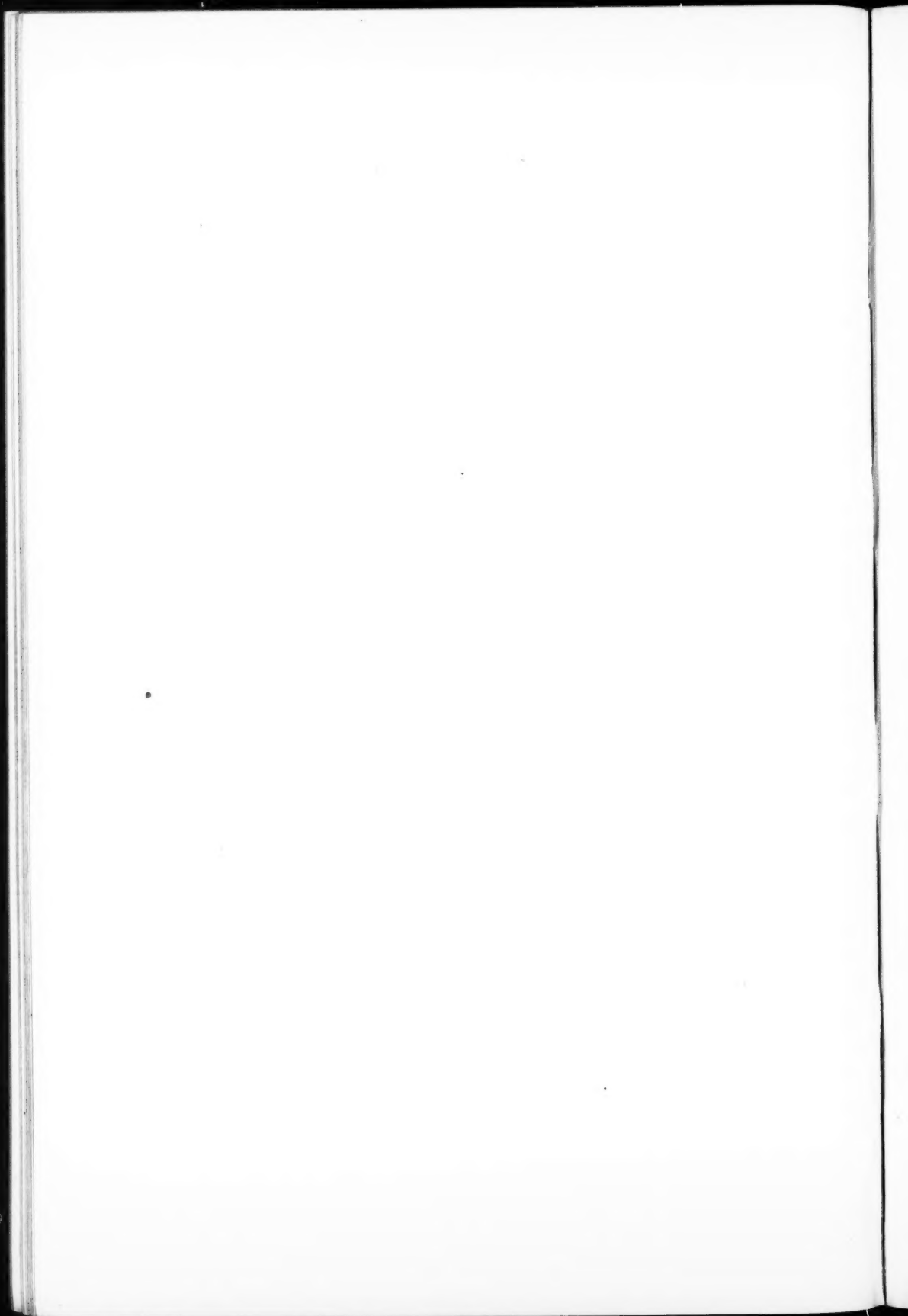
This vast glacier crept down out of Canada, slowly, majestically, powerfully, sweeping over and obliterating all the Great Lakes as though they were but frog ponds and finally reaching and damming up the Ohio River and making a lake in its upper reaches a thousand miles long. Its progress was slow, only a few yards a year, but in its grand invasion it swept everything before it except the solid rock below. This, indeed, was plowed and scraped and much of it ground up into tillable land and pushed onward toward the south.

Michigan yielded of its substance millions of tons of good soil to its neighbors on the south; while in turn Canada fully recompensed us for our loss. The soil of our State, nearly every grain of it, is imported goods. Everyone of our field stones and boulders can be exactly matched at the great, undisturbed ledges across our northern border. The only place in America where the red and black jasper conglomerate is found is in a small area north of Lake Huron.

Everywhere south from that jasper ledge boulders of this imported rock are scattered over the country even into Kentucky. One of these beautiful fragments, filled with jasper and chalcedony, and weighing nearly 30,000 pounds, stands near the northwest corner of the university campus at Ann Arbor. The ice transported it and the class of 1862 placed it where it has stood for more than fifty years. Another, a pudding stone from the same vicinity, was brought in like manner and the class of 1869 set it up in front of the south wing of the main building. It is a wonderful







story they tell, how they were rudely pulled out of their snug beds, wrapped in ice and transported for countless ages, rubbing and grinding the underlying rocks and pulverizing them into soil and finally, with millions of their companions, were left scattered all over the face of our country for us poor mortals to take care of.

Like the grim weight of years over the furrowing face of age this cold passionless invader crept slowly on, landing great boulders even on the very tops of the highest mountains of New England, showing that, like the glacier of Greenland, it must have attained a thickness of several thousand feet. Like plastic pitch it moved tardily on, but whatever it lacked in speed was fully made up in power. In southern Ohio is a mass of rock of nearly a hundred thousand tons, torn loose from its ledge and shoved along for miles, and it was something to push up the great hills of Michigan.

Before the resistless advance of the invader every living thing took refuge in the warmer regions south. Man too, was here, and each succeeding generation was compelled to move on a mile or two towards a warmer climate. The fire of the southern battle line at length became too hot for even this cold titanic monster. The conflict began to turn and at length victory seemed to favor the artillery of the sun. The advancing ice wall was battered down and its surly retreat began. Backward and still backward it was driven by the summer sun, and then reinforced by the winter's frost it again recaptured much of its lost territory.

For untold eons this battle raged with unabated

fury till the southern margin was driven north to Michigan and it stretched across our state. Here for ages, there was retreat and advance, assault and repulse, and the line of conflict was bent and swayed and buckled and warped, enormous lumps of ice were severed from the glacier's broad, shovel nose and left lying alone in their cold deep beds.

Meanwhile the floods from the melting ice and the intermittent assaults of the invader, banked them about with mountains of sand and gravel and clay and stones. Centuries came and went and the ice lumps melted away, and for every deep ice lump there was left a peaceful lake and the great piles of earth banked about were the hills, and in this manner were the lakes of Michigan made, more than 5,000 of them; and exactly in this manner were piled up our picturesque hills that lend so much of beauty to our land.

In Oakland county, in particular, Nature's titanic forces ran riot, and the lakes and the hills are numbered by the hundreds. Some of them are very high when we consider that they are not rock, but great piles of earth just as they were left by the ice.

In the following table of elevations taken from the United States topographical survey, the first figures give the elevation above Lake Erie and those following the hyphen, the elevation above the ocean. These are all in Oakland County:

Mt. Judah, 607-1,180; Bald Mt., 620-1,193; Pine Knob, 651-1,224; Cass, Orchard and Pine Lakes, 350-932; Lake Judah, 417-990; Crosby and Robinson Lakes, 547-1,220 (highest lakes in Oakland County). The elevation of some of the towns is about as follows: Utica, 75-568; Farmington Junction, 113-686; Farmington, 177-750; Rochester, 227-800; Pontiac, 377-950.

While the ice was retreating from Ohio to Mackinaw, a period of many thousands of years, Lake Michigan could not escape by the strait still blocked with ice and it therefore flowed down through Illinois, about the course of the Chicago drainage canal. The outlet of Lake Erie was also banked with ice and it could not find its old trail and it was forced to escape by way of the Maumee and the Wabash. And finally the outlet of Lake Ontario, after the lake had been cleared of ice, was blocked by the glacier crowding up the St. Lawrence, and this lake poured over into the Mohawk and down the Hudson River.

Ages went by and the great ice field retreated into the far north, but the old gorge, far to the west of the present Niagara gorge, had been all filled up and lost. The Great Lakes therefore could not find it. It had long before been completed and had drained Lake Erie all away till only a broad valley stretched where this lake now lies. The tributaries of Lake Erie had also dug deep gorges. The bottom of the Cuyahoga River emptying at Cleveland, was more than two hundred feet below where it now is, and cut down through solid rock, a condition which it could not have obtained had any lake been there.

On the retreat of the glacier, Lake Erie's bed was filled again just as it had been before Nature excavated the old drainage canal and drew Lake Erie all away. All the Great Lakes were full and running over into the Mississippi River save Ontario, for how long nobody knows. Finally a little stream began trickling over the high bluff at Queenstown. The lakes were 125 feet higher then than now. Consider what this meant.

Detroit was a hundred feet under water. The biggest ships in the world could sail up Woodward Avenue and over the State Fair grounds. Royal Oak was an island then. It was one of the great hills the glacier piled up, but the billows of the lake had torn it down. Rest a bit at this little, sandy island. Water everywhere! Less than two miles away to the north is the old lake shore where the waves fought down to their death. The high hills notch the horizon. They were never baptized by the lakes. Barring the leveling forces of time these monuments of beauty stand just as the glacier left them. All around the State these rolling hills look down on the level fringe, bordered between by the lake shore.

Now note the map. Observe the heavy black line. That is the embankment thrown up by the waves of centuries. It is almost as easy to trace as if made but yesterday. It is the ancient line of fortification against which the waters fought before Niagara scaled the heights of Queenstown. That is the time the waters began their slow retreat. This line is about 125 feet above the present lake level. All the land on the east side of that line from Ohio to the end of the Thumb was submerged for unknown ages. Observe that the ancient shore line enters through Lenawee County. Nearly all of Monroe County was lake bottom; a little of Washtenaw and Oakland, most of Wayne County, more than half of Macomb and Saint Clair and a very narrow strip on the east margin of Sanilac and Huron. From Pt. Aux Barques it bends sharply to the southwest, putting half of Tuscola County under water, a

little of Genesee and about all of Saginaw and Bay and most of Gratiot.

Here we discover a phenomenon strange and wonderful. This shore line runs obliquely across the State. This means that Saginaw Bay reached over to Lake Michigan. It means that the northern half of the lower peninsula was an island as large as Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. Through the strait of Saginaw the biggest ships in the world might sail from Huron to Lake Michigan. The shallowest water in that channel was fifty feet deep. On going north from Bay City you do not again see the old shore till you reach Sterling. There you find the hill country.

Travel on to the northeast. You are all the time nearing the new shore till at Tawas and at Oscoda you are scarcely a dozen miles from Lake Huron. Presently you find yourself on a high bluff at Harrisville where the houses sit like grey gulls squeezed in between the old shore and the new. It is nearly the same at Alcona, but as the line enters Alpena County the high bluff all terraced up as if by the hand of man is back some two miles from Huron's shore.

At Alpena the divergence is still greater and to find the old shore one must travel westward over line after line of long, low sand ridges thrown up by the angry, retreating waves, till you reach the O'Toole Hill some nine miles from Thunder Bay. Here is a pronounced and abrupt bluff and the character of the soil suddenly changes almost as much as from Sahara to the Valley of the Nile. A long row of great boulders stands

sentinel there and as you pass along they relate to you the wonderful story of bygone ages, for stones can talk if you will but listen. In Presque Isle County at Crawford's quarry a boy might take his sled or skis, and in a single minute ride over the history of a hundred thousand years.

Immediately after the ice had gone the Great Lakes went to sleep again in their same old beds. They were larger, much larger, as the shore line shows, for before the ice drove them out they were almost exactly the same as they are today, except Lake Erie. There was no lake there—just a long, low valley where once a lake had reposed, much such a lake as now. West of the present Niagara gorge, now in process of excavation, a completed gorge, more than two hundred feet deep, had drained Lake Erie all away; but this did nothing to all the rest of the upper lakes. Our present Niagara is again taking up the work that the old Niagara had finished, but it has selected another place. In time it will drain old Erie off again. It is working heroically and will finally accomplish its task, and then all of Lake Erie's ports will be left high and dry. It has already cut seven miles of completed gorge and it hasn't been so very long.

Many years ago a French calculator figured that these seven miles had cost about 235,000 years of labor, but with longer and better data others have figured it 50,000 years and some considerably lower. Now if 50,000 years can dig seven miles of gorge, then to completely drain the lake it would very likely require at least ten times 50,000 years, or half a million. As for



ourselves, we need not, therefore, take any immediate alarm, especially since no matter what becomes of Lake Erie the Detroit River will continue on and the ports of Michigan will remain undisturbed.—From the *Detroit Saturday Night*, December 12, 1914.

## HISTORIC SPOTS ALONG OLD ROADS AND NEW

BY WILLARD M. BRYANT

(Secretary Good Roads Association)

KALAMAZOO

OUR beloved State has been greatly honored in its early history by many men and women of heroic mould, empire builders, who have left their imprint on the communities where they lived and did much to prepare the way for its future prosperity and growth; many historical associations are to be found among those earlier settlements. These first inhabitants left the comforts of their early homes to subdue the wilderness and found a new State in a practically unknown land.

The first intrepid pioneers and missionaries, Cadillac, Marquette, Champlain and others, were later followed by those who were filled with the same spirit to do good to the natives or to carve out their own fortunes where land was cheap and freedom in a measure not restricted.

The writer, as Field Secretary of the Michigan State Good Roads Association, has been greatly interested in "Better Roads for Michigan," for many years everything pertaining to securing improved highways has been of especial interest. In my boyhood, some of the earliest recollections are of road building. My grandfather was a road contractor and was usually

paid in State Swamp Land Script; after locating some favorable land he in turn sold it to land speculators.

Road construction at that early day meant the digging out of trees, stumps and stones, slightly grading some of the highest hills and rendering the highway fit for travel, if one took due precaution and was very careful in driving. While they served the purpose of a means of communication, they had little in common with the magnificent paved roads that are being built today.

I wish to make the prediction that within ten years this commonwealth will be known as "The Good Roads State." Plans are under way for nearly six thousand miles of Trunk Lines that will reach every main market center, and within that time they will be paved eighteen feet in width. Added to these will be twelve to fifteen thousand miles of feeders that will be improved roads at a less cost. This will give free access to the hundreds of cities and villages and the thousands of lakes within our borders. Several hundred thousand visitors will tour our State each year, drink in the beauties of our more than sixteen hundred miles of Great Lakes shore line, view the beautiful inland lakes, rivers, hills and valleys and the many rare points of historical interest with which Michigan abounds, then Michigan will be known as the Summer Playground of the Nation.

Many persons have been acclaimed as the original "Good Roads Man," but when the claims are all simmered down, the original laurels must go to that famous scholar, priest, and gentleman, Father Gabriel Richard, who in his only recorded speech, made a

remarkable plea for preparedness before Congress for an appropriation to build a road from Detroit to Chicago, when he was the Territorial Representative of Michigan. His motion of March 2, 1824, asking for an appropriation of \$1,500 was backed by such an eloquent appeal that when it was finally voted, Congress doubled the amount and appropriated \$3,000 for this great highway,—\$3,000 for a road two hundred and eighty-five miles in length; compare this with recent lettings on this same road where the bids have been as high as \$40,000 per mile for a paved way. Nearly a century later the writer started the project of paving the same highway at a cost estimated at that time, of about six millions of dollars. Within three years it is expected the entire route in this State will be completed.

There are two places in this State where early history seems to start, and where the early pioneers had a vision of the future,—Mackinac, a place of great potential military strength, a point that in a measure could control the Great Lakes, and was once of first importance as a trading post. The other is Detroit, a place that has made history and which today is the commercial and industrial capital of the State.

Mackinac is associated in the Indian mind with many legends. One about its origin states that one morning while the natives were watching the rising of the sun, they suddenly saw land rise out of the waters and on account of its shape they gave it the name of Michilimackinac, meaning "great turtle," a name which by shortening has finally become Mackinac. Father Marquette established a mission at St. Ignace

in 1671, and from this place he started down Lake Michigan to try to discover the passage to India, *via* the Mississippi River. He did not reach the Great Eastern World, but he did open a country imperial in extent. In 1686 a fort was built there, and later rebuilt on the site of the present Mackinaw City. In 1781 it was transferred to the Island. During 1869, I visited the Fort then on the Island; the stories that were told me of its early history and its impregnable character made a deep impression,—the old out-of-date cannons were wonderful pieces of artillery to my youthful eyes, the beautiful surroundings were never to be forgotten. Nearly a half century later I again had the pleasure of visiting it in company with scores of others who took what in an earlier period was a “long voyage,” a trip from Chicago to the Straits over the West Michigan Pike. On the site of the Old French Fort, where the massacre of the garrison occurred, in 1763 near Mackinaw City, we ate a sumptuous feast prepared by the ladies of Mackinaw. To this point now come many of the greatest highways of the State and Nation,—the West Michigan Pike from Chicago to Mackinac; the Dixie Highway, extending from Florida to the Soo and around the Lower Peninsula, passing through many of our most important cities; the East Michigan Pike, skirting Lake Huron to Detroit; Over the Top or Michigan highway, the direct route by way of Gaylord, Grayling, Saginaw, Howell, and Ann Arbor to Toledo. Over these various routes many thousands travel each year to enjoy the Summer season and to visit the historical places of interest in the immediate vicinity.

From Detroit radiate many points of interest in

both the old and new of our State. It was Father Richard, who on December 30, 1823, inquired as to the expediency of establishing a post road to Mt. Clemens; to this place came the early Moravian missionaries who did much good among the Indians. Here at a later date was discovered mineral water that has healed thousands of people each year. The thirty odd hotels filled with patients form the chief industry of the town.

Immediately following upon our entry into the Great War, the question of aviation fields was discussed. Through the efforts of Henry Joy and others of Detroit and Mt. Clemens, what became known as Selfridge Field was located to the east of Mt. Clemens. A large amount of money was expended in clearing the land, constructing roads and suitable buildings. Within a short time several hundred young men were being instructed, who soon became expert aviators. At the present time nothing of this is being done there, but it will always remain one of the new historical points on an old road. Congress has just concluded the purchase of Selfridge Field. The Gratiot Road will soon be paved from Detroit to and beyond Port Huron. On this highway at St. Clair, Robert Sinclair in 1765 established a fort. Marysville, still farther north, is an old town which has come to life, and will soon be a thriving metropolis. The Wills-Lee Company is expending twenty millions of dollars in creating a new industry for that place, and several other large organizations will build plants.

The Gratiot Road was named after Captain Charles Gratiot, afterwards General Gratiot, a graduate of

West Point. Under his supervision Fort Gratiot was constructed at Port Huron, probably the most ancient fortification in the Lower Peninsula. The original fort was built in 1686. Here LaSalle called in 1679 on his voyage of discovery.

Port Huron is a thriving city, noted for its manufactures. Its chief charm is its location on the St. Clair River. The whole frontage from Detroit around the Thumb District has become one beautiful summer resort.

Those who have studied our history realize that the old Indian trails have become the trunk line highways of the nation. Michigan is no exception. Take the Old Saginaw Trail, the most direct route from Saginaw Valley to Detroit and Toledo. Along this trail have grown some of our most enterprising cities. Pontiac, named after the noted Indian chief and his home for many years, is a prosperous city and is the center of a beautiful lake region. The city of Flint is one of the industrial wonders of our modern civilization. It derives its name from an Indian name meaning "the river of the flint." Down this Saginaw Trail came hundreds of Indians to exchange their furs and to receive the yearly amount paid them by the Government at Detroit. Following this trail, the Government started to build a military road from Detroit to Saginaw Bay in 1836; very little was accomplished at that time. A paved road, now known as the Dixie Highway, will soon be completed from Toledo to Bay City.

Detroit is the oldest town on the Great Lakes, settled in 1701 by Cadillac, who built Fort Pontchartrain as a protection and as a trading point. The



Indians had early realized its advantages and several villages were located there before the French came. It was held by those dispensing French authority for 150 years, then by the British for 36 years, when it was taken possession of by the United States. One of the most humiliating events that ever occurred in our history was the surrender of the city by General Hull in 1812 to the British. It was retaken in 1813 and has remained under our control since. It contains many points of interest to those who are looking for events of by-gone days. Its streets could tell of more than fifty battles and many massacres. The Government maintains Fort Wayne, on Fort Street, which is used as a parade ground, the home of a small military force. To me Detroit's beauty of location on the river front, its great modern factories, its wondrous industrial life, the rapidity of its growth, the million of people which cluster around and in it, situated at the gateway of travel, both land and water, destines it to be as it is, one of the great cities of the world. Its manufacturing interests are reaching out to all the corners of the globe and exchanging with them its innumerable products for their raw material and gold in payment. One of the important highways leading across the State is the Grand River Road, which passes from Detroit through Howell, Lansing, Grand Rapids, Grand Haven and many intervening villages.

Lansing, the capital, has maintained a wonderful growth during the past decade. It is one of the coming commercial cities of the State, has many great manufacturing institutions, its wide clean streets and fine parks and capitol buildings are a source of delight to

the thousands of visitors. Directly east is the best Agricultural College in this country. Here, hundreds of our sons and daughters receive an education—its points of advantage are too numerous to recite in this article.

One of the most scenic places in Western Michigan is situated on the rapids of Grand River. At this point for centuries the Indians had a village and to it, eventually, came French missionaries. Here grew what was later known as the City of Grand Rapids. To it came in 1826, Rev. McCoy from the Carey Mission at Niles, and a year later Rev. Leonard Slater from Gull Prairie to start a mission among the Indians. From these humble beginnings the city has grown until today Grand Rapids is the second city of our State. For many years furniture was its main output, now there is a vast variety of manufactured articles. To its semi-annual furniture exhibits come people from all quarters of the world to purchase a season's supply of furniture. No city in the State has better hotel accommodations. Many of its citizens originally came from the Netherlands; by their honesty and industry they have done much to further the growth and prosperity of the city. Through it also extends the Mackinaw Trail to the Straits.

The Detroit-Chicago Highway is rich in early State history, not on account of great battles that have been fought by savage or foreign foes, but on account of the continuous struggle against poverty and many adverse circumstances of the early settlers. Many came into this region with only a rifle, a few tools and fewer household goods, but they came armed with a strong

faith in the future and a determination to make good. When the real history of nations is written it will not be the aggressions of some ambitious rulers, but the strong fight of the common people for better conditions, that go to make the history of a people.

Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor, Jackson, Albion, Marshall, Battle Creek, Kalamazoo, Dowagiac and Niles were settled by a strong, sturdy race; some came from across the sea but many from the Atlantic States. They were willing to take every risk to found a new empire in what was then the Great West. This route is sometimes called the Educational Highway. At Ypsilanti is located the largest Normal School in point of numbers. It is the densest portion of the State and has a wide area to draw from. Ann Arbor, named after Ann Allen, a pioneer of an early day, is one of Michigan's beauty spots. At an early date the Legislature established what is now known as the University of Michigan. It has grown and prospered wonderfully, due largely to the vision of John D. Pierce, to whom more than to any other one person we owe this splendid institution. In every State and country will be found the graduates of the University of Michigan among their foremost citizens. The first woman to graduate lives directly across the street from my residence in Kalamazoo, Mrs. Madeline Johnson Turner, a delightful person to meet.

Jackson, now an important industrial city, sometimes called "The Prison City" on account of the location of Jackson State Prison, is situated in what at an early period was a swamp and one of the most un-

favorable spots for a city. It has overcome these natural disadvantages and is now a beautiful place.

A French trader, Baptiste Boreaux, claims to have established a trading post there in 1815. He took unto himself a squaw and became an Indian in sympathy and manners. The first authentic settlement was made during July, 1829. Horace Blackman and Captain Alexander Laverty were among the advance guard, who founded the town then known as Jackson<sup>u</sup>berg. It is said to have been the meeting place at an early period of the Kickapoos, Shawnees, Foxes, Sacs and other aborigines. Two soldiers of Harrison's Army, McDonagh and Limp, were captured and brought to this place, the meeting of the trails during the War of 1812, and were probably tortured by the Pottawatomies. Today Jackson is the gateway for travel by steam trains, trolley and highway for travelers in all directions. The Detroit-Chicago Highway is being improved with a pavement eighteen feet in width across the country.

Albion is best known as the seat of Albion College. This institution of learning has acquired a wide reputation for the well equipped students that graduate from its courses. There are also several successful manufacturing plants doing a large business there.

One of the oldest, most "homey" towns in the State is Marshall; for many years no effort was made to encourage manufacturing plants to settle there. At one time it was proposed as the site of the State Capitol, but as no determined effort was made to secure it, the location was finally secured by Lansing. It is said that the Michigan Central intended locating its shops at

this point, but that some of the inhabitants of that day objected to the smoke and noise. In its early history Marshall was an important town on the Territorial Road. To it came many of the pioneers who after partaking of its well known hospitality moved on refreshed to points north, west or south. Marshall has been severely criticised for its lack of initiative in not hustling for new industries at the time when they might have been secured. But when we visit some of the bustling, rapid growing towns, with their dirty slums and unpaved streets, their unfinished, half-naked appearance, and then note Marshall's fine business streets, its beautiful homes and general completed appearance, we wonder which after all is the better place to reside in.

The name of Battle Creek is said to have originated in a small-sized battle between the first Government survey party and some Indians who objected to the hacking and blazing of the trees, driving stakes, etc. It is supposed that a French trader, fearing that the survey would be followed by settlers and perhaps destroy his trade and influence with the natives, instructed the natives to fight. The first survey party was driven away, but after the Governor of the Territory sent an interpreter who explained their mission, the Indians gave no further trouble. Here is located the Adventist Society, which has a strong, well administered association. The Tabernacle is a large commodious house of worship. The Sanitarium is known the world over as one of the greatest and best conducted health resorts. From it thousands of patients depart every year healed or greatly benefited. The

city is widely known for its production of breakfast foods, pumps and many other manufactured articles and for its beautiful Post Tavern. Directly west of the city is Camp Custer, the training camp for Michigan and Wisconsin troops. From it departed the flower of our youth in the Great War, many of whom sleep under the flowers of Flanders' Fields, who by their deeds added glory to our State.

Titus Bronson, sometimes called "Potato" Bronson, settled in 1829 at a place known to the Indians as "The Boiling Pot," on account of the springs boiling up in the river. He was quite a character, impetuous, and, what was at that time almost incredible, a hater of liquor and tobacco. He would upbraid men for their vices and by so doing made many enemies. Within a few years the name of the place was changed from Bronson to the old Indian name for the place, Kalamazoo. Probably no other town in this State has better railroad facilities. It could easily have been the second city but the early settlers let many opportunities for enlargement go by. Kalamazoo has been greatly favored with educational advantages. One of the oldest in the State is Kalamazoo College, located in the western part of the city on beautiful and extensive grounds. It is one of the most prosperous of the smaller colleges. The Western Normal is another institution located in Kalamazoo, its buildings are very modern, and it boasts a fine faculty and more than a thousand students. Nazareth Academy is situated just outside the city limits to the east, a splendid institution and fully appreciated by its hundreds of patrons.

Space does not permit in this article to tell of the



glories of the Grand Traverse Region, where seventy years ago my father attended an Indian Mission School at Omena and where he made many life-long friends among the natives; many times some old Indian would bring me a cake of sugar in the Spring and say, "You, John Bryant's boy?" Nor can I take the time to tell of the wondrous Saginaw Valley where much State history was made in the long ago, nor about the historic Old Chicago Pike.

Michigan on account of its location, its minerals and agricultural wealth will, within the next half century, pass all but one or two other States along industrial lines. Within the century Chicago will be the commercial and industrial mistress of the world. Her location in the center of the coal, iron and copper regions and of the richest farming belt in the world will place her in that enviable position. Detroit will within the next twenty-five years be an ocean port and have free access to all the harbors of the Old World; and this with water, steam, trolley and a completed highway system will greatly enhance her opportunity to become the second world city. There are more than a score of towns in this State that are only beginning to feel the great prosperity and growth that will surely come to them in the next decade. The best of city planning is needed to care for a proper expansion along broader, better lines.

While I have wandered from my topic at times, my thought is, that we will be making history as the years pass, and that proper measures should be taken to safeguard the progress of the future as those early pioneers provided for ours in the past.



## A FORGOTTEN CITY

BY RALPH CHESTER MEIMA

HOLLAND

A BIT of romance and a glimpse of another age was brought to light recently, when workmen dug up decayed portions of the famous \$200,000 hotel which was built by an eastern syndicate nearly a century ago, on the desolate spot at the mouth of the Pigeon River, 12 miles northeast of Holland, which they named Port Sheldon. All that remains of the "metropolis" is a few decaying maples, which once graced the front of the famous "Ottawa House."

The romantic history of the rise and fall of Port Sheldon, the city that was planned to be what Chicago is now, remains one of the most picturesque records in the development of the great West. The Port Sheldon bubble is regarded by many as a gigantic scheme of humbug, yet in the light of later events, is it not possible that some eagle-eyed city builder whose prophetic mind penetrated into the dim future, perceived that a great metropolis must arise somewhere on the Great Lakes, which would be a receiving center for the farm products of the Golden West, the iron, copper, and lumber of the great northern wilderness, the cotton of the Southland, and the manufactured goods from New England?

About 1823 Nicolas Biddle, president of the United States National Bank, then at Philadelphia, Saunders

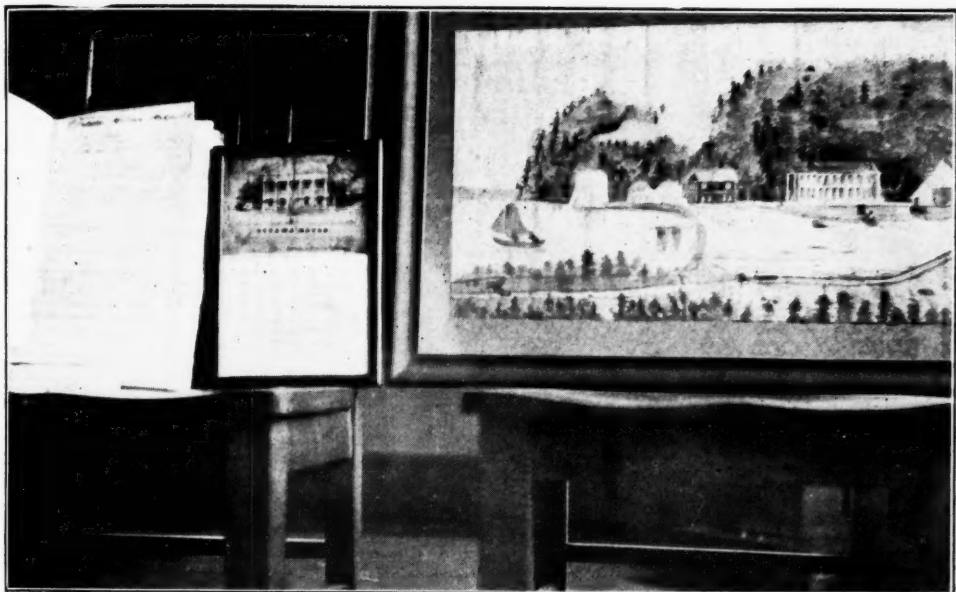
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Coates, editor of the *Mobile Register*, and other capitalists, conceived the plan of building a city somewhere in the Northwest Territory, created by the Ordinance of 1787, which would outstrip Detroit and St. Louis, then the only towns west of the Alleghanies, and become the metropolis of the West.

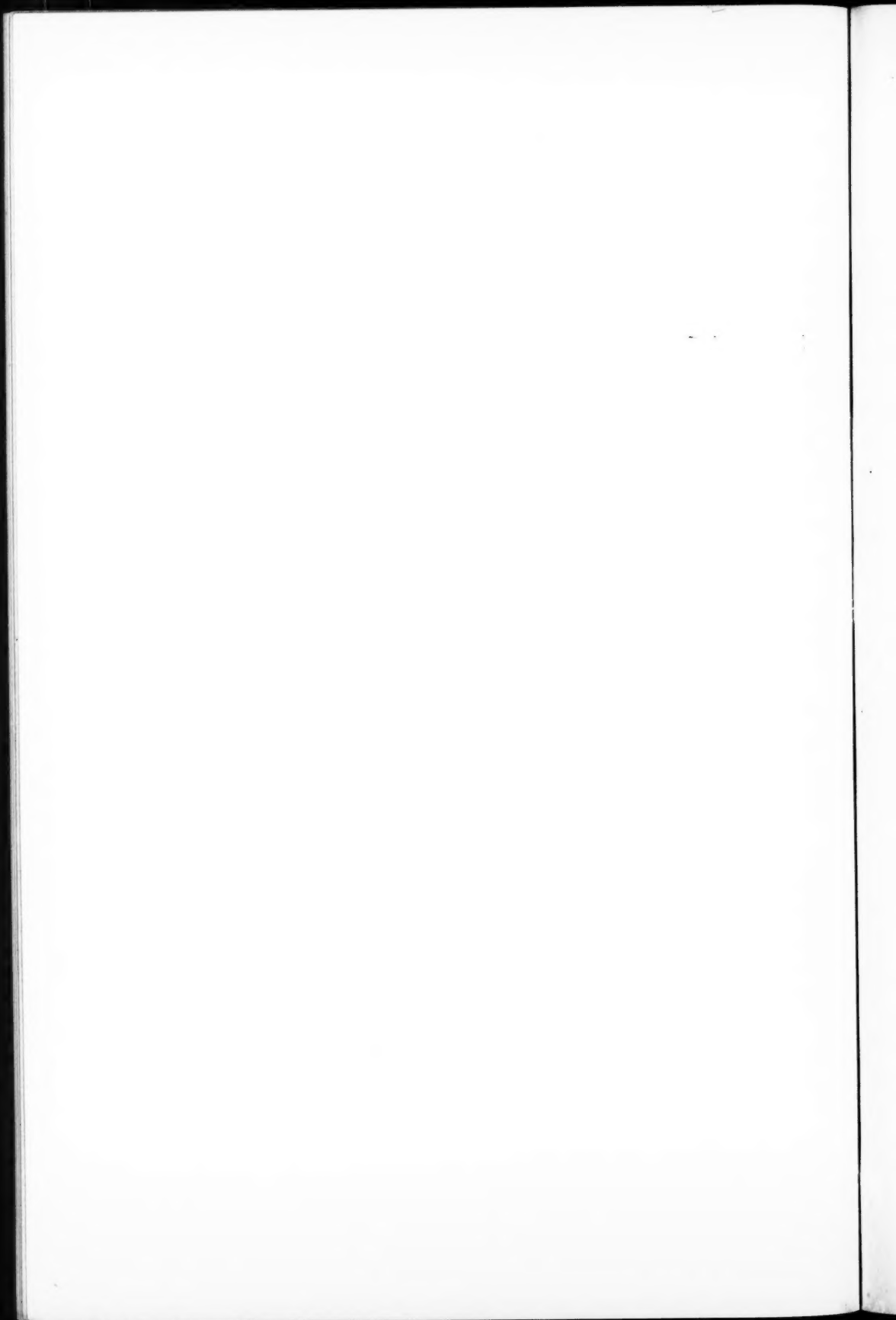
It was some time before the plan crystalized, and in 1835 a syndicate was formed at Philadelphia known as the Port Sheldon Land Company, composed of pleasure seekers from New York and Philadelphia, soldiers of fortune, dissipated sons of impoverished British noble families, aspiring financiers, and political derelicts.

The financial backing was secured mainly through Mr. A. J. Judson, who was related to the cashier of the National Bank of Philadelphia. Had the plan carried whereby the money would have been furnished by the United States National Bank through the influence of Cashier Biddle, Port Sheldon might be the largest city in Michigan today. However in 1832 President Jackson ordered all the Government deposits in the National Bank to be removed and distributed among the so-called "pet banks," which were private institutions. The National Bank, thus deprived of the main source of its backing, eked out a miserable existence until 1836 when its charter expired. The National Bank of Philadelphia was a "pet bank," and therefore received some of the surplus taken out of the United States National Bank. These banks had the power to issue paper money in unlimited amounts, with little or no security except the Government deposits. The sum of \$149,000,000 of this so-called "wild cat" money

*Soundings*



1. Original register of the "Ottawa House," now in historical case of Grand Haven public library.
2. Handbill announcing opening of "Ottawa House." Probably the last in existence. In possession of Mrs. C. E. Mapes of Grand Rapids.
3. Water color painting of Port Sheldon. Largely imaginary. In Grand Haven public library.



was issued, backed only by the good name of the "pet banks." For a while all went well. A period of wild speculation followed. Men speculated in everything, from thousand acre tracts of land to shoestrings. Then the superinflated bubble burst. The Government cut off its own head. President Jackson issued an order demanding that the sale of Government lands must be paid for with gold or silver only, and not with paper money; and another, the "specie circular," calling for the removal of all of the Government deposits from the "pet banks" to the national treasury.

Thus the Government not only took away the only available security of the banks, but it also publicly declared that the paper money of the "pet banks" was little more than worthless. Since the Port Sheldon project was financed entirely with "wild cat" money, it was in debt for more than it was worth, and in the great panic of 1837 which swept away even sound business enterprises, it could not hope to withstand the storm.

The syndicate thus formed, offices were set up in various cities to interest the public in the undertaking. The headquarters were established at Philadelphia, and S. Taylor was placed in charge. Another office was at New Orleans, directed by A. J. Judson, and a third at Mobile, Alabama, was directed by Saunders Coates, editor of the *Register*. Colonists were enlisted and by the Spring of 1836, everything was in readiness for the settlement.

The company selected the Territory of Michigan, which was very promising at the time, having increased her population of 10,000 in 1821, twentyfold to 200,000

in 1837. It was decided to make the settlement somewhere on Lake Michigan, since a town in those days to grow must be situated on a watercourse. Only two locations were available which were suitable for harbor facilities, all of the other sites having been bought up by speculators. A settlement had been made by Rev. William Ferry at the mouth of the Grand River, now known as Grand Haven, and the Port Sheldon syndicate tried to induce Ferry to sell his holdings, but he persistently refused to do so, even though large sums of money were offered him.

The only two sites left open were the Pigeon Lake, where the Pigeon River emptied, and the Black Lake estuary at the mouth of Black River. The company unwisely chose Pigeon Lake, why, it can never be ascertained. The harbor facilities at Black Lake were far superior to the former; the channel opening into Lake Michigan was wider and deeper than at Pigeon Lake; the quality of the soil was much better; and in general the location was much more desirable at Black Lake. Had it been chosen, it is highly probable that the Dutch settlement at Holland ten years later by Dr. Van Raalte and his band of religious refugees would never have been made, and the outcast Hollanders would have settled at New Orleans, as did many of their countrymen.

It has been claimed by many that the Port Sheldon colony was built to compete with Grand Haven. This does not appear to be true. The Pigeon Lake site may have been chosen to spite Ferry's settlement and kill it eventually, but where the sturdy Grand Haven pioneers thought in terms of thousands of dollars, the

Syndicate thought in terms of millions. It was competition if the Twentieth Century Limited racing with the DeWitt Clinton may be called competition. Ferry was inspired to found a village, while Biddle and Judson set out to build a metropolis.

After the site was chosen, the Syndicate obtained a land grant of 600 acres from the Government at a consideration of \$1.50 an acre, which was the price established by law for the sale of all Government lands in the public domain. Thus at the mere pittance of \$900, the site was purchased.

The settlement was made in the autumn of 1836. An advance party of surveyors, guides, woodsmen and engineers, about forty in number, picked their way along the Grand River valley, then an untracked wilderness, and arrived at the north shore of Pigeon Lake, where they built a temporary lodging house. The main party set sail from Port Huron in the "Vindicator," and arrived at Pigeon Lake some time after the first expedition, which had named the place "Port Sheldon." The ship was loaded to the hatches with stores and provisions, thirty dwellings ready to be set up, farming implements, and a liberal supply of "wet goods" for the workmen. The passenger list included a motley assortment of about 300 men from almost every clime under the sun; adventurers from Europe, ex-army officers, wild young men from some of the best families in the East, skilled artisans from New York and Philadelphia, lured away by the tempting offers of high pay, and the inevitable parasites of every such project, gamblers, saloon men, and bad men of a deeper dye.



G. M. Barker, afterwards well known in Grand Rapids, was made chief surveyor by Saunders Coates, the first General Superintendent. He proceeded to lay out an elaborate map of the whole vicinity, which was elegantly engraved and circulated extensively in eastern cities.

Soundings of the entire lake were taken and recorded on the map. One hundred and forty-two city blocks were platted, with 24 lots of 62 by 128 feet each. Seven lots were reserved for churches, one for a fish market, two for markets, four for a railroad depot, four for a city hall, and one for a school.

A modern lighthouse, fully equipped, was built at the entrance to the channel of Pigeon Lake. The great harbor bell now hangs in the Butterworth and Lowe foundry on Erie Street in Grand Rapids. Good gravel roads were constructed, running to Grandville and Grand Haven at a cost of \$20,000, the only roads west of Detroit and north of the Ohio River at the time. Streets were graded, and board walks were laid. Several company stores were established and stocked with goods from the East. A grand railroad depot was built at a cost of about \$15,000, and three miles of railroad bed constructed, running east towards Port Huron. Work was also begun on a telegraph line, the only one then in existence except short systems at New York and Philadelphia.

But the biggest undertaking in the Port Sheldon bubble was the building of the famous hotel, "The Ottawa House." As fine a hostelry as there was anywhere in that day, rose as if by magic in the black pine forest. It was a two-storied 80 by 150 foot structure,

and stood not far from the head of Pigeon Lake, which according to the map was in the heart of the "city," platted on the northeast shore. The map, now in the possession of Mrs. C. E. Mapes of Grand Rapids, is probably the only remaining one in existence.

It was a wooden structure, painted with white enamel. In the front was a beautiful portico, with exquisitely carved Grecian colonnades. The architecture was no doubt the work of a master hand. The subtle, graceful curve of the Ionic order predominated throughout. There were six grooved pillars with the composite capital upholding the architrave, set at regular intervals along the front of the piazza. After the hotel was dismantled, four of the pillars were dragged by ox teams to Grand Rapids, where they still adorn the old Pike mansion on East Fulton Street.

It is said that \$60,000 was spent on the inside furnishings of the hotel alone. Together with the structure itself, the total cost must have been no less than \$200,000. It was superbly furnished with furniture brought from the East. The opening was advertised with a great ado in New York and Philadelphia. Handbills were circulated showing an engraving of the "Ottawa House," and special stress was laid on the stock of imported liquors that it contained. The last one in existence is in the possession of Mrs. C. E. Mapes. The following is the text of the handbill

"The subscriber, late of the **Marshall House**, Philadelphia, begs leave to inform the **Public and Travellers** generally, that he has taken that **Large and Commodious Hotel** lately erected at **Port Sheldon**, Michigan, known as the **Ottawa House** which he in-

tends opening about the 1st. of June next. The House will be furnished in a style not surpassed by any House in the country. His furniture will be entirely new, selected in **Eastern Cities**. His **Bar** will be furnished with **Wines** and **Liquors** of superior quality and choice brands, all selected in **New York** and **Philadelphia**. The Subscriber from his long experience in the business, and unremitting attention, hopes to share a portion of public patronage.

**CHARLES T. BADGER, Proprietor."**

The hotel opened with great festivities. The register, now in the historical case of the Grand Haven Public Library, contains the names of eight guests who registered the first day.

For a while all went well. The sum of \$10,000 was spent on company stores, \$10,000 on an office building, and a mill, the best in the West, was built at a cost of \$20,000; and all this with a "city" on paper, and no citizens but the company employees, a few "gentlemen," and a curious crowd of half-breeds, Indians, and lumber jacks. Yet for a brief period things were booming. Real estate sharks flourished. Flowery-vested publicity men flocked from far and near and proclaimed the economic possibilities of Port Sheldon in a loud voice. The price of lots went soaring, and get-rich-quick visionaries saw air castles of gilt-edged options and fifty per cent dividends. At one time the population was greater than that of Grand Haven.

Some of the most important personages in the country visited Port Sheldon. The register contains among others, the names of Governor Lewis of Lewis-

ville; Alexander Graham of Chicago, one of the first mayors of that city; Rix Robinson, a famous pioneer of Michigan; Le Comte L. de Baillet, Secrétaire de légation de S. M. le Roi de Belges, which translated from the French means, The Count Louis of Baillet, Secretary of the legation of His Majesty the King of the Belgians; Capt. B. Smith of Chicago; Mr. Root of Chicago (from the wreck of the "Neptune"); Capt. Carver (on a bear hunt); Lieut. Malcomb (on a fancy trip); R. Stewart, an official of Detroit; and many others. It contains the note of a ball party on January 30, 1840, "in honor of the arrival of several fair and gentle ladies from eastern cities."

Generosity unstinted was the order of the day, and night too. While men in the Grand River valley lived in log cabins, at Port Sheldon were erected comfortable houses made to order in Philadelphia. While the people at Grand Haven thanked God for a steady supply of salt pork and flour, Port Sheldon entertained with game suppers and rare wines. People of the valley were glad to rest at the end of a hard day's labor, while at Port Sheldon men made ready to revel and dance in the company of imported beauties. The Ottawa House was always a place of hospitality, frolic, dance, and wild dissipation. W. B. Stevens of West Olive tells of many a night's revel in the hotel over costly imported sherry and champagne. Without stalked the deer and the bear unafraid in the whispering black pine forest, while from within came the sound of wild ribald laughter and drunken frolic. What incongruity, and what ghastly pathos. A sumptuous hotel built in the wilderness, where men squandered

the hard gotten gains of many a life's labor, in the fading glory of an impossible dream.

They had a beautiful little yacht, "The Memee" (Indian for Pigeon), and other pleasure boats, in which they were wont to disport themselves on the shining waters of Pigeon Lake in full regalia. These were young men, ardent, full of the faith of youth and the irresponsibility as well. The trail from Port Sheldon to Ionia in those days was marked by a string of broken champagne bottles.

Forgery and promissory notes were the most usual ways of conducting the finances.

For a few boisterous years the bubble lasted, then the panic of 1837, the worst in our national history, swept through the country like a hail storm in June. It is estimated that the total cost of the Port Sheldon project was near two million dollars, of which only one-twentieth was backed by available security. The lax banking laws of the period permitted of money being drawn and spent with unchecked freedom. Speculating with another's money is dangerous in prosperous times even, and when a panic is precipitated there can be but one outcome. It must be remembered also that a dollar in those early days had a buying power of two or three times more than it has today, so that two million dollars then was an enormous sum.

There were other reasons why Port Sheldon could not hope to succeed. It developed that the location was not the logical place for a metropolis. Unlike Chicago, it was not in the direct line of communication between the Atlantic seaboard and the fast-developing

Far West. The condition of the harbor was also unfortunate. Contrary to expectations, the channel at the entrance to Pigeon Lake would not stay clear so as to permit the passage of vessels of a heavy draught, but required ceaseless dredging. But the chief difficulty lay in the incompetence of the builders themselves.

A city like a nation is grounded firmest in the blood of true men. Pioneers are made of sterner stuff than were the "gentlemen" of Port Sheldon. The wilderness is conquered by those who serve and those who sacrifice, whose watchword is "hard work." There are some things that cannot be bought with money. The men of Port Sheldon came for pleasure and excitement and had no moral strength.

All work was suddenly dropped. The revellers stayed as long as their money held out, then drifted to parts unknown. Saunders Coates went to New York, where he built the first gas works in the United States. A. J. Judson was last heard of in New York, and E. P. Deacon, the third General Superintendent, established himself on a sugar plantation in Cuba. The last notation on the register of the Ottawa House is March 1, 1842.

The company was declared bankrupt and the movable articles were sold at public auction. In all, it is said, the sale did not bring the value of the glass and paint used on the Ottawa House. As for that once-proud hostelry, it was left to be the prey of the fierce winter storms that sweep over Lake Michigan. Dr. A. C. Van Raalte, who settled the Holland colony on Black Lake in 1847 bought some of the salvaged lumber, which after lying stored in Holland for many



years was finally burned for fire-wood. The six hundred acres of the land grant were sold for the value of the hemlock bark on them to the Metz Tanning Company of Holland. The hotel would be standing today had it been built on suitable foundations. As was the custom, it was built on cedar posts. Stone or brick should have been used, but those were scarce articles. About 1859 the southeast corner gave way, and it was not long before the ornate hotel was a heap of ruins. For a long time the office building was used as a half-way house on the Holland-Grand Haven stage-coach line, but that too has disappeared. The clearing was used by the settlers of Holland as a potato patch for a few years and the potatoes were carried in baskets on the backs of the hardy Dutch pioneers through the dense woods.

Forrest B. Knight, one of the backers of the project, committed suicide when he found that his life's savings had been lost in the bubble. His story is a very pathetic one. He came from one of the most aristocratic families in Detroit. The tale goes that he was betrayed in love by an inconstant sweetheart and in desperation fled to the wilderness, hoping to forget. His lady afterward repented and followed him to Port Sheldon, but she was too late, young Knight having been buried a month. She is said to have died of a broken heart.

Another tale connected with Port Sheldon is the hidden treasure legend. It is said that one of the capitalists connected with the project, when he perceived that the undertaking must fail, buried what money he had in order to prevent it from falling into the hands of the receivers. The shifting sands covered



the spot, and though later he searched for many a day the treasure still eluded him, the sands burying it ever deeper.

After the project was abandoned Abraham Pike, formerly the clerk of the company, was placed there as custodian of the premises. He lingered there for a few years fighting mosquitos and starvation, and then went to Grand Rapids. He was the father of the wife of Congressman Mapes. So year after year the storms came, each spring finding the spot more desolate than the preceding. Today all that remains are a few decayed maples, relics of the once-glorious avenue of shade trees that graced the front of the Ottawa House. Some of the lumber from the buildings was used in the building of the huge barn on the Vander Meiten place, which is east of the camp of the Grand Rapids Boy Scouts. The great barn, though in a very dilapidated condition, still stands. The entrance from Lake Michigan into Pigeon Lake is almost clogged with sand. So the place has become a hideous joke, and the name of Port Sheldon a byword of irony. Today not a building or the trace of one remains to tell the tale. Jack-rabbits browse in the now undiscernible streets, unafraid; blackbirds call to each other in the deserted market place; and the idle wind whispers nonsense in the second growth timber that has sprung up on the long-forgotten home sites. All of which testifies to the futility of human aspiration and endeavor.

And if I were to write an epitaph for the dead city it would be this: "Here once stood the proud city **PORT SHELDON**, a victim of high jinx, high wines, and high finance."

## CHARCOAL HUMOR

BY THOMAS CLANCEY

ISHPEMING

IT is not to be presumed that this rather jumbled collection of tales and incidents will be an adequate treatise of the wit and humor of the days when the charcoal furnaces flourished in Marquette County. Far from it. Neither will it be a psychological analysis of the motives that prompted the execution of the practical joke among the rough and ready furnace men of this section. It will be the humble endeavor of this remote chronicler to set down here a few incidents and stories in order to help us gain an impression of the character of the entertainment these men had to indulge in to tide themselves over the periods of work and play. The work was hard and exhausting, the recreation and amusement had to originate in the active brains of the furnace community. Traveling theatricals never visited them, and when navigation closed in the fall they were left to their devices for diversion during the winter.

The history of the charcoal furnace industry in the Upper Peninsula has been written by men who have given the subject exhaustive study, and from a scientific standpoint the process of making pig iron has been treated in works on this subject and in the papers presented at the meetings of the Lake Superior Mining Institute. Space need not be taken here to recount the

growth of that industry, which played such an important part in developing the Peninsula in a day which is fast becoming a memory. When, in a not distant future, the auto tourist happens upon a cluster of dilapidated charcoal kilns overgrown with underbrush, he may possibly feel the thrill of the archæologist unearthing the remnants of a new race of mound-builders.

The industry attracted venturesome capitalists who were willing to expend large sums in the erection of furnaces in conjunction with an iron ore mining proposition in itself hazardous and uncertain. There were perhaps as many financial reverses in the charcoal furnace business as in the mining business itself. A casual survey of the county will reveal the remnants of the furnaces that failed or were abandoned because of the bottom falling out of the iron ore market or the loss of the ore deposits.

The very instability of the science of making pig iron and the crudeness of the plants were a factor in increasing the cost of production. Compare with modern methods, for instance, the pressure of air carried on the old stacks and the daily tonnage of the Morgan, Deer Lake, Champion, Clarksburg and Pioneer furnaces, and we wonder that they could be operated at a profit. The sustaining factor, of course, was the high price of manufactured pig iron.

Naturally, an industry of this character which carried such uncertainty and laborious tasks, attracted a venturesome class of labor, trained in the craft of iron making. They followed furnace work and went from one place to another as fortune and opportunity

warranted. They traveled about a great deal, being attached to foremen and "bosses." When their leaders were given charge of new furnaces or were sent to solve a problem of getting an old furnace in running order, the leaders took with them the best workmen to aid them in various departments. In this way a spirit of loyalty and pride in the work developed which became in many instances an opportunity for rivalry, sometimes reaching the point of a fight before the supremacy of the gang was really established. However, these men took real pride in the furnace where they were employed, and, due to smallness of their numbers, and their ability to draw around them kindred spirits, reached a point of efficiency much sought and seldom reached by our modern industrial establishments.

The men who were employed in the charcoal furnaces in this county were in the main New York State men from the Lake Champlain district, where they learned the iron-making business,—Irish, Scotch, Germans, and French-Canadians. The actual furnace work was done by the native Americans and Irish, while the French were the choppers and prepared the charcoal. When the kilns were located at any distance from the furnaces, the settlements at the kilns were almost entirely peopled by the French. This work was done by contract, and although the contractors had little capital, credit at the company office and store supplied this want. Communities grew up about the furnaces and each developed its own social entertainment. The entire male portion of the family worked at the furnace and the work and fun was bound to-

gether. The son followed the father and learned the trade from him. Furnace work, like mining, ran in families. At one time in this county, five Dundon brothers operated five furnaces.

With a mixture of racial traits such as the population afforded, it is not strange that those little remote communities entertained themselves well and took advantage of everyday incidents to extract amusement. It was in such places that the practical joke, much fallen into disfavor, was a ready vehicle for the local wit. It would appear that the principle adopted by the fun lovers was the greatest laugh for the greatest number, regardless of the victim.

At one furnace the superintendent in charge was the arch-plotter in a joke which would not be considered good form today. There was a tight-fisted German named Martin who religiously saved all his earnings and did not participate in entertainment that cost anything. His clothes were shabby but his credit at the company store was good. Some of the men developed the idea that he ought to wear better clothes when off duty, and proceeded to plan to separate him from his money. The superintendent was taken into the plot and his assistance secured. He had two attractive daughters and he invited Martin to call at his home. Prior to the call he mentioned the invitation in the presence of others, and when he left they elaborated the importance of such attention, telling Martin that a son-in-law of the boss would at least be made a foreman. Martin purchased a suit of clothes, a pair of boots, a shirt and tie, and other furnishings amounting to \$150.00 and made his initial

call. The young ladies received him favorably and when he left he had visions of a better job, which to his thrifty heart was better than the love of a girl. The next day the superintendent quietly told him he was foreman of the charcoal bank. No one was advised of the promotion except the conspirators, and that evening Martin took over the job. One of the best workers on the bank, and the best fighter as well, was an Irishman called Jerry. While Jerry was carrying a basket of charcoal, Martin came up and touched him on the shoulder and told him he was not loading up the basket enough and that he would have to work better or be laid off. Jerry asked "Who said so?" and Martin told him he was foreman and going to marry the boss' daughter and his word went. Without further ceremony Jerry laid into the foreman, and then, to the amusement of the waiting onlookers, followed a fight that lasted for half an hour, Jerry finally throwing the "foreman" over and down the charcoal bank—a sadder but wiser lover. The practical end of the incident turned out stronger than planned, as Martin went to the office, drew his money, packed his trunk and left that night and was never heard of again.

In the smaller communities the feminine portion of the population had difficulty in securing finery of any kind for the various dances, parties, etc. The general store with its one line of dry goods, ribbons and notions, was their only source for new decorative features. At one furnace settlement after the company store had secured a new assortment of ribbons, the girls all appeared at a dance wearing selections from the stock. The next day some of the male wits cap-



tured a large white bull and tied pieces of ribbons of the entire assortment to the bull's horns and tail, placed a bell on his collar and drove him through the location at top speed. The entire population turned out to see the sight, and the young ladies viewing their favorite ribbons under such circumstances decided to return to their discarded finery.

The old Pioneer furnace at Negaunee numbered a choice collection of rough and ready humorists in its employ. The late John Downing, of Marquette, was in charge of this furnace and enjoyed participating in a joke even during working hours. A great "stunt" around a blast furnace was the accurate use of a water pail. For fire protection, buckets of water were placed around the plants and on the bridge near the stack. Pails of whitewash were often left around, as whitewash was the usual decorative scheme around furnaces. An accurate bucket-thrower with one arm could land the water at a given point with neatness and dispatch. This was a form of amusement used on the occasion when pompous individuals were being shown around the furnace. An itinerant preacher who came to Negaunee and railed lustily at all the human frailties of the citizens, was being taken through the furnace, and while he was admiring the novelty of the casting-house, a bucket of whitewash thrown from some unseen corner smeared his clerical habiliments from head to foot.

On another occasion the superintendent was escorting several very flashily dressed Hebrew gentlemen, wearing silk hats, through the works, and simultaneously two buckets of water drenched them both.

The furnacemen were very partial to pigs and



chickens. The intense fire in the stack when a pig or a chicken was wrapped in clay, baked it in a very thorough manner and produced many midnight feasts. Before going to the local firemen's ball it was not unusual to purloin a young shoat, wrap him in a mantle of clay, and after the dance put him to roast. A pig of one of their fellow employees was stolen at the Pioneer and after it was eaten the bones were crossed and left at the owner's coat-hook. He endeavored to secure a warrant for the arrest of the ring leader, but a friendly justice refused to issue it, and in order to secure one it was necessary to go to Marquette.

Once at Negaunee there were a series of burglaries, and every night in an endeavor to stop them, two citizens would stand watch all night. Two of the city's prominent men were on duty one night and the furnacemen coming home at midnight found them in an intoxicated condition near the brewery on Iron Street. They tied the two valiant watchmen together and put them in front of the brewery. They remained there the rest of the night and were found by the townspeople in the morning. Afterwards the burglaries stopped and the volunteer watchmen endeavored to live down the escapade.

The Deer Lake Furnace, which was built in 1867 and made its first cast of pig iron in 1868, was run on a rather peculiar method for a business proposition. In 1868 and 1869 the owners of it, Messrs. Hungerford and Ward, being of pronounced religious convictions—Mr. Hungerford being a deacon of long standing—objected to the performance of any work about the plant on Sunday. When ore is heated in a furnace,

one of the prime factors of a successful cast is heating up the stack and keeping it at the required heat continuously. Due to the religious manner in which this furnace was operated, the fires were banked at midnight Saturday and nothing done until Monday morning. During the interim the stack would chill and would take a day or two to heat up again. Patrick Carroll was the founder at Deer Lake and was one of the most skilled in this region. James Clancey had charge of the fires and blowing engine. One Saturday night the furnace was running at a low degree of heat, due to the large amount of rock in the stack, and in danger of chilling and "hanging up," thus injuring the furnace for some time. Carroll and Clancey decided to increase the heat and put through a blast regardless of orders. To allow a "hang-up" to occur was not only bad business policy, but also a reflection on the ability of the furnacemen. They put through the cast on Sunday, saving the plant a long shut-down. When the proprietors returned from Marquette on Monday and discovered that their orders had been disobeyed, they gave a lecture to the two offenders on their irreligious conduct in saving the property. Carroll and Clancey sent back a heated blast, drew their time, and left to pursue their trade where religion was not carried to such extremes and their reputation as founders not impaired thereby.

The furnace employees were not in the van of the present prohibition movement. Liquor was used rather freely, and it was a poor wedding or christening where beverages were not provided. A birth in the family was a signal for the advent of a keg of beer in

the location. At the Deer Lake location the ideas of the management in regard to liquor were well known. A certain Mrs. Harrington gave birth to a male heir, and her husband, wishing to express his joy but still having in mind his employers' views on the matter of liquor, advised the Ishpeming storekeeper to put a keg of beer in a flour barrel and send it with the store team. Joshua Hodgkins, father of Gilbert Hodgkins of Marquette, was the company detective, and he ferreted out the keg and prevented the entrance of it into the Harrington house,—much to the discomfiture of Harrington and his friends. Thus proving that originally the chief object of the early prohibition leaders was to prevent hoarding of liquor in the home.

The financial status of the various furnaces was affected not only by the market price of manufactured pig iron and the exhaustion of ore bodies, but the panic of 1873 cut short the life of several of the Marquette County plants. The furnace at the Morgan, which was operated by the Morgan Iron Co. under the direction of Messrs. Ely and Donkesley, failed financially during the national money crisis of that year. In 1871, the operators of this furnace conceived the idea that malleable iron could be hammered out into blooms from the ore as it ran from the stack. This was a brand-new idea to charcoal furnacemen and the success of it was much doubted. However, the operators of the furnace, in order to try out the plan, imported several Swedish iron men and brought them to the plant. Under their supervision, the plant was remodeled, rotating furnaces were installed, and steam hammers for the manufacturing of the molten iron into

blooms, were put in. A mill was installed for the grinding of charcoal to fine powder to generate the necessary degree of heat, and a large amount of money was expended. The Swedish iron makers were very secretive as to the method which they were about to employ and jealously guarded all their movements so that the local furnacemen would not be able to steal or copy the system they used. Several months were consumed in the preparatory work, the equipment was put in running order, furnaces were heated, and the ore placed therein, when the valiant Swedish iron makers carefully drew their money from the office and vanished into the neighboring woods, and were never seen or heard of again. Nothing daunted by this failure, the management brought Mr. Jones from Pittsburgh, the so-called expert in the manufacture of malleable iron by this method, to the Morgan furnace. He brought his wife and they took up their residence there. He inspected the plant, and said that malleable iron could be made by this method but the machinery was not installed properly. The changes he required were made, consuming another three or four months. In the meantime, his wife had returned to Pittsburgh, and when the furnace was ready to operate and the ore was heated and all the construction had been carried out, he suddenly received a telegram announcing the serious illness of his wife, and he left without divulging the great secret which he carried in his brain.

Still persevering, Messrs. Ely and Donkesley secured the services of a number of iron puddlers at the Rolling Mill, then operating at Marquette. They drove out to the furnace, bringing all their equipment

with them. In order to hammer out the molten iron into blooms, it was necessary that the metal in the rotating furnaces should be gathered into a round molten mass. After the arrival of the Marquette puddlers, who also brought several kegs of beer to sustain them during this scientific ordeal, the furnace was heated, the iron placed therein, and the rotation of the furnace commenced. Not to be defeated in securing the desired end in connection with the molten metal, the puddlers had brought with them several barrels of iron shavings or chips from the machine shops at Marquette. As the work of melting the ore progressed, the Morgan furnacemen noticed that from time to time the Marquette operators slipped into the furnace large quantities of the iron chips and shavings, Naturally, as the furnace was rotated, the chips collected the molten metal and it began to take the appearance which was desired, of the large round ball. The beer had been unstintingly passed out to the imported scientific investigators, and the appearance of the molten ball was greeted with loud cheers and the feeling that now the success of the method was established. When the molten ball was carried over under the steam hammer, which would pound it into the much sought for blooms, at the first drop of the hammer the molten mass and the chips and shavings scattered like the autumn leaves about the furnace, and the great secret again eluded its pursuers.

The great cost factor at the Morgan furnace, as at all others of this character, was the amount of charcoal required to produce a ton of pig iron. The less charcoal, the cheaper the cost. Mr. Donkesley, the manager,

developed an idea that it would be a good plan to utilize the dead pines on the furnace property by cutting them up into eight-inch blocks and then splitting them, and introducing these into the furnace to help melt the iron, and thus reduce the amount of charcoal necessary. This venture was pursued with a large expenditure of money, a sawmill plant was erected, chopping apparatus secured, and the preparations consumed a period of about six months. The late F. W. Read, who was the carpenter at the Morgan, did most of the work in making these changes. After they cut down the pines, sawed them into the required lengths and split them up, they were in conjunction with the charcoal used to melt the ore. However, although the furnacemen were very partial to the method because the pine lightened their labors in keeping the furnace free and open, it was found that it took as many pounds of charcoal to produce a ton of pig iron as it had before this marvelous scheme was developed. Shortly after this innovation, the Morgan furnace, owing to the panic of 1873 and '74, failed, and the equipment was sold under the hammer.

All of the furnaces paid their men what was known in those days as "iron money." This was in the form of ninety-day notes, payable in Boston or some other Eastern headquarters, and passed current with the storekeepers and among the employees generally. During the early days, when an employee was about to go on a visit to some other part of the country, or was to fare forth from the Upper Peninsula, he had to change his "iron money" into greenbacks. The late Peter White, in conjunction with his banking



affairs at Marquette, ran an "iron money" exchange, which was popularly called "the shaving shop," and the ninety-day notes or iron script was exchanged into greenbacks and the holder thereof charged 10%. Mr. White then presented the notes at their maturity and secured the difference. This practice was common, but the furnaceman was paid by his employer on the basis of the script and notes being worth one hundred cents on the dollar.

Social activities of a small character were quite common during the winter months. At the completion of the Morgan furnace casting house, it was thoroughly whitewashed and boarded up, Evans' orchestra from Marquette was imported, and a dance and supper were furnished at \$5.00 a couple. They were a sociable lot about the furnace location, and thought nothing of loading a sled full of people and driving from Morgan to Champion to attend a dance. A great rivalry existed between the different furnaces. The organization that produced the largest tonnage of iron ore per run considered themselves the champions of the district. Decorated brooms were put up and contested for. At the end of the cast, a dinner would be held for the contesting teams, liquid potations would be indulged in, and the winning team would oftentimes be compelled to maintain its supremacy by the appeal to bare knuckles. The marriage of one of the prominent employees would mean inviting all the furnacemen from various furnaces to the wedding, and it was not uncommon that the fires of the furnace might be banked for the enjoyment of some social occasion.

The furnace community life, although it contained



little of a heroic or startling nature, still had an air of quaintness and partook in a large measure of the real pioneer development of this county. The names of the furnace locations are still the designations of many of the localities. A large number are today abandoned and deserted, but are still referred to generally. To many, these names recall the robust and vigorous life once lived there, but to the large majority they mean little or nothing. A chronological history of their growth and development would serve but little purpose. The dry statement of dates, giving the years when these plants were in operation, would not greatly embellish the pages of this article. If we can catch a glimpse of the daily life of the people who engaged in this industry, we have done about all that could be expected in this remote year of 1921. The pioneers are gone, and the tradition that lives interests but little the busy population who have supplanted and succeeded them.

OVERLAND TO MICHIGAN IN 1846

BY MISS SUE I. SILLIMAN

THREE RIVERS

**B**ESIDE his cheery hearthstone on the banks of the old St. Joseph there sits a man<sup>1</sup> of four score years and five to whom through the magic of the fire's bright glow come pictures of boyhood days. Shadowed in the swiftly flowing Susquehanna<sup>2</sup> he sees the White Deer mountain, forestclad, the old stone house in the valley with its great fireplace and deep windowsills, the high roomy barn, the deerlick, the clover-grown meadows, or, slowly moving down the dusty country road a little cavalcade of covered wagons, carriages and horseback riders<sup>3</sup>—men, women, and children—"out on the sunset road" journeying west to Michigan.

As the old man recalls the months of preparation preceding their departure,—the planning, the packing, the baking, the choosing of taverns and overland routes,—he remembers the newspapers of the day with their marvelous stories of the West and the letters from enthusiastic relatives and friends, especially the letters from his brother Samuel,—and as he recalls these the old man smiles,—there flashes before him the inciting moment of a domestic drama which had far-reaching results.

His father,<sup>4</sup> tall, straight, stern, proudly tracing his pioneer ancestry to "the first white child<sup>5</sup> born of European parents in New Netherland" ruled his many six foot sons<sup>6</sup> with a Scotch Presbyterian piety

intermixed with parental authority inherited from a Dutch patroon;<sup>7</sup> Samuel, the writer of the letters, rollicking, daring, good-natured, was unfortunately given to the embellishment of his vocabulary with words strictly forbidden by his father.

It so happened one day that Samuel, plowing in the big meadow with oxen which would neither gee nor haw, let Irish temper overcome Scottish discretion; and, with a volley of energizing phrases, put to rout the decalogue of the Dutch. Imagine his consternation to find his irate father beside him who, with cane upraised, gave Samuel his choice to forthwith take a thrashing or leave home.<sup>8</sup> Twenty years old—six foot five!—of course, he left home.<sup>9</sup>

At first his letters were very brief, very dignified in tone, but as his interests broadened, we read of singing schools and husking bees, of shoring timber, of work on the canal and pike, until the "Spirit of Adventure" disguised as one Billy Morrison awakens the restlessness of his pioneer blood by telling tales of adventure happening in far away Michigan. And so, encouraged by letters and money from home, Samuel joins the western migration of 1846.

We read: "Snowshoe, Pa." September, 1846.

"Billy Morrison is almost ready to go to the West; he has a first class buggy, double harness and spending money—and that is just about all a man wants for traveling."

From Darlington, November 2, 1846.

"Dear Father: I hasten to write you that we are on the wing.—We stayed all night the first night at Abraham Fredericks, at the foot of the Pennsylvania

narrows. We had good usage and our bill was two dollars." Thereafter follows the stages of the journey, with a brief tale of the wayside inns. "Peter Wolf's tavern at Boadsburgh, the best place along the way with its bill of \$1.75 for two;" "Kinkeads at the Yellow Spring, nine miles from Water Street;" "the Temperance House at Ebensburgh, Mourrers at New Alexandria,"— "McNeils, three miles from Pittsburgh," (over whose tavern Samuel's language fails, though his dashes are most eloquent); then—New Brighton, through which they journeyed toward Pittsburgh, forty-five miles distant.

We read:—"The toll on the pike is twenty-five cents for ten miles, for two horses and a narrow-track buggy. Travel on the pike makes the horses very tired and the colt to interfere. We had to have the colt shod and they made her shoes a half inch higher on the innerside at the calk, but the Blairsville pike is one half more expensive."

A letter from Frederickstown, Knox County, Ohio, dated November 11, 1846:

"We left Darlington November 1. It has taken us four days. We arrived at New Lisbon the first night and stayed at Byrns tavern. New Lisbon is the county seat of Columbus, fifty-six miles from Pittsburgh, on Sandy and Beaver canal. At the tavern they starved both us and our horses and tho we did not get there until after night our bill was two dollars and twenty-five cents. The best tavern is the Exchange kept by Wm. Hostteter."

"We passed thro New Franklin, Paris, Canton, the county seat of Stark, and stayed four miles out with

F. H. Floom and right here we were well used,—bill, \$2.00. Canton is a wheat growing center; they have good flouring mills and an iron foundry.

“On the seventh we passed thro Massilon on the Ohio canal, eight miles from Canton. It does a big business in wheat raised on the ‘Barrens’ and is the head of the market. Wooster came next. We stayed at Mehickensville which has only one tavern but it is a good one and only makes the charge of two dollars.

“Perryville has plenty of ‘firewater.’ Next comes Newville, then Fredericktown. Expenses, from Beaver county to Knox county,—\$2.43 each.

“The only soul stirring, nerve-racking joy-killer of these parts are ague fits and chill feaver. If you come this way be sure to get Brittons cure for the feaver and ague. It would be a fortune maker.

“Strong tincture of whiskey containing thorough-wort roots is held in very high name here. Part of the country from here to Beaver is very hilly but there are some beautiful farms,—the best are in Stark county and Wayne. Stark has the best water, but Wayne the best land. Fruit is plentiful; cider, \$1.00 per bbl.

“The country is thickly settled and land from \$20.00 to \$60.00 per acre.

“Horses which at home would bring \$75.00 to \$100.00 go here for \$60.00 to \$75.00.

“I notice wages are low and that *even here* the people talk of ‘going west.’

“The farmers complain more than they cultivate and at the taverns they use up their good breath on the tariff reduction when they aren’t settling the whole Mexican question. Some talk of joining the

army for the bonty lands, but the job is too long for me.

"Uncle Billy is homesick and has given up going any farther so tomorrow, Thomas Morrison, Alexander and I let Billy and his horses shift for themselves and we start afoot to Michigan.

"From Fredericktown, Ohio, we passed thro Cheshireville, Cardington and Marion; then to Peter Marshes at Kenton.—He's a fine man with a 160 acre farm twelve miles from Kenton which is on the new railroad line and its best tavern the American.

"From Kenton thro Lima, Kalida, Shiloh to the junction of the canals; then to Defiance which is an old town with an interesting Indian history. It is on the Maumee and was at one time an Indian trading post and center for their pow wows. Now it is a center for a corn-growing country. From Defiance we went to Denmark.

"It is all Black Swamp from Lima thro to the state of Indiana. It covers thousands of acres and its one good feature is its abundance of game. We waded three days thro mud; a quarter of the time to the knees; half the time over the boot tops, and the rest of the time up to the ankles.

"Along the way are deep mud holes and the farmers keep extra cattle ready to pull the movers out. Sometimes the wagons go in up to the wagon bed; however there is the best road in the world from Sandusky to Woodville, crosses Portage river and ends at Perrysburg two miles from Maumee city. Next came Enterprise (Ind.), Saxon Prairie, Pretty Prairie, English Prairie, Lima, where there is good land. Then White Pigeon in Michigan. It seems a good place,—a smart

little town. We were at Huff's two days. He says it cost him \$50.00 to come West. He is in fine spirits and is writing a letter to you, he gives you a very high name. White Pigeon is on the cash system but there is a hard set of shavers here who will stand an hour for half a cent and they are not up to the catacism on keeping the Sabbath, but you can buy goods as cheap as you can at Milton. Coats made for four dollars. Kentucky jeans, \$3.00 and \$3.50,—vests and pantaloons, \$1.50 to \$2.00. Rents are high,—50 to 60 per yr for a little story and a half house, 16x20 and not finished at that."

Mr. Huff's letter follows:

"White Pigeon,

"August 26, 1846.

"Mr. Sillaman, Dear Sir:<sup>10</sup>

"I am in White Pigeon aworking at my trade. Am well pleased with the country. I think it the best place in the west for a poor man. I get a dollar a day for working in the shop. Blacksmithing is good business in the West. I do sincerely wish you could come out here. You could not help but like the country. Provisions are cheap. Wheat, 50, corn 25, good old ham 6c per lb., we get the same coffee for ten cents that we used to pay 12 for.

"Land is cheap; three dollars per acre for unimproved land. There is a farm of 160 acres, seventy cleared and fenced, a good house and stable all within one and a half miles of Centerville which is offered on five years time.

"There is everything here that there is in the East except copperheads—tho we do have what the people



call a massausga—It is thick in the middle like a seed onion stem with rattles on its tail. I enclose some of the rattles from one I killed when mowing in the marsh.

“Samuel says you are surely coming in the spring.—Have your wagons 4 ft. 7 in. from out to out.”<sup>11</sup>

“Let the covers be made of sheeting large enough to come down two or three inches. Pack your goods in boxes or the water will get under them.”<sup>12</sup>

“Come the best pike for the best is none too good. Our route was Lewisburg, Millersburg, Franklin, Mercer, Warren, Cleveland, Lower, Sandusky, Perrysburg, Maumee City, Canton, Caudaugua, Hillsdale, Coldwater, Sturgis Prairie, White Pigeon and here you are. These may not be named in order but they are all on the map coming out.”<sup>13</sup>

“Tell Mrs. Silliman to bring dry yeast you can’t get it on the road, set the risen at night and you can have your baking done early in the morning.—Let the loaded wagons go on and you can overtake them by ten o’clock.”<sup>14</sup>

From La Porte, Ind., Samuel writes:

“From White Pigeon we went down the St. Joseph River, whose banks are covered with all kinds of oak and maple. The river is beautiful and is navigable for light craft for one hundred and fifty miles. Produce is arked down from Oporto and Three Rivers.

“It cost me \$20. to come to La Porte. If a man is stingy enough he can make it on \$18, if he walks very hard. We averaged twenty-six miles per day walking

to White Pigeon. Thirty-two per day from there to La Porte. They use narrow track wagons here entirely; the land is so deep that they cannot travel if they get out of the regular ruts.

"You *could* do worse than settle *here* but not as my will but thine be done.

"Girls have an easy time out here. Men carry in the wood and water and even do the milking. Big girls get \$1.50 per week if they do nothing but please the children. Fetch a good many along Mother to help along the way for by all accounts its a hard job to move."

From La Porte Samuel returns to White Pigeon, then prospects around Three Rivers.

"St. Joseph is the best county I have seen in my travels. I would rather live in its woods than any place I have been. Between Three Rivers and Centerville is the best oak openings which I prefer to the prairie. There is also a middling decent people living here.

"The county has fine flouring mills usually about four run of stone.

"The largest one is at Constantine with six run; the busiest for its size at Three Rivers,—there are others at Oporto, Fawn River, Flowerfield.

"Daddy White says to tell you he raised 6,000 bushels of wheat last year, the nearest market was ten miles away at Constantine. Average cost of flouring is twenty-two cents per bbl. Lumber is worth \$7 per thousand and last year they claim to have sawed 3,000,000 ft.

"In Florence they raise mint, each farmer stills his own oil and sells it to New York agents.

"Your friends have picked out many farms for you but have not articulated yet, so if the railroad goes thro Kalamazoo to New Buffalo I would advise you to buy the Ludwig farm. Better deposit your money in Northumberland bank, the land jockies are smarter than you might think. Tell mother by all means to bring her hop yeast along and bake bread on the way or its salt risen for you—a half sour stuff that assaults your nose then insults your taster—won't be no ways held responsible for the boys if it strikes 'em unawares.

"Keep up your courage mother. Money wouldn't hire you to return once you are here. Wish I was back there to help you. Make the boys do all the work. You will have fine times coming and when you get here, there will be a cozy little home to welcome you. Not the old stone house of course, but three rooms and a garret and the boys can hang outside. You ask about tax titles and school lands. Tax titles are not very good,—too many are in swamp land and most of the good ones have tennants. Am sending you newspapers covering good points on these subjects."

The spirit of Western hospitality is shown in a letter from Samuel Ludwig in which he invites the whole party to come and as he expresses it "put up with me until you can look around. If there isn't room in the house I have a shop that I can convert into a dwelling and that with the room at the house will make you pretty comfortable *for a year* or at least until you can suit yourself."

Samuel's last admonition before the family leaves for Michigan is:—"At Pigeon stop at the second tavern

at the cross roads. Bring all the home folks you can and let me know just when you start."

The family left White Deer, Pa., May 18, 1847, and were four weeks on the road. In the little old trunk containing these old letters, the mother had carefully packed many souvenirs of the journey. The old journal kept by Mr. Silliman of the stages, business papers, even the prescription given by the family doctor with specific directions for each member of the party, anticipating almost all the ills flesh is heir to,—cordials, bitters, powders, pills, herbs, and whiskey, not forgetting Harlem oil, and for each one every morning and evening a cup of boiling water. We do not know whether these directions were the cause or cure for the conditions mentioned in a letter from Thomas, the oldest son:

"We are in the Black Swamp. It's hard traveling. Father has the pleurisy, was bled, is better; Mother, Mary Jane and Arthur have each had a chill; Brady has one every other day and James is keeping up on Jane's alternative."

Eventually the family arrived in La Porte, Ind., where they spent the summer, then located four miles north of Three Rivers in Buck Township on the old Buck Horn road.

Of the group who left the old stone house in the valley, but one remains,—the man of four score years and five, in whose possession are the overland records of '46, so carefully treasured by the mother of the big rollicking pioneer boys.<sup>15</sup>

1. Arthur Silliman, Three Rivers, Michigan.
2. White Deer Valley, Lycoming County, Pa.
3. Ed. Carrier, Arthur Foresman.  
Alex. Silliman.

- Mrs. Alex. Silliman, (Jane Foresman).  
Thomas Silliman.  
James Silliman.  
Alexander Silliman.  
Arthur Silliman.  
Mary Jane Silliman.  
Brady Silliman.  
Sarah E. Silliman.
4. Alexander Silliman.
  5. Sarah Rapalle.
  6. The shortest, six foot one—the tallest, six foot, five inches.
  7. Van Vleijds.
  8. Born 1825.
  9. 1845.
  10. The letter from Mr. Huff, a blacksmith at one time employed by Alex. Silliman.  
From White Pigeon.
  11. Huff's second letter.
  12. Rob't McCormic's letter.
  13. Huff.
  14. McCormic.
  15. Mr. Silliman died August 1, 1916.

## PIONEER DAYS IN WEXFORD COUNTY

BY CLARENCE LEWIS NORTHRUP

ST. JOHNS

MANY people think that pioneer days in Michigan ended with the settlement of the southern counties of the State, and practically with the Civil War; my experience justifies me in saying that such is not the case.

My father, Jabez Smith Northrup, came from Galway, Saratoga Co., N. Y., where he was born, and settled where now is the village of North Adams, when Michigan was a Territory. I was born there June 28, 1844. When I was six years of age my father moved to the township of Jefferson, near Osseo. When the Civil War broke out I enlisted in Co. E of the 4th Mich. Infantry, served my three years in the Army of the Potomac, and was wounded at the battle of Spottsylvania Court House. After my time was out I joined the Engineer Corps and served until the war was over. Returning home just before my 21st birthday I found that my father had removed to Kalamo, Eaton Co., where I followed him, worked on the farm and taught school.

My brother, William A. Northrup, who also served in the Civil War, was with Sherman on his march to the sea. In the summer of 1866 he went to the lumber camps at Big Rapids. In March, 1867, I received a letter from a Mr. Green of Big Rapids telling me that

my brother had met with an accident and that one of his legs was broken, and asking me to come to him. I was then teaching school in the village of Kalamo. I immediately closed my school and started. At that time there was not a railroad in Eaton or Barry counties, and no railroad north of Grand Rapids; so I started walking from my father's farm in the township of Kalamo, to Hastings where I stayed all night. The next morning I took the stage to Grand Rapids, the next day to Newaygo, and the next day reached Big Rapids; having travelled four days from Kalamo to Big Rapids, one day on foot and three days by stage.

I found my brother doing well and not needing me, so I determined to look around through Mecosta and Osceola counties, on foot of course, as there was no other way. As the best lands had been located, I determined to go to the Grand Traverse region. I found the settlers in Osceola County were all recent comers, and knew practically nothing of the geography of the State north of them. They told me of the Traverse City trail, a new state road running from Big Prairie to Traverse City, and thought it was only about fifteen miles from the Osceola settlements to those in Wexford County. I left my overcoat in Big Rapids as it was too uncomfortable to wear on my tramps through the woods, and I had only my ordinary clothing. The snow was not yet gone, and got deeper the farther north I went. The state road (Traverse City Trail it was called) was on the township line between 11 and 12 range west. The last settler in Osceola was a Mr. Oliver, who had been there only about three months. He lived in what is now Lincoln Township. I went



to his home, which was a one room cabin with no chamber. There were two beds, and as Mr. and Mrs. Oliver and the children needed them, Mrs. Oliver made me a comfortable bed on the floor. Mr. Oliver said it was seven miles to the state road, then he thought about twelve miles to the Wexford settlements; but advised me not to go, as there was not even a path to the state road, and from there on he knew nothing but doubted if there was any travel; that I had no weapon but my jack knife and was hardly prepared to be lost in the woods, with the snow eighteen or twenty inches deep; thought I would have trouble following a section line seven miles through pathless woods. But being the son of a pioneer, with over three years experience in roughing it at the front of the Army of the Potomac, I determined to try it. So in the morning with some matches and a nice lunch in my pocket, prepared by Mrs. Oliver, I bade them good by and started on my journey.

I had no great difficulty in following the seven miles of section line, as it passed through no swamps or marshes. When I reached the trail I marked a tree with my knife, so that I could recognize it upon my return. The trail had been cut out four rods wide, and the logs removed for a track between the stumps eight or ten feet wide. The streams had been rudely bridged over with poles or small logs, without being flattened. Over Pine River there was no bridge and I had to cross on a jam of floodwood. Not a hill had been graded nor a shovel used. I saw by the snow that there was no travel, and for a moment I ventured to doubt the wisdom of my undertaking; then I turned

my face northward and set out, hoping for the best. After I had gone about four miles I came to an unoccupied hunter's shanty. While examining it I heard the long drawn out wail of a panther. I listened and heard it again and again. As I had no weapon but a large jack knife I felt my blood run cold; then knowing it safer to keep going, I started on and heard no more of Mr. Panther.

Of course my headway was slow, as the path was unbroken and the snow deep. At noon I stopped by a brook and began to eat my lunch, which was not more than enough for a hungry man. Then the thought struck me that I might not get through that day, so I divided it into three parts for dinner, supper and breakfast. Again I started on, until it did not seem that I could get one foot before the other. Soon the setting sun warned me that I must prepare for a night in the woods. What would some of our young men of today think of spending a night in the woods, miles and miles from a human habitation, without an overcoat, tent or blanket, and nothing but a jack knife for a weapon, and the snow nearly two feet deep. I selected a place near a brook where a large hemlock tree had fallen. I tramped down the snow, placed some loose bark upon it, then with splinters from some pine stumps I kindled a fire, broke dead limbs from the down trees which had been cut to open the road, and soon had a cheerful fire. Next I tramped down the snow, covered it with pine boughs, fixed a background of pine limbs to keep off the wind and reflect the heat from my fire. Then, after gathering a quantity of fuel, I took off my boots, lay down on my bed of pine

boughs, and slept more or less during the night. Twice I had to get up, put on my boots and gather more wood.

At last morning came. As I had neither blanket nor overcoat, my night's rest was not as pleasant as could have been desired; still as I had served at the front all through the Civil War, I was used to roughing it. I finished the last of my lunch and started on. After going about five miles, I came to the end of where the trail was cut four rods wide. From there I found only a blazed path, with here and there a tree cut out so a wagon could pass. After following this path a half a mile, there was another blazed trail leading to the right, which I found led to an Indian tepee, several hundred yards distant. Returning to the trail I went on and on, until it seemed I could not take another step. The deep unbroken snow and lack of food, the long tedious walk, had nearly used me up.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon I came out to a log cabin in the clearing of some five or six acres. I watched the chimney, built of sticks and mud, to see if there was any evidence of life. Yes, a friendly smoke was issuing from it. I went in and received a warm welcome, and soon sat down to a splendid, well-cooked dinner. It was the home of Charles Fancher, about three miles south of the Manistee River, and the settler farthest south in Wexford County. Mr. Fancher had settled there about a year previous, built a house, raised some potatoes, turnips, etc., then when winter came had gone to the lumber woods on the Muskegon River to earn money upon which to live during the summer, while he cleared more land, leaving his wife and six daughters to keep house in his absence.

At this time all of Wexford County was the township of Wexford, attached to Manistee County. At this time there was not a settler within twenty miles of where is now the city of Cadillac; and only eleven settlers south of the Manistee River; namely, Charles Fancher, Mr. Jewett, David Baker, Aaron Baker, Abram Finch, Mr. Reynolds, Charles Cornwall, Otis Morrell, James Ivans, Howard Messick, who lived near where the village of Mesick now stands, and after whom it was named; and Dr. Perry, the only person living where the village of Sherman (then called Manistee Bridge) is now.

I made a selection of land, walked to Traverse City and located it. There was a good bridge over the Manistee River, and from there north the country was more or less settled. I was the first man to settle in what is now the township of Hanover, south of the river.

I now returned home, taking with me a more substantial lunch and an ax. The snow had nearly gone, so the walking was easier. Night overtook me when I reached the hunter's cabin where I had heard the panther scream. I found two other men there, so we joined forces and took possession of the cabin, built a cheerful fire in the center, braced the door, ate our supper, lay down on the pine boughs and were soon asleep. But we were soon awakened by the howls of the wolves which surrounded the cabin; thanks to the substantial door, they could not get in, and left before morning. One of these men was Mr. Charles Fancher, at whose house I stopped on my way to Manistee Bridge. He was a fine man, and lived all his life in

Wexford County. Some others of these first settlers, whom I loved very much, were Mr. and Mrs. Otis Morrell with their family of four children. Arthur the eldest, some twenty years ago removed with his family to Atlanta, Ga.; Myron married a Miss Jennie Wood and spent his life in Sherman; Alice, one of the sweetest little girls, married a Mr. Roth, and I think yet lives in Hanover Township.

I reached Mr. Oliver's about noon, had a good dinner, then went on to Big Rapids, and found my brother doing finely. He still lives in Big Rapids, and has for many years been a member of the city council, and is now, 1921, chairman of the board of supervisors, notwithstanding his three score and fifteen years. I returned to Kalamo the same way I came, and a few days later I was married to Miss Katie Maud Wilson. I was past twenty-two and she was seventeen years of age. Her father, George Wilson, was a highly respected man and wealthy farmer, living two miles west of the village of Kalamo; his farm was improved with a modern frame house, spacious barns, large orchard and broad fields. While her father had been a pioneer, she had been born when her parents had all the comforts of civilized life; yet such was her love for me that she gave it all up to endure the hardships and privations of pioneer life. We loaded our goods on a heavy farm wagon covered with cloth, with some chickens in a coop, and a slatted box with two little pigs fastened to the back of the wagon. A cow was tied to the rear. I hitched my oxen to the wagon and bidding good-bye to tearful friends, we started for our new home in the almost unbroken

wilderness of Wexford County. We were joined by a young man and his wife, named Downs, going to Leelanau County with a rickety cart which he had made from the hind axletree and wheels of an old wagon. It had no cover, and was drawn by a yoke of half-broken steers. These folks too had a coop of chickens and a cow.

The first night we stopped at a large farmhouse near Hastings, and had all the comforts of civilization; but after a few days settlers were farther and farther apart, so we began to camp out, building a fire and cooking our meals, and if the nights were pleasant, making our bed on the ground; if the weather was unpleasant, we fixed our bed in the wagon. Our friends, having no cover over their cart, suffered more although they would fix up some kind of a tent.

When we could we bought hay for our cattle from some settler; otherwise we halted early, turned them out, and watched them until they had eaten enough, then tied them near the wagon, doing the same in the morning; when we hitched up and started on our journey. One day Downs ran against a stump, broke his axletree, and as we were miles from a shop, we halted. I was handy with tools, so we cut a tree, and I soon had him another. This accident delayed us a day and a half.

Big Prairie at this time was only a scattered settlement. After leaving it there was not another house until we reached the settlement on the Manistee, over sixty miles distant. Here we struck the Grand Traverse Trail. After going about five miles, friend Downs ran into a rut and broke one of his wheels. He seemed

broken hearted and did not know what to do; so I suggested that he put one of my wheels on his cart, drive it back to the settlements and try to buy another wheel, even if he paid four times what it was worth. It was all he could do. This he did, and succeeded in getting another wheel, and this delayed us another day.

Our journey was slow. Although the trail had been cut four rods wide no stump had been removed, no grading done, and there was not a bridge except small logs rudely laid across the streams. We had to cross Pine River on floodwood which had formed a jam; we used some small logs and poles to help out in the bad places. It was impossible to cross this with a wagon and team, so we first led the cattle over, then removed most of the stuff from the wagon and ran it over by hand, loaded up again and then went on. Some hills were so steep the oxen could pull the wagon only a few feet at a time, when they would stop; we would then quickly block the wheels, or the wagon would pull the team down hill again. My wife, a bride of only a few weeks, would frequently carry a block of wood behind the wagon going up such hills. We found a hill near Pine River so steep that we could go down it with a wagon only by taking off the hind wheels and letting the axletree rest on poles, the front end resting on the front axletree. We frequently found trees across the road and had to stop to cut them off, and with the help of the oxen drag them out of the road. Once a huge hemlock tree, fully three feet in diameter, lay across our path. It was too large



to be removed with our tools, so we cut smaller logs, built a bridge up on each side, then drove over it.

These things made our journey very slow. Sometimes it rained all day long. Three days after the wheel accident, Downs broke another wheel. Of course he could not remedy this, and so feeling sorry for him, I took his goods on my wagon, although I was already heavily loaded and had all my oxen could manage. We hitched his steers ahead, which would have been all right on a good road, but among the stumps and ruts it was all wrong; we had not gone two miles when his steers wheeled short around and tipped my wagon over. Luckily nothing was damaged, but it took half a day to unload, right the wagon, and load up again. A mile or so farther the steers swung around and broke a large bolt which fastened the tongue to the hounds. We were now in a bad shape; not a blacksmith's shop nearer than Traverse City on the north, and Big Rapids on the south, and we were fifteen miles from the settlements at Manistee Bridge. I then proposed to Downs that he and his wife remain with my wife, and look out for the cattle and chickens, while I went to the settlement to borrow a bolt of some settler; that it would not take me over a day; or else that he go, borrow a bolt and return. This both he and his wife absolutely refused to do. I called his attention to the many times I had helped him; and that had I not been burdened with his goods and unbroken steers, the accident never would have happened. Still he refused, and after having some hard words he packed the most valuable things he had on

his oxen, hid the rest in the woods, and left us to our fate.

There was nothing to do but put our things in shape and rest until morning. Then I strapped some blankets on the ox yoke, took my ax and we started on our fifteen mile walk. We had not gone far when my wife gave out. I managed by carrying her a part of the time to reach the Indian tepee, spoken of before, not far from the present village of Harrietta. Scattering fresh pine and hemlock boughs on the dirt floor, I spread down the blankets, and had her sit down. I cut a quantity of wood, put it inside the tepee with some dry limbs and brush, and then built a fire in the door and cautioned my wife not to leave the tepee nor let the fire go out. Then with my oxen and cow I hurried on as fast as I could walk; reached Dr. Perry's a little after noon. The doctor said that the first thing was to get my wife. So I left my oxen and cow, and Dr. Perry took his oxen and wagon, with some tea and food, and accompanied by Mr. Soper, who had recently come there, we started back, reaching the tepee about an hour after dark. We cut more wood, made tea, fried some bacon, and after supper my wife related her adventure. She said that after resting a while she went to a spring a short distance from the tepee, had a drink, bathed her face, returned to the tepee, spread out the blankets, lay down and before she knew it was asleep. Suddenly she awoke with great fear. Looking over the fire, which was very low, she saw a huge panther, crouching as if about to spring. She quickly threw a lot of dry brush on the fire, which made a quick blaze. She then put on dry wood, and soon had

a big fire. The panther seemed disconcerted, but still glared at her over the fire. Occasionally it made the circuit of the tepee, and tried to force its way in, but the slabs of which the tepee was built proved too strong. However, it hung around for an hour or two, when hearing some heavy noise it left and disappeared in the forest. Of course my wife was terribly frightened, and yet she never lost her head, but kept up a bright fire, knowing that was her only weapon.

We passed a very comfortable night, I and my wife occupying one side of the tepee and Dr. Perry and Mr. Soper the other; our beds being pine boughs on the ground with blankets spread over them. The next morning Dr. Perry, Mr. Soper and my wife returned to the doctor's home while I went back to my wagon. Dr. Perry took my wife to his house, when Mr. Soper with the tongue bolt returned to help me out of my difficulties.

After reaching my wagon I found everything all right, fed my pigs and chickens, and waited patiently for Mr. Soper. When it was night I collected material for a fire, but found my matches gone; and disliking to go to sleep alone in the woods without a fire, I walked up and down. Once, when I was about two miles from the wagon, I saw what looked like a fire off from the road. Investigating I found where some one had camped a few days before, the end of a log still being on fire. I quickly kindled a cheerful fire and remained by it until morning, then returned to my wagon. About 10 o'clock Mr. Soper arrived. We fixed things up and two days later reached Dr. Perry's. Mr. Soper afterwards located in Colfax.

We remained with Dr. Perry until I built my house. At this time a sawmill was built on the north side of the river, about four miles from the Manistee Bridge, by Mr. John Wheeler, who afterwards was treasurer of Wexford County. A grist mill was built the next season in the south part of what is now Wexford Township. A small grocery store was kept by a Mr. Masters about four miles north from the river, which also was the first and only post office in the county. It was called Wexford and was later moved to the present village of Wexford, in the northeast corner of Wexford Township.

During the winter of 1868 God presented us with a fine boy, the first white child born in Wexford County south of the river. He is now the Rev. Van P. Northrup, D.D., a graduate of Dickerson College of Carlisle, Pa., and a member of the Wilmington Conference. Two years later we had another son, Vernon W. Northrup, now a resident of Hurlock, Md. We had two other children, who died in infancy.

Settlers came in fast, but the fact that the G. R. & I. railroad owned every alternate section of land, and that large quantities of Agricultural College lands were located near, operated greatly to our disadvantage. Lewis Clark opened a store, a post office was established, and Manistee Bridge was thereafter known as Sherman. Vet Clark opened the first hotel, Maqueston Bros. soon opened another store, and Sherman began to take on the appearance of a thriving, enterprising village. The first school south of the river was located two miles south of Sherman, known as the Baker school. I was its second teacher. A year or two later

a modern school house was built in Sherman, the second school organized south of the river. During the winter of 1869 Wexford was organized as a county, and divided into four townships: Wexford T. 24 N. Range 12 W.; Hanover T. 24 N. Range 9, 10 and 11 W.; Springdale T. 21, 22 and 23 N. Range 11 and 12 W.; Colfax T. 21, 22 and 23 N. Range 9 and 10 W. At the first election Henry I. Devoe was made supervisor of Wexford, Wm. Dean supervisor of Springdale, Mr. McLain supervisor of Colfax, and I was elected supervisor of Hanover, which office I held five years. The county seat was located at Sherman.

In the winter of 1870, Henry I. Devoe and I were appointed a committee to settle with Manistee County. As there was no way to reach Manistee, only to walk, we started down the river. When we got beyond the settlements we followed lumber and timber roads, passing through lumber camps and unbroken forests of pine. We were two days reaching Manistee, and after finishing our business to the satisfaction of all, returned home over the same road, finding entertainment at the various lumber camps.

A year later the Board proceeded to build a court house. After the county seat was moved to Cadillac, the court house at Sherman became the high school for the village.

The first lawyer to locate in Sherman was Hon. T. A. Ferguson, who was the first prosecuting attorney of Wexford County, and later Representative in the Legislature.

The Methodists had the first organization, and held services in the school house. In 1871 the Congre-

gationalists organized a church, the following being the charter members: myself and wife, Henry I. Devoe and wife, Mrs. Otis Morrell, Arthur Morrell, Andrew Anderson and wife, John Anderson, his mother and sister, Harmony Carpenter and wife, Harvey Burt and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Wallen, and my brother Guilford S. Northrup. I think these are now all dead with the exception of my brother, Rev. G. S. Northrup, St. Johns, Mich., and myself. Andrew Anderson and myself were deacons; Andrew Anderson, Henry I. Devoe, and myself trustees. Rev. Mr. Denton, missionary evangelist, organized it, after which he left and Rev. Richard Redcoff became pastor. The next year we built a nice frame church, the first church building in Wexford County. The church is still in use by the Congregationalists at Sherman, and is in fine condition.

During this time I studied law with Hon. T. A. Ferguson, and in 1875 was admitted to the bar, the first lawyer admitted in Wexford County. In the spring of 1876 I removed to Benzonia, and delivered the Centennial oration July 4, 1876. In 1878 I was elected Prosecuting Attorney of Benzie County, and again in 1880; and was Circuit Court Commissioner six years. Later I removed to Big Rapids, then later to Hurlock, Md., thinking to get a better climate; and both myself and my wife always regretted that we left Michigan. One day while thinking of "Dear Old Michigan," when reading a copy of the *Hillsdale Standard*, I penned the following and sent it to the *Standard* which was published:

## MY MICHIGAN HOME

Yes, I was born in Michigan,  
A Hillsdale county boy,  
In a quaint old-fashioned farm house,  
A father's pride and joy.

And I was raised in Michigan,  
Though far away I roam;  
The fairest land in all the earth;  
God bless my dear old home.

I went to school in Michigan;  
Long years since passed away,  
And from a gay and careless boy,  
I'm a grandsire, old and gray.

I went to war from Michigan  
With Lombard, good and brave;  
With comrades true I fought full well,  
Our country's flag to save.

I won my bride in Michigan,  
A girl with eyes so blue;  
Like all the daughters of the state,  
She's kind and good and true.

My boys were born in Michigan;  
Oh, land of noble men!  
I know the breezes of the north  
Inspired them, there and then.

I have some graves in Michigan;  
Father and Mother there,  
Brothers and sisters, there so dear,  
And children bright and fair.

There is no land, but Michigan,  
In all God's universe,  
So sweet, so dear, so heavenly fair,  
So like to Paradise.

I want my grave in Michigan,  
In its dear soil to lie;  
For that's the nearest place to heaven.  
Oh, there I want to die!



We had planned to return to Michigan in the summer of 1920, but in May my wife died, after a happy wedded life of over fifty-three years, and I returned alone. In looking back, both I and my wife always agreed that our pioneer days were the happiest of our lives.

## OLD VETERANS' STORIES

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Compiled by the  
Charles T. Foster Camp No. 4, Sons of Veterans

Lansing, Michigan  
Bernard B. Whittier  
Chairman of Committee

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### WHO ATE WIRTZ'S DOG?

BY REV. WINFIELD SCOTT SLY

LANSING

**C**APT. HENRY WIRTZ, the commander in charge of Andersonville Prison, was usually accompanied by a savage bull dog—especially when he entered the prison stockade. Inside the stockade was a small shack used for hospital purposes, enclosed by upright boards fastened to the frame side by side. One of the boards had been removed and some things taken, which led Capt. Wirtz to fasten his dog with a long chain inside the hospital enclosure. A few mornings later the dog was missing. Capt. Wirtz was very angry, and gave orders to issue no more rations to the prisoners until the man or men who took the dog confessed.

The death rate, already large, increased so rapidly that other Confederate officers expostulated with the Captain, pointing out that his act would reach the knowledge of the Yankee Government, and reprisals

would be visited on Confederate prisoners; that so severe a punishment of so many men was not justified for the loss of a dog. Capt. Wirtz withdrew his order, and the meager rations issued to the prisoners were again resumed.

Capt. Wirtz did not learn what became of his bull dog; nor did the fate of the dog become known to the thousands of prisoners in the stockade. Fifty years have passed away since then. In 1917 the writer, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Holt, Michigan, being requested to visit J. H. Barnes, a sick man living a few miles from there, called at the farm house to see the invalid. He soon learned he was a veteran of the Civil War, having, like the writer, enlisted when he was only fifteen years of age, and was captured and sent to Andersonville prison.

The writer mentioned the fact that he had a brother who was a prisoner for seventeen months, ten months of which were spent in Andersonville, and he was familiar with and had often spoken of the horrors of that prison. Cats, dogs, rats, mice, even frogs and snakes were devoured when caught by the prisoners. The man's wife remarked that her husband knew how dog meat tasted, as he was the man that got Wirtz's dog and killed and helped eat him. Asked for a statement of the circumstance, which has so long remained a secret, Comrade Barnes gave the following narrative:

"I was detailed to go to the 'hospital' and assist in the limited aid that was given such prisoners as were sent there. I was there during the day, and was relieved at dark. During the night, it was supposed, very naturally, some of the prisoners removed a board

and took such supplies as they could find, and escaped, replacing the board after them. Capt. Wirtz fastened his dog inside with a long chain, at night, to deter any one else from breaking in. While he was a savage brute, and every prisoner who ever saw him could not forget him, I managed to get his good will by giving him scraps of food I picked up in the hospital cook house, and gave him as I passed out in the dark. After a few nights he seemed to look for me.

"I told my 'bunkys' that if he would go with me we would have a feast that night. About twelve o'clock we went to the 'hospital.' I had found the loose board. We easily removed it and I threw the dog some scraps, and he quieted down and came to the end of his chain. I fed him some more, and patted him on the head, and he followed me while I unfastened the chain and led him to the opening and he jumped through. We replaced the board, and led the dog down to our little 'dugout,' at the far end of the stockade.

"We cut his throat and soon had him skinned and dressed, and boiling in a stew-pan we had to cook our scanty rations in. We let a few boys into our secret, and for once while in Andersonville we had a feast. As the dog was young and quite fat, he made fine eating, and we were well prepared for the 'fast' Wirtz imposed upon the prisoners because no one would tell who got his dog. Had we been discovered, a terrible fate would have been visited upon us."

This narrative as given to the writer will answer the query of many a man who was an Andersonville prisoner—"Who ate Wirtz's dog?"—(Experience of

J. H. Barnes. Contributed by Rev. Winfield Scott Sly, Co. H, 132 Ill. Inf.)

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### THE SERGEANT OF THE GUARD

BY CHAS. F. COOK

I WAS mustered into service at Camp Curtin, Pa., on August 20, 1862, and discharged therefrom at Annapolis, Md., June 6, 1865, a much wiser man. Some Confederates succeeded in capturing me August 21, 1864, on the Weldon Railroad, in Virginia, and I was not permitted to re-enter the Union lines until the 2nd day of March, 1865. By reason of being made a prisoner of war I spent the latter part of the summer of 1864 on Belle Island. While there a number of incidents occurred of more than passing interest, not to speak of the great reduction in my weight.

It was customary for the sergeant of the guard, one Jackson, to rouse the prisoners in the morning and take them to the point of the Island, examine the camp, and count the prisoners to see whether any had died and whether any had escaped. There was a small bridge that crossed the dead-line down towards the river to the sink. This bridge was always crowded with comers and goers, and one morning a weak and emaciated soldier of the 39th Massachusetts regiment was jostled off the bridge and fell into the dead-line ditch while climbing up the bank. This soldier was a fine looking man with black mustache and short, wavy hair. I was about to encourage the soldier to try to get out of the ditch and return to his comrades, when—bang!—

a shot rang out upon the air. It killed the soldier instantly. A mere Confederate boy was on guard at this place, heavily armed. I have wondered so often who this soldier was, and whether word reached the home folks regarding the affair. That guard lost whatever popularity he may ever have had among our boys right there and then.

Another morning later I walked down the so-called street and turned around the last row of tents (supposition tents), and there was then only a foot or two between me and the dead-line. I walked along the narrow path never thinking anything but what I was on the safe side, when I heard the click-click of a rifle. Halting, I looked around and there was an Irishman on guard with leveled gun. Yes, he was dressed in a Confederate uniform, the rascal. Assuming the Irish brogue as well as I could, I raised my hand and cried,

"Don't shoot, Pat. Let me around the corner."

I hastened my steps and with my hand in the same expectant position, I cautiously avoided getting over the dead-line until I had rounded the corner out of sight of that too ambitious fellow, then breathed a sigh of relief. A person must have good nerves in the war business, but I was getting my Pennsylvania Dutch up, also. Then I walked back to the street again, and there stood three of Uncle Sam's boys, facing the gate.

Right there I was witness to the best shot, as I thought, fired during the great Rebellion. A sick soldier was lying on the ground some distance from us. Sergeant Jackson came along and gave him a severe kick in the ribs and we heard the poor man groan. One of our number said, "If Jackson comes this way

I am going to hit him." I said, "No, you won't." This was a dangerous undertaking as the Sergeant carried a knife and two ivory handled revolvers. I stepped aside a few paces and good fortune was that Sergeant Jackson approached in my direction. As he reached me, an arm suddenly shot out like a trip hammer, and the aforesaid Sergeant went up into the air and turning completely over fell with his face in the sand. He got up, rubbing the blood and sand from his eyes, and tugging at his belt for some pistol. We had already disappeared in the crowd.

The result was that no rations were to be issued until it was reported who struck Sergeant Jackson. No one knew but we four of Lincoln's men and the Almighty, and He wouldn't tell. To my knowledge it has not been reported to this day. Query: When did we prisoners again commence getting something to eat; who can say?—(Experience related by Tobias S. Fisher, Co. F, 142nd Penn. Vol. Inf.)

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### THE COLONEL'S BREAKFAST

BY N. D. BROWN

PORT HURON

I SERVED nearly four years in the 12th Wisconsin Veteran Volunteer Infantry, first under Grant, then under Sherman; saw service in every southern state but Florida and Texas; felt lead three times, but hold no grudge, as I did the best I could to keep the account balanced, though I hope now that I never injured any of the "other side" very bad. I was an



inveterate forager, and prefer to dwell upon that topic to telling how many of the enemy I got.

I was with Grant on his first, last, and only retreat, from Water Valley, in the fall of '62. We were attempting to get in the rear of Vicksburg, by marching south through central Mississippi, when VanDorn with quite a large body of cavalry flanked us on our left, and captured the city of Holly Springs, considerable of the garrison, and a vast store of supplies, which he destroyed, compelling us to retreat. In his memoirs Grant says, "We would not have done so, a year later." He had not then learned the art of living off the enemy's country.

While making up his mind to retreat, Grant reduced our rations to the minimum, while our appetites climbed to the maximum, two extremes which did not meet the views, or approbation, of the nineteen-year-olds of which the army was mostly composed; so foraging at our own risk was the remedy applied. Five of us, two corporals and three privates, were captured by General Paine and his escort just as we were entering the village of Water Valley, but we refused to carry any farther the dead hogs which we had already carried over two miles. While the meat was ours we were perfectly willing to carry it, but as it was changing owners we lost all interest in it.

We were placed under arrest, in an old cotton gin, along with about 140 Confederate prisoners, where we were soon joined by about 35 more unlucky foragers who, like ourselves, fell into the hands of the patrol guard. The Confederate prisoners were making coffee, and preparing to have such a breakfast—on hard-tack

and dry salted pork—as we had not had for some time. As prisoners they had been fed from the wagons, and were taking their time, pounding their coffee in a piece of cloth before putting it to “draw,” while the bread and meat were piled up near one of their fires; a temptation too great to be resisted by the hungry “Yanks,” who organized a raid on the “grub pile,” and while the Johnnies yelled “Gyard, gyard,” every forager got a good supply of bread and meat, which was devoured raw, and with relish.

About 8 p. m. our squad arrived at Colonel Bryant's tent, who was ordered to punish us severely, which he proceeded to do by relieving the headquarters guards and putting us on duty in their places, though the only food we had eaten that day was what we had taken from the Rebel prisoners. My place was on the Colonel's wagon, and about midnight I crawled into it, as it was raining harder than usual. Here I found the cold biscuit and other food which the cook had put away for the Colonel's breakfast, and lost no time in devouring it. Then I began to realize that I would be punished again for that, and decided to give them a good cause to do so. The rain moderating, I gathered up what food I could and carried it to my company comrades and set them cooking and eating; making more than one trip, I wound up by taking a half chest of tea, as I could not find any coffee. As I was a corporal, I slipped down to the Captain in the morning and resigned before he knew I was under arrest.

Strangest of all, there never was a word said about the pilfered wagon, and I was disappointed in not get-

ting a chance to "air my grievance." A few years ago I told the dear old Colonel the story. He laughed till the tears came into his eyes.—(Experience of N. D. Brown, Co. G, 12th Wis. Vol. Inft., December, 1862.)

## RAIL GROWTH OF MICHIGAN'S CAPITAL CITY

BY GLEN K. STIMSON

LANSING

**R**OMANCE, high hopes and disappointments, business strategy—big and little—and the play of gigantic forces, only partially revealed, are to be found bound up in the story of how Lansing got its railroads.

The story, too, in quite a measure, epitomizes the history of railroad development in Michigan. Railroad financing and management, nowadays, is a matter quite apart from the life of the communities which the roads serve; but, in the beginning, the railroad enterprises were essentially matters of close-up human interest.

"You can't unscramble scrambled eggs," said the great eastern financier, using this vivid metaphor by way of saying that the giant corporations of today can never be resolved back into the units from which they arose. When the author of this much quoted phrase said it, it would seem that he was thinking in particular of Michigan railroads. If ever there was a case of "scrambled eggs," the railroad development in this state is it.

To what degree the railroads entering Lansing are "scrambled" may be shown, in sample, by noticing briefly the interwoven history of that section of the Michigan Central, from Owosso to Jackson, and that

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branch of the New York Central lines, from North Lansing to Hillsdale, which the old-timers here used to call the Lake Shore or "Southern" road. First, these roads, in point of the germ idea, were one road; they were developed to some extent in as many as five separate entities; next they partially coalesced into two rivals, operating at sword points, and, now, after the lapse of years they are under one general management again.

To "unscramble" this steel bound omelet, at least on paper, may prove informative as to how, in part, Lansing got its railroads.

CALKINS, CHAMPION "UNSCRAMBLER"

At this point, before going on with the history of railroads serving Lansing, a deserved tribute needs to be paid to Edmund A. Calkins, statistician of the Michigan Public Utilities Commission, with offices in the new state office building. His home is at Mason.

Mr. Calkins is the champion railroad "unscrambler" of the state, and Michigan may well match him against the United States, as a man who can trace the developments of the present great railway systems from their primitive beginnings. This Mr. Calkins has done in a little, unpretentious volume of some 150 pages. The work is essentially a tabulation, but it represents an immense amount of research in original documents. This work was originally authorized by the old Michigan Railroad Commission. The work of compilation was continued through many years and was finally submitted just as the railroad commission went out of existence.

It has been said that our present railroad systems cannot be "unscrambled" and yet, in the face of that statement, Mr. Calkins has been termed an "unscrambler." The situation is not quite so contradictory as it might seem. What Mr. Calkins has done is to point the trace of the turkey's egg, and that of the bantam and the guinea hen, amid the great mass supplied by the Plymouth Rock. This work leaves little for one to accomplish amid the original documents pertaining to Michigan railroading, now preserved in the state archives. To add a little color, some names and a conjecture or two, is about all that remains for the railroad historian.

Late in February of this year, there was printed, in the columns of the State Journal, an account of the building of the old "Ram's Horn" road into Lansing from Owosso. That was Lansing's first railroad. It was first open for business here, as has been told, December 24, 1860, but did not reach Franklin Avenue, North Lansing, until the fall of '62, and Michigan Avenue the next summer. The account of last February had particularly to do with the physical aspects of building the first road. The account to follow deals with how the road was financed, who did it, and how unforeseen circumstances and developments arose.

The old "Ram's Horn," as Lansing pioneers still remember it, was originally part of the road that was projected as the Amboy, Lansing & Traverse Bay railroad. "A. L. & T. B.," it is related, in an account in the *Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections* were initials taken to mean "Awfully Long and Terribly

Bumpy." However, "Ram's Horn" was the name that persisted.

#### AMBOY NOW UNKNOWN

Now anyone in this geography class who can tell where Amboy is, will please hold up his hand? Well, never mind, children, your ignorance is excusable. Amboy is a township in the southern tier of townships, in Hillsdale County. For Amboy hamlet there is still a little dot on some maps, but it gets its mail by rural delivery.

The first general railroad law of the state had been enacted, February 12, 1855. Practically all the railroads of the state were projected under this law. But it remained for a federal enactment, about a year and a half later, to set the promoters busily at the task of covering Michigan with a network of railroads.

June 3, 1856, congress enacted the famous land-grant law which it may well be believed furnished the original impetus for making the United States the foremost nation of the world in point of railroads. The Michigan legislature, as soon as it met, following the enactment of the federal land-grant law, followed right up with a law to take advantage of the possibilities offered. The legislature thus acted in '57; it was January 23, 1857, that the Amboy, Lansing & Traverse Bay railroad filed its articles of incorporation. The road organized under the general railroad law of '55.

*rail road  
land grant*

There is little wonder that the federal law of '56 set men to building railroads, little wonder that they started their lines at such places as Amboy and projected them into the expansive nowhere. What Uncle



Sam did in his law was to give to railroad builders every alternate section of land designated by odd numbers, along their right of way, and for six sections in width. Whether railroading paid or not, the sale of land to new comers in the state would.

"GREAT EXPECTATIONS"

But it is not quite fair to leave the impression that railroads were projected solely because of the prospect of profits from the sale of lands. The promoters may have had those profits pretty largely in mind, but they talked the need of transportation and the rosy prospect of each hamlet along the proposed line becoming a metropolis. Who the promoters were, seeking land profits, does not readily appear from the old records, but it does appear that there was a public spirited, enterprising lot of citizens along the line of the proposed road, all the way from Owosso, through Lansing, Eaton Rapids, Albion, and down to the southern line of the state.

When the Amboy, Lansing & Traverse Bay was projected, railroading was well past the experimental stage. The main line of the Michigan Central, west from Detroit, through Jackson, Battle Creek and Kalamazoo, had long been in operation. The Michigan Central was running into Battle Creek in November 1845. The road came into Jackson in '42, from Dexter. Ann Arbor and Detroit were connected in 1839. Adrian, on the old Erie & Kalamazoo, still in existence, boasts of hearing the first locomotive whistle west of Schenectady. That was in April, 1833.

Lansing was still in the mud and in the woods and

hobnobbing with Indians when Jackson and places along the main line of the M. C. were considering themselves civilized. There was this advantage for the places to the northward—that they were where the land was that Uncle Sam gave to the railroads. The two southern tiers of counties were filled with settlers.

So it was that Lansing had a fine demonstration of what railroads could do. Little wonder it is that the railroad promoters, primarily after the land grants, found ready subscribers for stock in the places along the projected line. Almost to a man, the stock subscriptions represented public spirit and enterprise, rather than a hope of dividends on the stock. Lansing itself, as a municipality, was a liberal subscriber to the stock in the sum of \$25,000. Probably the subscription was considered more as a subsidy than otherwise. Alfred E. Cowles in his history of Lansing says this stock was later sold for \$62.50.

#### JACKSON RIVAL OF LANSING

Rivalry between Jackson and Lansing appears to have broken out at an early day over the right of way of the new north and south railroad, projected back in '57.

Lansing won in the initial clash; but in later years the railroad situation seems to have worked out much as Jackson first planned, but that was after the time of railroad rivalry had passed.

In the opening article of this series, it was said that the Amboy, Lansing & Traverse Bay was the first road in the state to take advantage of the new federal land

grant act. That is true, but some leaders at Jackson tried to beat the Lansing projectors to it.

December 8, 1856, men at Jackson, including Peter B. Loomis, Henry A. Hayden, W. R. Reynolds, Michael Shoemaker and Moses A. McNaughton, filed articles of incorporation for the Amboy & Traverse Bay railroad. That was six weeks before the papers were filed for the Amboy, Lansing & Traverse Bay. The route of the Jackson project was quite similar to the project that centered here, except that the Jackson line was to pass northward from Amboy through Jackson rather than through Homer and Albion. The similarity of names of the two roads and their general course leads to the conjecture that quite likely the same promoters were back of both projects. As was quite common in the days of early railroad promotion, one community was played off against the other to see which would make the larger bid.

Two Lansing stockholders were included with those backing the Jackson project. One was Joseph C. Bailey, an early pioneer banker here, and the other was John E. Longyear. But Longyear was also included as one of the leading stockholders of the Amboy, Lansing & Traverse Bay. Just so—we may surmise, if we like, that the essentials of the “interlocking directorate” are not new. But, whatever may have been behind the scenes, it remains that nothing came of the Amboy & Jackson. After filing its first papers, no other record appears. However, a railroad project, north from Jackson, appears later, under two different names.

## BUILDING ROAD SLOW JOB

Back in 1857 projecting railroads on paper was one thing, and getting them built was quite another. As Lansing people know, it was not until 1860 that the section of the Amboy, Lansing & Traverse Bay between Owosso and Lansing was in operation. It was the summer of '63 before the road came down to Michigan Avenue where is now the Union station. Some work, however, had been done south of Lansing toward Eaton Rapids and Albion, but no rails laid.

Here is where the railroads now serving Lansing began to be "scrambled." Into the pan with the original egg, was broken another, the Lansing & Jackson railroad. It filed papers February 23, 1864. A little less than a year later it changed its name to the Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw, and about three weeks after changing its name, we find this new road taking over that portion of the A. L. & T. B., between Lansing and Owosso, known as the "Ram's Horn," for \$1. The omelet has begun to form. Traverse Bay has been lost sight of for the present and eyes fixed on growing Saginaw. Lansing and Mason join hands with Jackson in the Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw road.

It is as difficult to keep the old A. L. & T. B. in mind as to keep the eye on the little pea in the shell game. About two years after the Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw has taken one bite out of the original road, along comes the Northern Central Michigan and buys from the old A. L. & T. B. its right of way south from Lansing. So we say good-bye to Lansing's first railroad as an entity.

## PROJECT SUBSIDIARY ROAD

It is pretty evident that the Northern Central Michigan was instigated, right from the outset, by the increasingly important Lake Shore & Michigan Southern. So far as the records show the so-called "Southern" road, with present terminus at North Lansing, was built by Albion enterprise. Samuel V. Irwin, O. C. Gale and W. R. Crane and others, of Albion, are indicated in the records as the principal stockholders, and included is W. H. Brockway, a name still known in Albion—he was the father-in-law of Samuel Dickie, the retiring president of Albion College. Another interested party was James Gallery, of Eaton Rapids. By the way, Mr. Gallery has left a paper, to be found in the *Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections*, on the financing of railroads through Eaton Rapids. The subscription of a considerable sum by John Oyer, of Springport, reminds of when that place was Oyer's Corners.

The reason one may conclude that the Northern Central Michigan was built for the Lake Shore, under the camouflage of local enterprise, lies in the fact that the road was so soon turned over to the Lake Shore and ultimately absorbed by it. Indeed, the Lake Shore had the road before it was completed into Lansing. The record of stock control passing to the Lake Shore is as of '73; but the Lansing *Daily Republican*, for August 2, '72, under the caption of "The Southern Road," tells of the plans of the Lake Shore for entering Lansing. That article says the road is ironed as far as Eaton Rapids.

The article says:

"Col. J. Condit Smith is in town today with W. H. Brockway of Albion and they are looking up a site for a depot in this city. There are three routes under consideration. One on the west side of the city, through Pine st., the depot to be located near the intersection with Washtenaw st.; the second route through East st., on which is the Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw; and the other on the eastern bank of Grand River. At an informal meeting last night there seemed to be a strong preference for the route along the river."

#### CHOICE OF ROUTE LUCKY

Lansing of today may well congratulate itself that the third route was chosen. It will be very easy some day, the city planners have shown us, to have the "Southern road" come in at the Union station.

So the Northern Central Michigan, even before it arrived in Lansing, was known as the Lake Shore. It was not until 1914 that the record shows it entitled to the name New York Central.

Now, in the meanwhile, what has become of the Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw? That is easily guessed. The record shows that on September 1, 1871, it was leased for its corporate life to the Michigan Central. Even before the lease, the J. L. & S. was operated in conjunction with the M. C. and its trains used the station of the latter at Jackson. The stock of the J. L. & S. is said to have been in a comparatively few hands at the time of the lease to the Michigan Central. There are a few popular tales still afloat as to the fabulous rental still paid by the M. C. for the old J. L. & S., but

these stories are disproved by the facts. The road is leased for \$70,750 a year. But probably practically all the stock of the old J. L. & S. is owned by the M. C.

The records of '71 show that the Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw was leased to the Michigan Central by O. M. Barnes, holding 2,808 shares, H. A. Hayden, Jackson, 2,450 shares, and W. D. Thompson, Jackson, 4,449 shares. These three represented more than two-thirds of the stock. The lease in question is a highly complicated affair in that it takes care of all the bonds and other indebtedness and takes over the land grants of the road. How long the stock of the old J. L. & S. was held by the three men who leased the road can only be conjectured. Probably the Michigan Central owns that stock now and pays itself rent, if it still goes through the formality. But in the way of a legal fiction the old Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw still lives.

In all that has been said, the matter of the importance of the federal land grants to railroad builders has been lost to view but, by this token, we are not to suppose that the land involved was not an important consideration. It was. Dealings in those lands were the foundations of several Lansing fortunes. The castle-like Barnes residence on W. Main Street, at the head of Capitol Avenue, may be regarded as a historic monument to the time when O. M. Barnes successfully dealt in railroad lands, so those say who remember that financial giant of his time.

#### LANSING MEN IN EARLY RAILROAD HISTORY

There were some outstandingly forceful personalities instrumental in bringing the railroads to Lansing.



Some of these men were of Lansing and others were of cities and towns Lansing counts as neighbors. Such names as Alfred L. Williams, Owosso; Dr. Hulbert B. Shank, Lansing; Orlando M. Barnes, Mason and Lansing, and James Turner, Lansing, deserve to enter into the list at the outset.

It seems strange that in the biographical material that remains concerning them so little is said of them as railroaders. Even of Barnes and of Turner not much remains in print of their railroading activities, even though considerable more or less apocryphal tradition may still be heard concerning them in that connection.

The first president of the Amboy, Lansing & Traverse Bay was Marvin Hannahs of Albion. He subscribed to \$25,000 worth of stock and led the list. But the name of Hannahs is not so persistent in the records as that of Alfred Williams of Owosso. It was A. L. Williams, Dr. H. B. Shank and Hiram Smith who appeared before Daniel L. Case at Lansing, only six days after the incorporation papers were filed, and made affidavit that \$17,500 of the capital stock had been paid in in cash. It was again the names of Williams and Shank that last appear for the Amboy, Lansing & Traverse Bay when its right of way south of Lansing was transferred to the Northern Central Michigan, later to become the Lake Shore. It was Williams and Shank who January 6, 1861, filed the certificate with the state affirming that 20 miles of road had been completed.

Williams and Shank were the representatives for the A. L. & T. B. who stipulated that R. H. Gilson & Co., contractors, should be recompensed for grading

and bridging done between Eaton Rapids and Jonesville, when the road, south of Lansing, was taken over by the Northern Central Michigan. This was agreed to. The transfer was for \$1 and "other mutually valuable considerations."

#### A REMARKABLE FIGURE

Alfred L. Williams of Owosso and elsewhere—he was all over Michigan and in California and Virginia, sooner or later—must have been a remarkable figure in his day. He was the founder of Owosso in 1837 and he was of wide fame as a fur trader. Not much is told of him as a railroader, so far as has been found, but it is of record that he was much of the time in New York in behalf of the Amboy, Lansing & Traverse Bay; during its first years.

Dr. Hulbert B. Shank, the father of Rush J. Shank, perhaps still remembered by some of the older generation in Lansing, was also apparently indefatigable in behalf of the new railroad. His name is frequently found as secretary of the corporation. Alfred E. Cowles in his "Past and Present of Ingham County," deals briefly with the railroads. He leaves one tantalizing line. He says: "Oh, how the people of that day did long for the coming of railroads." This longing it may be guessed was one of the springs of Dr. Shank's activity in railroading. The record of him as a railroader is brief and formal, but there is much material concerning him otherwise and it appears that he was Public Spirit personified. George B. Sanford writing in the old *Lansing Journal* of February 22, 1883, a reminiscent sketch tells of the early activities

in Mich.  
railroads

here of Dr. Shank. He came with his wife and began practice here in 1848.

The public spirit in early railroading, exemplified by Dr. Shank, is pretty well instanced in the nature of the stock subscriptions to the Amboy, Lansing & Traverse Bay. It was the leading men of the town and sometimes the business firms that put up the money. For instance, at Eaton Rapids, the leading subscribers were D. Sterling & Co., D. W. Gould and James and William Gallery. There were 37 subscriptions made there altogether and they were represented by C. C. Chatfield, attorney.

#### THE LARGEST STOCKHOLDERS

Among the largest stockholders in the Amboy, Lansing & Traverse Bay are to be noted R. E. Aldrich, R. Landon and Townsend E. Gidley, all of Parma. These names are significant in as much as gauging the present by the past we discover how business influence in Michigan has shifted with changing conditions. Parma is a little place in Jackson County now scarcely known, but when the three named above made their, for the time, large subscriptions to the new railroad project they and their business were considered outstanding. Parma, now forgotten, once drew trade from Ingham County.

While public spirit and business service must have been the animating principle with a great majority of the stockholders in the early Lansing railroad enterprises, nevertheless the significance of the land grants must not be lost to sight. The old Amboy, Lansing & Traverse Bay early faded from view, but the land

grants in connection did not. It is on the land grant cue that Orlando M. Barnes makes his entry. The land grants originally made to the A. L. & T. B., in less than ten years, had passed to the Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw road, and it was with this road that Barnes was prominently connected. Those who claim to know, say he made his fortune because of the land grants and not through railroading. It is stated that he was one of the six stockholders into whose hands all the stock of the Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw had come when the lease of the road was made to the Michigan Central for 99 years. But the matter of the fortunes made in land grants is a story that deserves to be told by itself.

However, the right of way of the old A. L. & T. B., which was transferred to the J. L. & S., is worthy of note as indicating what a tremendous acreage of wild land went with it. The right of way as described in the state records says that the road shall begin at Amboy and run northerly through Hillsdale, Jackson, Calhoun, Ingham, Eaton, Clinton, Midland, Isabella, Clare, Gladwin, Arenac, Iosco, Ogemaw, Oscoda, Roscommon, Missaukee, Omena, Kalkaska, Crawford, Alcona, Alpena, Montmorency, Otsego, Antrim, Charlevoix, Wyandotte, Presque Isle, Cheboygan and Emmet, or through such or so many of these counties as shall be necessary to reach Traverse Bay. The length of the proposed road was stated as approximately 300 miles.

*landed  
road and  
land*

## CAPITALIZED FOR \$5,000,000

The capital stock of the A. L. & T. B. was \$5,000,000, but it appears that actual operations were to be undertaken on the basis of \$1,000 a mile. This entailed a sum of \$300,000 and soon after organization affidavit was made that an amount in excess of five per cent (\$17,500) had been paid in.

The first board of directors of the A. L. & T. B., of the organization of '57, were William W. Murphy, Marvin Hannahs, R. E. Aldrich, Charles Mosher, James Turner, H. B. Shank, Hiram Smith, Joseph Gale, Dan W. Gould, H. L. Miller, Morgan L. Gage, Alfred Williams and Charles Seymour. Turner, Shank and Gale were of Ingham County.

The second road to reach Lansing both in point of prospect and survey was the Lansing & Jackson. The operation of this road into Lansing was of June 25, 1866, according to the official records. It reached Mason, according to the same record, December, 1865. It was just after the road reached Mason, some two months or so, that it amended its articles of incorporation and became the Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw. As this was February 23, 1865, and the road did not reach Lansing until June 25, 1866, it means that the Lansing & Jackson never actually operated here. It was four months later, October 26, 1866, that the Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw took over the Amboy, Lansing & Traverse Bay, operating between here and Owosso. The Civil War was over, big projects were afoot, promotion was the order of the day and so it was not long before the Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw was a great road built through to the straits.

## LANSING MAN LEADER

Both the Lansing & Jackson and the Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw were more Jackson projects than they were of Lansing. However, the name of Orlando M. Barnes, then of Mason, early appears in the records as one of the foremost figures in the enterprise. The county prosecuting attorney of 1852-54 was in twenty years destined to become a railway magnate of distinction. Mr. Barnes was secretary of the Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw from the time of its organization. In 1877 he was elected Mayor of Lansing, was earlier a member of the legislature and was commissioner of the land office until his death. He is described as of fine appearance and commanding presence.

If a writer of fiction wanted a type around which to weave a romance of Michigan in those days just after the Civil War, Orlando M. Barnes might well be chosen.

## CO-ORDINATION OF GRAND TRUNK LINES

Third among the railroads projected to serve Lansing was the Peninsular railway, papers for which were filed October 3, 1865. This ultimately developed into the Grand Trunk as we know it today.

When one begins to deal with the development of this road there is necessity to "keep one's eye on the ball." There may have been considerable unity back of the project, but if such were the case it was obscured by numerous undertakings. One link in the present through route, namely, that between Lansing and Flint, was used at one time in an attempt to defeat the larger program.

First, there was the Peninsular railway, the Battle Creek-Lansing project, filed in '65.

Second, the Peninsular railway extension, in '68, south from Battle Creek to the state line, three years after the first.

The first and second of these projects were merged a month or so after the incorporation of the second and they became, under the name of the first, the Peninsular Railway company. In the meantime the Peninsular railway of Indiana and of Illinois had been incorporated and by 1870 the road from Lansing into Chicago was a consolidated whole.

In looking through the records, one's attention is caught by the fact that the road between Battle Creek and Lansing was incorporated for 10,000 years. Evidently there were no Adventists in the directorate, even though the road appears to have been largely sponsored at Battle Creek. Bellevue and Charlotte appear to have been interested in this project. No Lansing names appear among the stockholders. At Charlotte, J. Musgrave and Sumner P. Webber were named commissioners to receive stock subscriptions. This part of the road is indicated in the records to have commenced operations between Battle Creek and Lansing, December, 1869.

#### DEVELOPMENT IN THE EAST

Now let attention be transferred to the eastern side of the state to pick up the development westward from Port Huron. As early as 1847 the Port Huron & Lake Michigan railway filed papers. It was not until 1855, however, that anything came of the project. Then



reincorporation was effected under the new state railway law. The road was projected from Port Huron to Lake Michigan at a point somewhere near the mouth of the Grand River. Even earlier than the initial project, in '47, the board of state commissioners proposed and planned to some extent for a route to be known as the Northern railroad. This was about 1837. The Port Huron & Lake Michigan appears to have been a revival, at least on paper, of the initial project. But though attempts were made in '37, '47 and in '55, it was not until 1869 that a portion of the road was actually built. In the fall of '71 the road reached Flint.

So there resulted a situation wherein there was a railroad from Lansing, southwestward, into Chicago, and another railroad, completed about the same time, from the terminus of the Grand Trunk at Port Huron, westward to Flint. If the reader will take his map of Michigan, or sketch one roughly, and put down in it these two railroads, he will conclude, as did others fifty years ago, that an attempt was afoot to run another road into Chicago from tide water. Here is where the plot begins to thicken, as the fictionist would say. Here is where James Turner of Lansing comes into the game.

Next to war, the American people saw one of the greatest games afoot on this continent that has ever been enacted here, in the years when the railroad reached Lansing from the southwest and another from the northeast was built into Flint about the same time. This big game, which went its frenzied limit in, say from '69 to '80, was riding for a tremendous fall

in 1871. It was in '73 that came "Black Friday" and all the engulfing panic of that year. But the Vanderbilts and the Goulds rode out the storm. So did the English capital interest backing the Grand Trunk.

#### TURNER A ROMANTIC FIGURE

There is some interesting gossip concerning the days when James M. Turner came into the situation here as a promoter, in '74. The records do not bear out the stories that remain, but neither do they wholly disprove the romantic aspect. The story is that when the road was completed to Lansing from Chicago, and another portion came down from Port Huron into Flint, James M. Turner jumped into the game, as a young man only 24 years old, with the intention of playing the Grand Trunk interests against the Vanderbilt interests.

Certain it is that about this time, the Vanderbilts were going the limit—and the limit in those days of frenzied railroad finance was an extended one—in their attempt to prevent the Grand Trunk from getting into Chicago with tidewater connection. It is said that Turner sensed this situation and built his road from Lansing to Flint with the intention of forcing the Vanderbilts to bid against the English capitalists. This is truly a good story and it would be exciting to believe it of the then young Turner, for the alleged coup was one of financial daring such as was characteristic of those days.

But the formal records and the development of the situation as judged from the history of the undertaking

do not quite bear out the story. So far as the articles of incorporation show, James Turner co-operated at the outset with representatives of the Grand Trunk interests in the building of the Chicago & North-eastern. For about a year after the road was completed and the Grand Trunk was doing a profitable freight business east and west through Lansing, the Turner road was operated as practically a part of the Grand Trunk system. But at the end of that year, eastern capitalists, believed to be Vanderbilt interests, had control of the Turner road. Just how this came about, the formal records do not reveal. Perhaps some one who knew Mr. Turner and of his operations yet remains to supply this detail of the story. William (Bill) C. Hinman, who knew Turner as a railroad promoter, tells of the time when Turner through sheer personality forced his way into the presence of W. K. Vanderbilt and made satisfactory arrangements with him. The more one hears of the fragmentary details, the more one is convinced there is a good story underneath it all.

It seems that some further reference to the Turners, father and son, as Lansing railroad promoters is deserved before telling how the present Grand Trunk came into settled being.

#### TWO TURNERS

There were two James M. Turners. The father was born in 1820 in New York and was one of the earliest arrivals in Lansing. The son was born here in 1850. The father was a business man from the word go. He was one of the promoters and builders of the old

Lansing and Howell plank road, that connected through into Detroit. So too was he interested in the first railroad here, the old "Ram's Horn." But it was the Lansing & Jackson, later the Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw, that was particularly the project of the elder Turner. In this he was associated with O. M. Barnes whose railroading activities have already been mentioned. Finally the elder Turner was active in the promotion of the Ionia & Lansing road, now part of the Pere Marquette. It was while the father was treasurer of the Ionia & Lansing that James M. Turner, the son, became paymaster of the road. The record left of the elder Turner was that he was a veritable giant both in physique and personality and the son is remembered as a good deal like him. The father died here in 1869. It was five years later that the son, at the age of twenty-four, plunged into building the Chicago & Northeastern.

Referring again to the Vanderbilt control of the Turner line from Lansing to Flint, it cut the Grand Trunk system effectually in two. But the Grand Trunk did not rest content. Soon a survey was begun, or rather a re-survey was made of an old route between Lansing and Flint through Owosso. That project was pressed so diligently that within a comparative short time the Vanderbilt control was shaken loose.

So in the course of time, after passing through varying stages of incorporation and being under varying names, the Grand Trunk through Lansing came to be as it is today.

## THE PERE MARQUETTE

The Pere Marquette is a scrambled road, par excellence, and that division of it, which now passes through Lansing, is no less scrambled than all the rest. A report for the Michigan Public Utilities Commission shows that the present Pere Marquette system is constituted of no less than 119 railroads, that, at various times, have had separate corporate entity.

Two of the 119 roads which now go to make up a large system, once met in Lansing. These two roads were the Ionia and Lansing railroad and the Howell and Lansing railroad. As in the case of the Grand Trunk, there appears to have been unity of conception in the mind of someone right from the outset, even though its expression was piecemeal.

The Ionia and Lansing road was incorporated February 26, 1866; the Howell and Lansing was incorporated June 23, 1868. In this connection it should be told that the Detroit and Howell railroad was incorporated September 21, 1864. The Detroit and Howell and the Howell and Lansing were combined, March 29, 1870, and the combination was incorporated under the name, Detroit, Howell and Lansing. A little more than a year later the Ionia and Lansing was taken into the combination and on April 11, 1871, the Detroit, Lansing and Lake Michigan railroad came into being.

## SUPPLANTS PLANK ROAD

It must occur to one that the railroad from Detroit to Lansing, via Howell, must have been suggested by the Lansing-Howell and Howell-Detroit old plank road. It has been told previously that James M.

Turner, senior, was one of the early projectors of the plank road between Lansing and Howell. Mr. Turner was treasurer and manager of the plank road and this connection must necessarily have brought him in touch with those who early realized that the railroad must soon supplant the plank roadway.

It appears that Detroiters were chiefly those who were active in behalf of the road from Detroit to Howell, that Howell, Williamston, and men to the eastward led in the enterprise from Howell to Lansing, and that Lansing men pushed the enterprise between Ionia and this city.

The Howell & Lansing was first incorporated for 100 years and its capital was named at \$270,000. Albert N. Hart, Lansing, was among the stockholders. Others of this place were L. K. Hewett, F. S. Holmes and Dart Davis. G. N. Walker, of Okemos, was a subscriber. H. H. Benedict, of Fowlerville, was another. Belltown came through with quite a contribution to the capital of the projected road. T. P. Lyon, of Plymouth was first president.

After the consolidation which resulted in the Detroit, Howell & Lansing, there was considerable activity in the actual building of the road. The road under the other names had been almost wholly on paper. The road between Detroit and Plymouth was opened for traffic, June 30, 1871; between Plymouth and Brighton, the next day; between Brighton and Williamston and between Williamston and Lansing the same day, namely, August 31, 1871. A woman who is a resident of Lansing but was then of Williamston, says the opening of the road at that point was celebrated with

a barbecue and she vividly remembers the cloud of flies that attended.

The road from the west had progressed similarly. The section between Lansing and Portland was formally declared open November 18, 1869; between Portland and Ionia, in December, the same year.

#### FEW LANSINGITES IN ORGANIZATION

While James M. Turner appears to have been an active promoter of the Ionia & Lansing road, nevertheless the stockholders and naturally the directors of the initial organization appear to have been supplied largely from Portland and from Ionia. The town of Eagle, too, appears to have furnished some backers of the project. It seems that quite a matter of family relationships and connections of friendships existed at one time between people of Lansing and of Eagle. Quite a number of prominent Lansing people—the older ones of the present generation—came from Eagle.

Hampton Rich of Ionia was the first president of the Ionia & Lansing. He was among the stockholders subscribing the larger sums. Portland supplied a considerable number of stockholders. Among those subscribing the larger sums were W. R. Churchill, Robert B. Smith, James Newman, Harvêy Barton and Charles Maynard. At Grand Ledge, Harrison Halbert subscribed twenty shares and F. M. Kent ten shares. Among those of North Lansing and Lansing who subscribed are to be found the names of A. Turner, Charles Sattler, J. Bemer, Daniel L. Case, Kyle & Foster, E. B. Miller & Co., A. R. Thayer, Dart & Wiley, Samuel L. Kilbourne, F. M. Cowles, William Hinman, M. Hudson, Harley Ingersoll and A. N. Hart.



## WEST ROAD LATER

Inasmuch as the people of Lansing think of the Pere Marquette as running westward from Grand Ledge and through Lake Odessa into Grand Rapids, a word or two of the Grand Ledge-Grand Rapids portion of the line is due. That road was incorporated in 1887 as the Grand Rapids, Lansing & Detroit. It was placed in operation between Grand Rapids and Grand Ledge in August, 1888. It passed so soon to the Detroit, Lansing & Northern that it can be hardly considered apart from that road. The D. L. & N. became the Pere Marquette.

So the Detroit-Howell, the Howell-Lansing and the Lansing-Ionia roads became the Detroit, Lansing & Lake Michigan, but the matter of new names was by no means completed. It was next the Detroit, Lansing & Northern, becoming that in December, 1876; next, by process of reorganization, it became in 1896 the Detroit, Grand Rapids & Western railroad. Next it is the Pere Marquette Railroad Co. of the 1899 reorganization; then the Pere Marquette Railroad Co. of the reorganization of 1907, and then the organization of today, the Pere Marquette Railway Company.

The matter of slight change of name at the time of reorganization has its meaning. When the road changes its name from, say railroad to railway, it means that a new batch of stockholders has been "shaken out." The roads in the beginning as we have seen were what might be called neighborhood affairs, but with every successive consolidation and reorganization the financial situation changed. It may well be guessed

that none of the original stock is represented by anything of value today. The first ventures were pretty generally foreclosed by the bondholders, and so the process went on until today the financial interest and control is about as foreign as though our roads were controlled from the moon.

There is scarcely anything that so denotes the wonderful acceleration of our times—how fifty years comes to signify as 500 once did—as the passing of the railroads from local institutions to what they are today.

#### "PAPER" ROADS

Railroads that came into being on paper, with Lansing named as an objective point, perhaps deserve to be briefly mentioned in conclusion.

Chief among railroad projects in which this city was included, may be named the effort to build a railroad between Lansing and St. Johns.

Agitation for a railroad between Lansing and St. Johns began early. Four years after Lansing and Owosso were connected by the old "Ram's Horn" business men in St. Johns began to stir for a railroad southward to Lansing. This was not an altogether separate undertaking. The plan was conceived along with the Lansing-Jackson road. It will be remembered from previous articles of this series, that the Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw was first projected as the Lansing & Jackson road. At that time it was the general expectation that the road would continue northward from Lansing through DeWitt to St. Johns and on into Gratiot and Isabella Counties.

Indeed, on June 3, 1864, the papers of St. Johns

said that the road from Lansing was fully assured. Probably the papers were perfectly honest in their statement obtained from what seemed the best authority obtainable and yet it was not long before the people of St. Johns were saying, "You never can believe what you see in the newspapers."

The most dramatic aspect of early railroading will never be told. The fights, the tricks, the devices to delude the public and stockholders were all enacted behind the scenes, and the enactors have now pretty much all passed, and their machinations can only be surmised and conjectured.

It would be an interesting story, no doubt, and one fraught with stirring situations, if we could now know why the Lansing & Jackson changed its name, dropped St. Johns and veered off toward Saginaw.

#### PLAN MACKINAC ROAD

The Lansing-St. Johns railroad project of '64 was by no means the only one. In 1869, came the Lansing, St. Johns & Mackinaw project. This was to pass through DeWitt, St. Johns, Ithaca, Alma, St. Louis and Salt River to Mt. Pleasant and eventually reach Mackinaw City.

The officers of the second St. Johns project were R. M. Steel, president; J. A. Fancher, vice president; Oliver L. Spaulding, secretary, and S. S. Walker, treasurer. The townships of DeWitt, Olive, Bingham, Greenbush, in Clinton county, voted an aggregate aid of \$85,000 for the road, under act No. 45 of the laws of 1869. One may reasonably wonder if there was some lobbying done to get that law to help the St. Johns

project. Well, whether there was or not, the law was declared unconstitutional, and so the townships took steps to recover their funds, which had been deposited with the Secretary of State. Gratiot and Isabella supporters of the project transferred their aid to the Owosso, Big Rapids, Saginaw & St. Louis. So the second St. Johns-Lansing project fell through.

But St. Johns leaders were not discouraged. In the fall of '71 there was another attempt. The officers of the revived project were R. M. Steel, president; H. M. Perrin, treasurer; O. W. Munger, secretary; O. L. Spaulding and R. K. Perrin comprised the executive committee. Other stockholders were A. H. Walker, Porter K. Perrin, John Hicks, Charles Kipp, Samuel S. Walker, Randolph Strickland, H. Heavenrich and George W. Emmons, all of St. Johns. The sum of \$60,000 was subscribed when the panic of '73 came on and so the third St. Johns-Lansing attempt went glimmering.

Probably the early surveys have been of more or less avail in connection with recent projects for a railway line northward from Lansing through St. Johns. Surely, so far as the map may be taken as a guide, a railroad is needed through the territory along the route early outlined.

#### OTHER PROJECTS "FLIVVER"

Two other railroads were projected which named Lansing as on their intended route, but it does not appear that either one went much further than to secure a portion of their right of way and sell stock. There was the Chicago, Michigan & Grand Trunk, and the

Canada, Michigan & Chicago. This latter road was to pass westward from St. Clair to Lansing and then pass southwesterly to Chicago. The outlet of this road through Canada is now owned by the Michigan Central, and a few miles of the track westward from St. Clair is also under control of that road. The Chicago, Michigan & Grand Trunk appears to have been a part of, or in some way connected with, the general effort of the Grand Trunk to get through Michigan in spite of opposition.

Stock for this road was sold, it is indicated almost altogether to farmers and small business men in the southwestern part of the state. Indeed, selling stock to those along the right of way appears to have been a very common practice in the late '60's and through the '70's; but sad to relate, it does not appear that those who thus contributed ever profited.

Most of the railroads were projected as local enterprises, as, for example, the Howell & Lansing railroad. Such enterprises naturally appealed to public spirit along the right of way. The record is that the little local railroads were scarcely built before foreclosure proceedings on the part of bond holders were begun; next came the consolidation of the local railroads into roads of state-wide scope and then, in a few years, the roads passed again into larger systems.

#### ROADS' SCOPE UNREALIZED

It is little wonder that men of the farms and of the villages did not sense the full import of railroading in their day. Their experience had all to do with transportation in a purely local way. They could not

realize that the day was coming when, for every man, woman and child in the United States, 4,000 tons of freight would come to be carried each year. Even now it is difficult to realize how dependent our life is on transportation.

Another road that appears to have hopped all over the map of the state and to have touched Lansing briefly in hopping was the Lansing, Alma, Mt. Pleasant & Northern Railway Company. This was projected from Lansing to Mt. Pleasant in the early '80's. Connected in the scheme, it appears, was the Chicago, Saginaw & Canada Railroad Co., and the Saginaw & Western Railroad Co. All this group of projects finally rounds up, in one way or another, in what is known as the Ann Arbor, with the western portion of the plan abandoned.

A curious anomaly in Michigan railroading is that the first road in the state still has corporate existence. That road is the Erie & Kalamazoo. It is leased by the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, which, in turn, is one of the New York Central lines. Visitors to Adrian are still shown the building before which, as a station, the first locomotive to sound its whistle in Michigan, came to a standstill after its trip up from Toledo. That was in 1836. This railroad enterprise was the first west of Schenectady. The fact is rather significant of the spirit of enterprise on the part of those who built this part of the nation.

#### FIRST ROAD FAILURE

The old Erie & Kalamazoo never was built further than Adrian. Like other short roads it did not pay,

and so, having been bought in, on a series of judgments, by eastern parties, it was leased in 1849 to the Lake Shore, for \$30,000 a year, which was indeed a pretty good rental in view of the fact that the rails of the road were of wood, surfaced with strap iron. The *Toledo Blade* for January 20, 1837, contains an advertisement of the old Erie & Kalamazoo which contains a cut of the first passenger train. It was very like the old train now exhibited in the Grand Central station in New York City.

Railroading in Michigan, in the days of its inception, must have exerted a mighty appeal; but though far-visioned men saw far into the possibilities of the new and engaging venture, yet, now we know that, comparatively speaking, they saw only a very little way; and probably their vision never once glimpsed the vista of shimmering steel that pierces the far horizon as the rails narrow to the vanishing point of our perspective.

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From the *Lansing State Journal*, May 26-July 7, 1921, passim.



## HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE MUSKEGON SCHOOLS

MISS ADDIE LITTLEFIELD

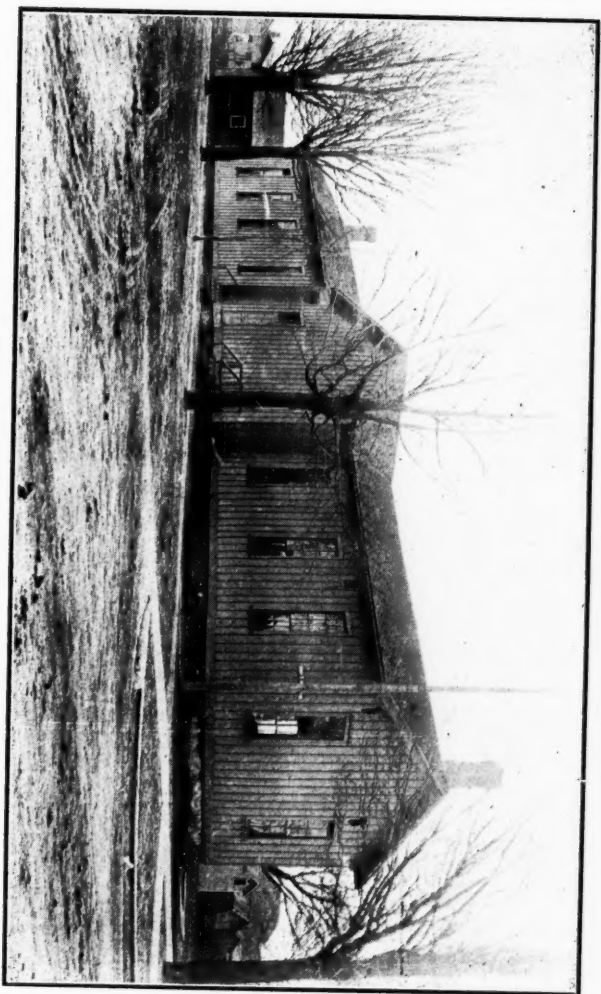
(Head of the Department of English, Muskegon High School)

TO really understand the development of the Muskegon schools, we must follow, as it were, an Indian trail through the stillness of Michigan forests, breathe the resinous fragrance of pines, and find among towering trees and shifting sand dunes the Muskegon of Indian traders. In the midst of a wilderness, the first white settler, Jean Baptiste Recollect, a French-Canadian voyageur, established in 1812 an Indian trading post near Bear Lake. Some years later another trading post was built at Bluffton, and others soon followed until, in 1838, a large section of land about Muskegon Lake was organized into a township which was given the Indian name Muskegon, meaning "marshy water." Owing, perhaps, to the unsettled population, for the Indian fur traders remained only during the summer, Muskegon was not incorporated as a village until 1861. In 1869 with a population of 6,002, it became a city.

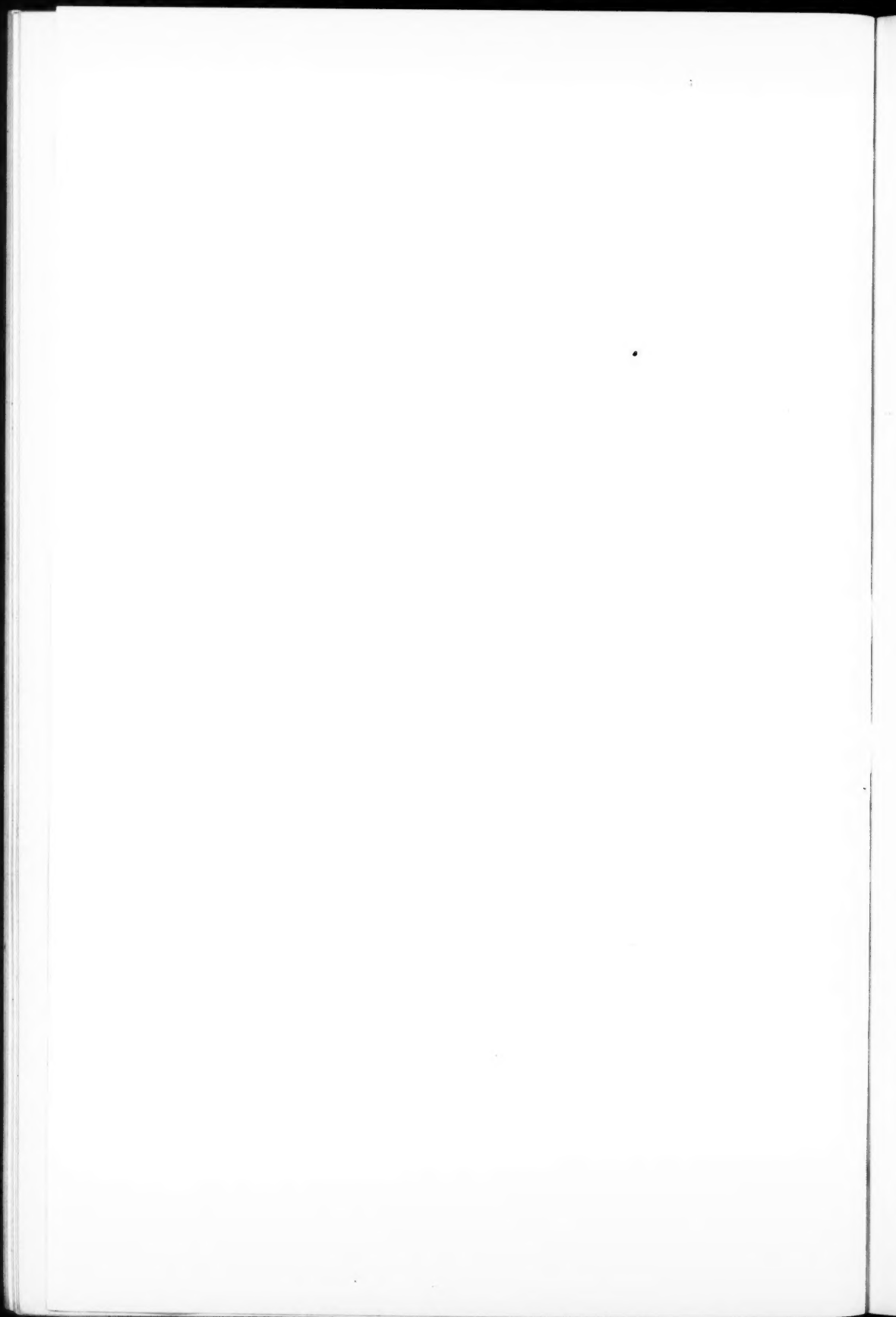
But even as early as 1837 the population was changing, for at that time a sawmill was built, and the Muskegon of the lumber period was born. Then the silence of ages was broken by the woodman's axe, and the whispered chant of the giant pines was hushed forever. Thousands of skilled workmen handled the logs by millions, passing them from forest to river,

from river to lake, and from the lake to the mills, from whence they emerged in great piles of lumber and shingles, still retaining, like a tender memory, the resinous odor of forests. To understand Muskegon when the lumber period was at its height, we must see forty or more immense sawmills encircling the harbor; watch the dark plumes of smoke; hear the shrill whistles, the noise of machinery, while fleets of vessels with white sails spread, steam barges, and hustling, puffing, little tugs carry the piles of lumber and shingles to the great shipping ports of the country.

In the early part of the lumber period, 1848, the first school, a private one, was opened in a dwelling. The next year a school house was built, by subscription, on the corner of Clay Avenue and Terrace Street. This long, low, unpainted building, with its two rooms set end to end, was used for many years not only for schools but also for religious services. As we look upon Muskegon's fine school buildings today, it requires a stretch of the imagination to see that one lonely school house. But perhaps, those barefooted and sunbonneted children of by-gone days would not have been willing to exchange the pine trees and yellow sand of their playground for all the advantages we could offer them. Be that as it may, the Muskegon school system had begun and the little school house was blazing the trail for other school houses and for other children to come. With the timely assistance of a store, rented now and then for school purposes, the one school house fulfilled all requirements until 1860 when two districts united to build a union school. Soon after the new school was completed, the old school house was sold, and



Hudson Street School Built Before 1865



after being somewhat enlarged, it was used as a place for public assemblies and known for many years as Holt's Hall. It was finally destroyed in the great fire of 1874, a fire that burned one-fourth of the city.

One lingers with a smile of sympathy over the old records which give the various discussions regarding the equipment of the new Union school, for the heating system, then as now, was a topic of vital interest. In the building contract, furnaces had been specified, but as the time drew near, certain worthy but wary citizens rebelled at this infringement of old-time customs and demanded that stoves be installed. Then followed many lengthy discussions which exposed to the innocent, unsuspecting public all the inherited and acquired meannesses of the whole disreputable furnace family. Finally, without the least shred of respectability left, the furnaces, one and all, slunk away to the despised land of "New Notions" and five all-devouring cavernous stoves, each surrounded by a hideous, tin-sheeting barricade, reigned supreme. Whether the successful completion of this building was achieved because of, or in spite of, these heated arguments we know not, but we do know that those earnest, far-seeing trustees builded better than they knew, for time has proved that the Union school, completed in 1862, was one of the best constructed buildings ever erected in Muskegon. During many years both hurrying and loitering feet climbed the old steps and the joy of young voices filled rooms and halls, and then there came a last class and a last day when, having finished the prescribed course, the old school house was promoted, moved to Jefferson Street and remodeled into a handsome resi-

dence. In later years it has won a still higher honor, a summa cum laude, as it were, with the honorary title of "Mercy Hospital."

And so it happened that school house followed school house until, in 1875, a large brick building called the Central replaced the Union on the site where the Hackley school now stands. This building, which contained all modern conveniences, cost \$50,000, and was for years the largest school building in the city. The high school as well as several of the grades occupied rooms in this building. While the high school was located here, the first class graduated. It was the class of 1875 and was composed of but two graduates, both girls. The high school department remained in the Central until 1883 when it was removed to the building known many years as the Nims school, now the Horace Mann.

But even as early as 1875 Muskegon had begun to make rapid strides educationally. At that time a special teacher was employed to teach penmanship; the next year a public library of 1200 volumes was established in the Central school, and a few years later kindergarten work was introduced. All of these lines of work, so common now, were great innovations at that time.

And then on the 25th of May, 1888, a great event happened, an event that was to have a lasting influence on all the citizens of Muskegon, and consequently on all the years of Muskegon's history. Among the many men who had accumulated great wealth in the lumber business was one who had come to realize that the possession of wealth is a trust to be administered

for the benefit of those less fortunate. Mr. Charles H. Hackley had begun his life in Muskegon as a common laborer in a sawmill. Step by step he had risen, overcome obstacles, and amassed a fortune. In Muskegon he had spent his youth, struggled, and won success, and now there came to him the desire to share the benefits of that success with the friends of his youth in the city that he loved. Inspired by this desire, on the 25th of May, 1888, Mr. Hackley placed at the disposal of the Board of Education \$100,000 to be expended in the erection of a public library. On July 30, of the same year, he made a further donation of \$25,000 for books.

The corner stone of the library was laid with due ceremony on May 25, 1889. Since that time, the twenty-fifth of May has been called Hackley Day, and observed each year in the schools with appropriate exercises in the morning, after which the schools are closed for the remainder of the day. To Mr. Hackley was granted the experience of having a day celebrated in his honor while he was still living, a privilege that few heroes have had. Mr. Hackley lived many years after this day was observed in his honor, and although he was a retiring man who never sought applause, he always seemed to enjoy this expression of the people's gratitude.

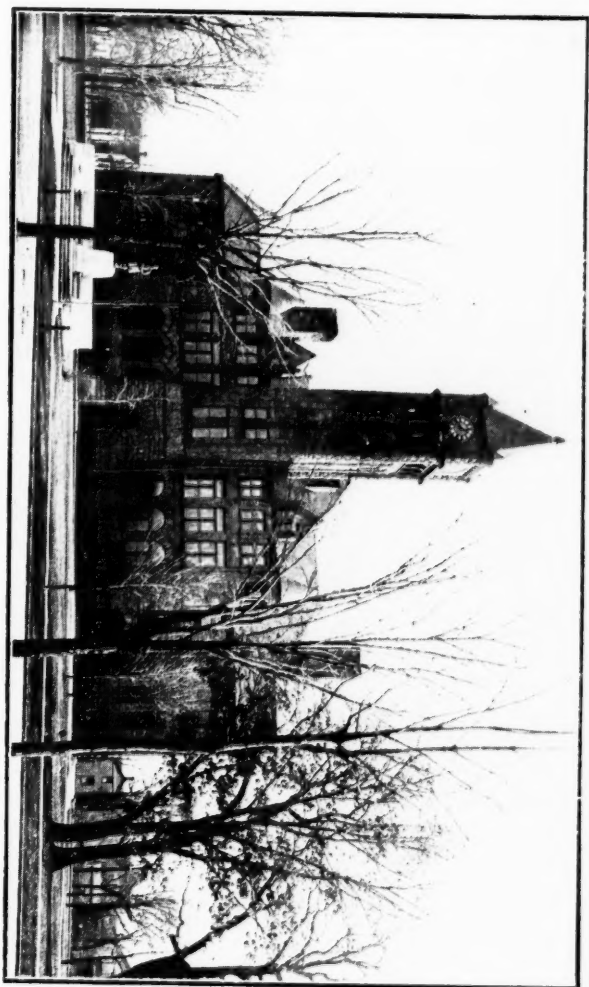
The Hackley Public Library, a beautiful structure in Romanesque style, was built of pink granite with brown stone trimmings. It was dedicated October 15, 1890, and treasure more precious than gold became the possession of the people. What this library has meant to the people of Muskegon no one will ever



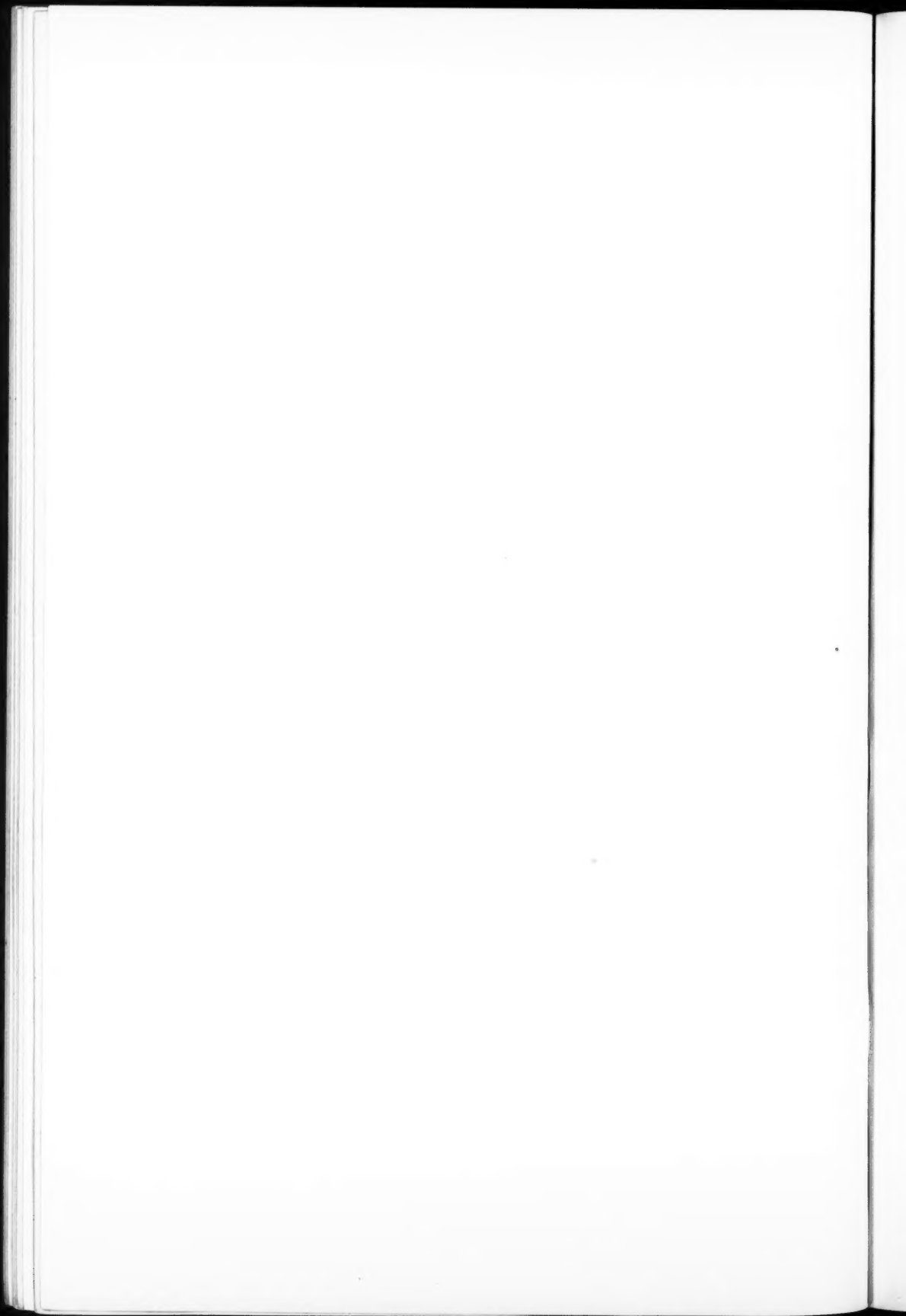
know. It came just at the right time and brought just the new impulse that was needed. It opened a wonderful world of legend, history and romance, a world of effort and achievement, of high purpose and beckoning heroes. Who can measure the influence of such a gift?

But Mr. Hackley was still thinking of the needs of his fellow citizens, and when the Central school burned in 1890, he again came to their aid. The loss of this building was a great disaster for the schools were overcrowded; so what to do without this school house, the largest one in the city, was a serious problem. Some stores and a church or two were rented for the time being. The want of a high-school building had been sorely felt for a number of years, and this need coupled with the loss of the Central induced Mr. Hackley to submit to the people a generous proposition, which solved the difficulty. If the citizens would authorize the issue of bonds to the amount of \$75,000, bearing interest at five per cent and payable not sooner than thirty years, Mr. Hackley would take these bonds at par and furnish the money needed to build a new school house on the site of the old Central and, also, a new high school. In addition he would donate the entire issue of bonds to the public schools, the interest of which was to be used in maintaining the Hackley Public Library, forever. This proposition was gratefully accepted and the bonds authorized by city election April 30, 1891. Both the Hackley school and the new high school on Jefferson Street were completed in 1893.

Still Mr. Hackley had not satisfied his desire to



Hackley School



benefit Muskegon; consequently, October 18, 1895, he placed at the disposal of the Board of Education \$30,000 to be used in the building and equipment of a Manual Training School. At the same time Mr. Hackley added that when the building was completed, he would give \$5,000 a year to defray expenses, and at or before his death an endowment of \$100,000. This building was completed in February, 1897. The plan adopted called for \$47,000 instead of the original \$30,000 and \$22,500 for equipment. Mr. Hackley willingly assumed all this extra expense.

The Board of Education, composed at this time of trustees C. H. Hackley, F. A. Nims, R. E. Bunker, F. W. Garber, H. N. Hovey and J. Vander Laan was greatly assisted in the work of erecting this building by Mr. David Mackenzie, then Superintendent of Schools. Mr. Mackenzie put his whole heart and energy into this work, considering no labor too much if by means of untiring effort a successful school could be established. He rendered great assistance, also, in selecting equipment and in organizing the various departments. The earnest efforts of both school trustees and superintendent were rewarded at last, for the school when completed, besides being the first of its kind in Michigan, was the best of its size in America.

The enrollment in the Hackley Manual Training School increased so rapidly that at a meeting of the Board of Education on July 12, 1900, Mr. Hackley proposed the enlargement of the building so as to meet all the needs of the city for years to come, and assured the Board of Education that it would afford him the greatest pleasure to provide the means for the addi-

tional construction. The original building had been so planned that the addition of two wings could be made, and the work was begun at once. The rapid increase in the number of students attending the Manual Training School soon made it apparent that more gymnasium room would be needed, also, and Mr. Hackley met the need with another gift. In a letter presenting the city \$25,000 for an addition to the Public Library, he also gave \$15,000 for a Gymnasium. This building and the additions to the main building were completed March, 1902. These additions increased the capacity of the school to nearly twice that offered originally. In October of the same year, Mr. Hackley notified the Board of Education that he had purchased a block adjoining the Manual Training School on the north to be used, when properly equipped, as an athletic field for the students of the school. The cost of this field was \$5,000.

The Hackley Manual Training School forms the center of the high-school group. Across the street from the front is the high school; in the block to the north the athletic field, and to the south is nearly a whole block purchased as a reserve by the Board of Education. The Hackley Gymnasium is situated in the same block with the Manual Training School, but faces Grand Avenue.

The Manual Training School is a massive four-story building of red brick. It is beautiful because of its simplicity and also because it suggests in its appearance the substantial nature of the work carried on within. On the corner stone of the building is the following inscription:

"Wherein the boys and girls of Muskegon may receive free of charge such instruction as is afforded in Manual Training Schools of the best class." In providing equipment for this school, the Board of Education has kept in mind the desire Mr. Hackley expressed in this inscription, and today the school ranks with the best technical schools in the country.

Besides work rooms of all kinds, the building contains offices, reception parlors, a dining room, an auditorium, and a large lunch room where warm lunches are served. From the fully equipped foundry machine shop, and wood-turning room, to the bedroom with its beautiful mahogany suite, and the pantry provided with linen, china, and silver, everything is complete. For convenience an Otis automatic electric elevator has been installed at a cost of \$3,000.

Nearly every branch of art or craft is taught in this school. Forging, molding, machine work, pattern-making, mechanical drawing, drafting, wood-turning, and cabinet-making are a few of the subjects that appeal particularly to boys.

In the fine and liberal arts department, pupils are taught applied art, home furnishing, free-hand brush painting, design, colored crayon work, charcoal sketching, out-of-door sketching, leather work, and pottery. Here the wood-cuts are designed that are finished in the print shop where the school magazine and all pamphlets used in the public schools are printed by the students of the school.

In the domestic art department, the girls are taught sewing, dressmaking, and millinery. The domestic science course includes cookery, laundry

work, sanitation, emergencies, household management, and diatetics.

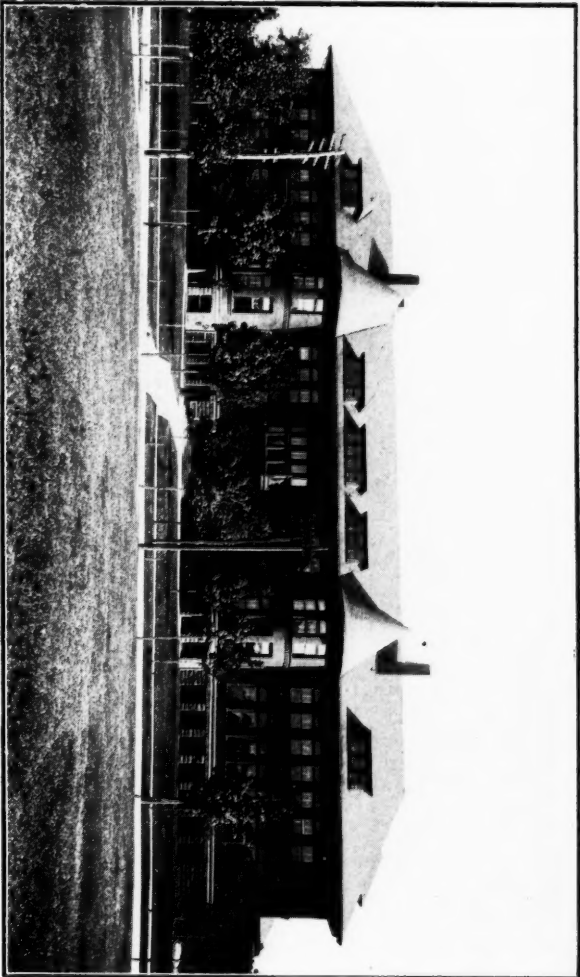
The Manual Training School plays an important part in providing teachers, for many of the graduates of the Normal Manual Class have become very successful teachers.

The Hackley Gymnasium is a three-story building of red brick. The first floor is devoted to bath rooms and lockers. The shower baths are finished on the interior in marble and white tiling, and the pool is furnished with all necessary safety devices. On the second floor are the offices of the instructors and the two gymnasiums. The girls' gymnasium is thirty-three by sixty feet, the boys' is forty-three by sixty-six feet, each having a thirty foot ceiling. The third floor is given over to galleries for visitors and a running track for boys.

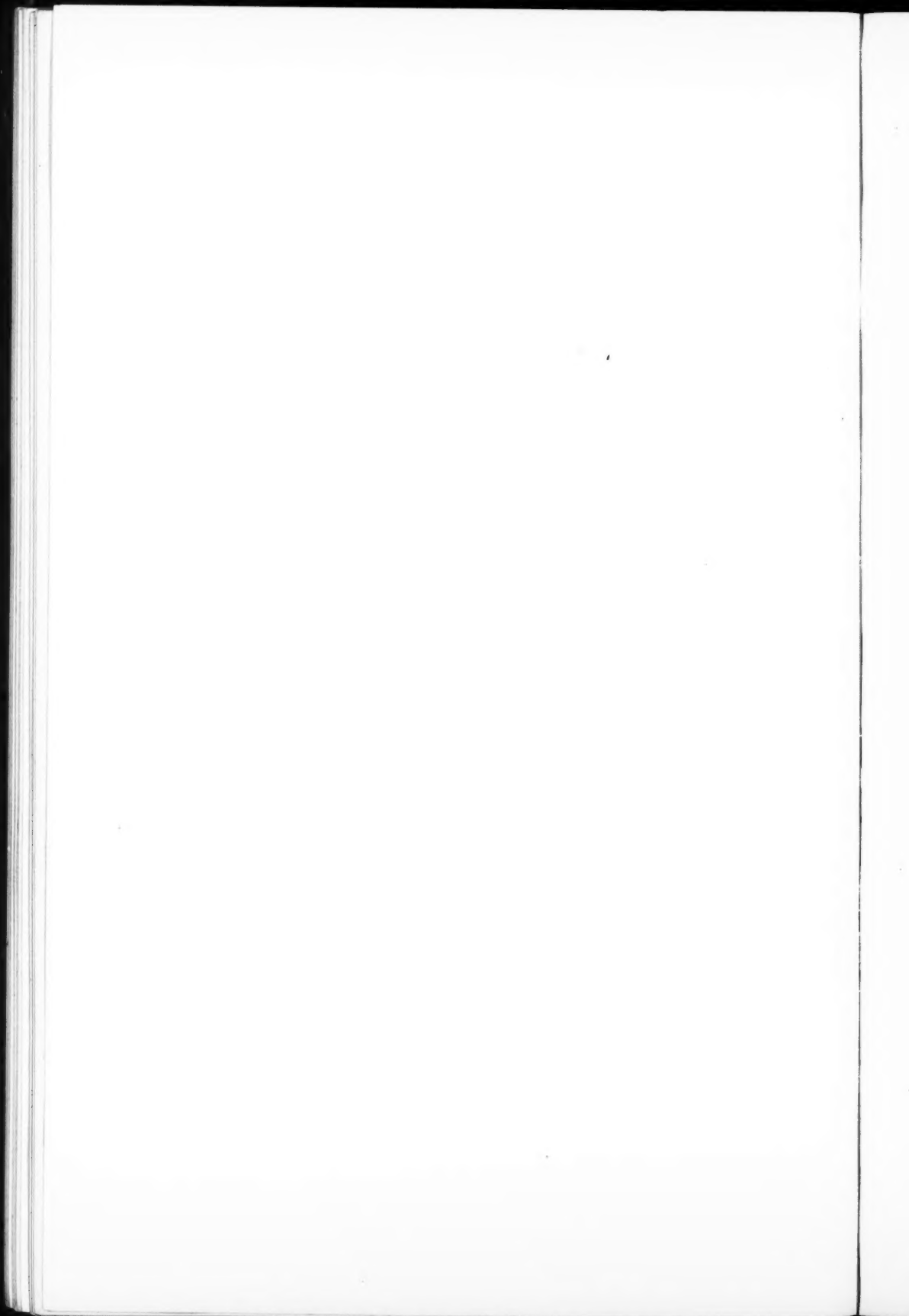
Physical training is a prominent feature in the Muskegon High and Hackley Manual Training School. All pupils are required, unless excused by a physician's certificate, to take two periods every week of regular work in the gymnasium during the first three years. In general, the instruction includes work with dumbbells, Indian clubs, and with light and heavy apparatus. Swimming forms a part of the regular training. Both esthetic and folk dancing are included in the girls' course. Coaching and training are given in basket ball, football, and track athletics.

The work of the Hackley Manual Training School and of the Gymnasium form an integral part of the course of study of the Muskegon High School. All students who expect to graduate from the high school





Hackley Manual Training School



must elect seven periods a week of manual work for three years, according to the prescribed course.

For a number of years the eighth grade has formed a part of the high school organization. By this means these pupils are able to attend the Manual Training School sooner than they otherwise could. However, this arrangement has brought about a congested condition in the high school which has become a problem still to be solved. An Annex, built in 1908, proved a remedy for a few years, but now more room is needed and a new building will probably be erected in the near future.

While the course of study in the academic department is similar to that of most of other first-class high schools, certain lines of work are emphasized. English is a required subject throughout each year of the five-year course, one period each week being devoted to public speaking, which is in charge of special teachers. Oratorical and declamatory work are emphasized in the public speaking classes, and the high school generally sends representatives to both the Michigan State Oratorical League and the Peninsular Oratorical League. The drama also receives due attention, not only in class study but in the practical work of giving plays, which the students present in the Auditorium of the Manual Training School.

A strong scientific course has been developed, the efficiency of which has been increased by an elementary course in the ninth grade.

In addition to French and German, Spanish is now an elective in the modern language course.

The excellent training afforded in the commercial

course is so well known that graduates from this department are always in demand, many of them securing positions before they complete the course.

Both vocal and instrumental music are taught in the high school. The instrumental training is given in connection with band and orchestral practice. Both musical instruction and instruments are provided free of charge. Musical training is considered so necessary that in the future more time and attention is to be devoted to this study.

The possibilities of a course in agriculture, which was established in the high school in 1912, have not as yet been determined, but the supervisor in charge is quite sure that a regular two-year course can be developed.

Among the various student organizations connected with the high school the House of Representatives holds an important place. This society has been in existence a number of years and has always been very popular among the older boys. A society of girls called the Senate was organized about four years ago and is growing in interest and numbers. Two other societies for conversational practice in languages, the French Club and the Spanish Club, have been organized and are doing good work. The editorial staff which has charge of the publication of the school magazine, "Said and Done," is, also, an organization of students. All the work on the magazine, from writing the copy to soliciting advertisements, printing the magazine, and selling and distributing it is done by the students.

In the Muskegon High School a great effort is made to know and help each individual pupil. An employ-

ment bureau in connection with the school has been very successful in securing work for those who have applied for it.

This effort to reach the pupils individually has led to the introduction of what is known as the group system. All pupils in the high school are classified in groups of about twenty each, according to the locality in which they live, and each member of the faculty becomes an advisor of one of these groups. This advisor is expected to become acquainted, not only with each pupil in his group, but also with those conditions which he needs to know in order to advise the pupil and help him in determining his course of study and his work after leaving the high school. Many pupils have expressed their appreciation for this timely and friendly interest.

In spite of the crowded condition of the high school the equipment is excellent, and its diploma admits students to colleges, universities and technical schools of the highest rank. Many of the graduates have won success in their chosen field of work and some are known as able educators.

Besides many other munificent gifts to the city, Mr. Hackley left a bequest of \$150,000 to be invested in pictures for the library. But the library was found to be inadequate for such a purpose; consequently the Board of Education decided to erect a special building adjoining the library. This Art Gallery was designed by F. S. Beman of Chicago, and it is one of the most attractive buildings in the city. The material is gray pressed brick and gray stone. In style it is Grecian with a suggestion of Roman in the pillars, and the

effect is artistic and restful. From the rotunda, which is finished in blue-veined marble, wide stairways lead to a white marble balcony overlooking the entrance. This balcony opens into a large gallery with smaller galleries branching from it, all of which are beneath the double roof of strong wired glass. The spacious gallery with its bronze green walls highly polished floors, and mission furnishings, is, indeed, an ideal storehouse for works of art. A large Auditorium, intended particularly for art lectures, occupies the lower floor of this building. This lecture room is fitted with a circular platform of graduated seats commanding the stage. The Hackley Art Gallery was dedicated June 21, 1912, and it now has a collection of paintings that places it among the leading galleries in the country. As a factor in education it is bound to have a broadening and uplifting influence.

There remains yet another gift to mention, namely, the Julia E. Hackley Educational Fund. Mr. Hackley left, by will, one-fourth of his residuary estate in trust for his wife during her life, and gave her authority to will this portion to the city for the enlargement and maintenance of the Hackley Public Library and of the Hackley Manual Training School, and also for such charitable organizations and churches as Mrs. Hackley might desire to benefit. Thus Muskegon through the wills of both Mr. and Mrs. Hackley became heir to one-fourth of the residuary estate. That portion assigned to the schools is known as the Julia E. Hackley Educational Fund and now amounts to \$1,034,750. In 1909 the Board of Education voted that in accordance with Mr. Hackley's desire the income from

this fund should be applied first, to the maintenance and equipment of the Hackley Public Library and Hackley Manual Training School; second, to provide additional educational advantages for the youth of the city; and third, for such educational purposes as the Board of Education may see fit.

Muskegon's change from a city of sawmills to a great manufacturing center began about 1893. As the pine disappeared, wide-awake business men saw Muskegon threatened with the fate that had overtaken many other lumbering towns and they immediately set to work to induce factories to locate here. As a result of their efforts, when the mills were demolished, great factories took their places and Muskegon soon became known as an important manufacturing center. In population the city has increased very rapidly and its boundaries have been extended, also. On the 18th of March, 1889, the city charter was changed so as to include the villages of Lakeside, Bluffton, and Port Sherman. Recently, April 1, 1917, the district of Fairview was added, also.

The schools have more than kept pace with the industrial progress, and at the present time Muskegon holds a unique place in the educational world. Besides the regular grades, night schools are conducted in both the grades and Manual Training School. More night school students have applied for instruction in the machine shop than could be accommodated. There has been a waiting list in spite of the fact that through the winter and spring the shops were open five evenings a week with double shifts each evening. The gymnasium classes for both men and women have been well



attended also. Summer schools have become the established rule both in the grades and in the high school. Classes for backward children are being organized in the schools where they are needed. It is believed that attention to the individual needs of these children is more likely to be secured in ungraded rooms. Since 1889 free text-books have been provided for all pupils below the high school.

The thorough organization of the Muskegon schools has led to the employment of many so-called special teachers or supervisors. The first special teacher was appointed in 1875 to teach penmanship. Muskegon has gained very gratifying results in this work, which is still in charge of a supervisor. Music has been considered an indispensable study since 1881 when it was first introduced and a special teacher employed. In drawing Muskegon schools have always ranked with the best. A supervisor has been employed since 1884. Supervised sewing was begun in the grades in 1904, a teacher of physical training has been employed since 1903, and a special teacher has supervised knife work since 1911.

Muskegon was the first city in Michigan to make the kindergarten a part of the public school system. This work, which was begun in 1884, is in charge of a supervisor and is considered one of the most important departments of the schools. At present there are kindergartens in nine of the eleven sub-districts, six of them in separate buildings.

In recent years some new lines of work have been introduced, one of which is the Medical Inspection Board. In 1910 the Board of Education decided that

the public schools must take the responsibility not only of guarding but of improving the health of pupils. This decision led to the appointment of a Medical Inspection Board consisting of three physicians and a school nurse. The responsibility of detecting the slight ailment or weakness devolves upon the school nurse who makes regular visits to each school room just as any special teacher does. But the visits of the nurse are visits of inspection, her object being to find out the physical condition and needs of each individual child. Very thorough examinations are made by the physicians, and as they apply tests, a record is made showing the condition of heart, lungs, nose, throat, teeth, eyes, etc., a record that is kept through all the years of the child's school life. As a result of these tests, care given at the right time may be the means of many children outgrowing some physical weakness, which, otherwise, might have retarded their development and eventually ruined their lives.

It was in 1911 that the Board of Education came to the conclusion that the children of Muskegon should have sound, clean teeth, and to that end established a Dental Clinic. Now the poorest children in the city can have their teeth put in good condition. Few dental offices are as well equipped as the room provided for this work in the Hackley school. One of the best dentists in the city devotes certain specified time to this work.

In 1910, what was known as a Special Class was organized in the Hackley School. This class was composed of seriously backward or defective children from all the city schools. Such a class was found to be so

necessary that in 1914 a permanent department for defective pupils was organized in the Hackley School. The arrangement of this department allowed a separate grouping of boys and girls, and made possible better accommodations for shopwork. A class composed of both backward and defective children was organized in the Bunker school in 1916. The work of this class is largely academic. Pupils admitted to these classes are previously given the Binet or Terman test and range in mentality from four to eleven years, and chronologically from eight to fifteen years. In the Hackley class half the day is devoted to manual and industrial work. The girls are trained in sewing, knitting, crocheting, basketry, cookery and all branches of household work. The boys are given training in cobbling, basketry, wood-work, rug-weaving, and chair caning.

The establishment of Social Centers in school districts was accomplished in 1913. Almost all schools now have what is termed a Mother's Club, the meetings of which are held in the school building. Enthusiastic meetings have proved the wisdom of making the school buildings social centers where parents, young people, and children may gather in the evening for recreation or instruction. Frequently entertaining programs are prepared, and often some noted speaker is secured to address the meeting on some topic of special interest to parents, or on some general topic of interest. It is planned to make every school a Community Center. This idea as well as many other excellent ones was suggested by Mr. Joseph M. Frost, who was superintendent a number of years.

The next superintendent, Mr. S. O. Hartwell, had many plans for increasing the educational efficiency of the schools. Through his recommendation more time and effort is to be spent on physical training, especially in the upper grammar grades. In fact, this work has already been increased and boys from the Normal Class at the Hackley Manual have been very successful in directing baseball, basket ball, and football games in the grammar grades. With the cooperation of the gymnasium director, contests in junior league work have been carried on among the boys of the fifth, sixth, and seventh grades. Fortunately most of the Muskegon schools are situated so that ample room for playgrounds is available. Light apparatus has been provided and outdoor play is encouraged and supervised. Some of these school playgrounds are also used as summer recreation centers. In 1916 the Board of Education made an appropriation of \$500 to supply equipment for summer playgrounds. Military training was introduced in 1918. High school boys and the older boys of the grades have had the benefit of this training which has been in charge of a special instructor.

School gardens have formed a part of the public school system since 1912, and a decided gain both in the number of gardens and in the thoughtful care devoted to them go to prove that this work is bound to bring much to be desired results. A school garden plot of one and one-half acres has furnished fifty plots ten by twenty feet. These plots have been cultivated and harvested by fifty pupils. This school garden plot has also served for purposes of demonstration both to the

pupils of the grades and high school and also to the visitor or passerby. But aside from this garden plot, the school gardening is carried on in the home gardens of the children, one of the chief purposes of the work being to stimulate interest in and ability to cultivate successfully gardens at home. These home gardens are inspected by the supervisor and graded according to conditions met and results gained. Garden records are kept during the season and reports and stories written as regular class work under the supervision of the regular language, arithmetic and drawing teachers. In connection with the garden work the best methods of canning and drying fruits and vegetables are discussed and demonstrations given. Nature study, also, comes in for its share of attention. Observation is developed by stimulating the children's natural interest in flowers, birds, and insects. The supervisor's report for 1918 contains the following interesting items:

|   |              |
|---|--------------|
| Total enrollment in garden work                       | 412          |
| Number of gardens considered<br><i>fair</i> or better | 374          |
| Percentage of net enrollment                          | 89.26        |
| Value of produce                                      | \$1,252.75   |
| Average size of garden                                | 1.79 sq. rd. |
| On this basis the land cultivated was                 | 4.18 acres   |

The employment of a Director of Research to make special tests in some lines of elementary work is one of the experiments being tried out in Muskegon. It is believed that the tests will be helpful in showing conditions of work and also in suggesting means of improving work in case weakness is found.

Muskegon has been very fortunate in having during many years a Board of Education composed of men of the highest character, men who have been untiring in their efforts to improve the schools. Among those who have served long periods on the Board are trustees Charles D. Nelson, Lyman G. Mason, David McLaughlin, Robert E. Bunker, John G. Emery, Charles H. Hackley, William Carpenter, Frederick A. Nims, and our present honored president, John Vander Laan. Of these public spirited men none was more interested and efficient than Mr. David McLaughlin, who began his work on the Board when Muskegon was a village with one school and continued in service a quarter of a century. Mr. F. A. Nims, another great educator, was a member of the Board thirty-six years, and did every thing in his power to improve the schools. To the wisdom and foresight of competent trustees and superintendents, Muskegon owes the introduction of many of those new ideas that have helped to make the city one of the great educational centers of the country. A former member of the Board of Education, Mr. H. N. Hovey, who now resides in Detroit, is held in grateful remembrance by the librarians and teachers of Muskegon. In 1904 Mr. Hovey donated \$5,000 to constitute a fund to be held in trust by the Board of Education, the interest of which was to be applied towards the maintenance and support of a free bed for Muskegon teachers and librarians in the Hackley Hospital. The kindly interest and wisdom that prompted this gift needs no comment. When the members of the Board of Education established a Professional Study Fund for teachers in 1914, they proved their right to

be classed with this group of far-sighted predecessors. By means of this fund all teachers attending summer school are allowed an extra fifty dollars to defray that expense. Many teachers have gladly availed themselves of this opportunity to become better prepared for their work, and the schools are reaping the benefit of this advance in professional study. It is, indeed, well for Muskegon that even from the earliest times her citizens have chosen, not politicians, but men of integrity to take charge of school affairs.

Few radical changes have taken place during these last years, but progress has been made along many lines. Under the supervision of Mr. Paul C. Stetson, superintendent from 1918-1921, many of the "intelligence tests" have been given and a new grouping of pupils has been made. It is believed that this method, which puts in one group children of the same ability, will benefit both the backward and the precocious child. Two new schools were completed in 1921, but the high cost of material has delayed the erection of a Junior College.

The present superintendent, Mr. M. W. Longman, has received a most cordial welcome in Muskegon and under his wise direction the schools will, no doubt, be able to render still greater service.



## HISTORICAL SUMMARY

1812. *Trading Posts.*

In 1812 the first white settler, Jean Baptiste Recollect, a French Canadian voyageur, established an Indian trading post near the mouth of Bear Lake. Various other trading posts were established later.

1837. *First Frame Building.*

The first frame building was erected in 1837.

1837. *First Saw Mill.*

It was in 1837 that the first saw mill was built.

1838. *Township.*

In 1838 a large section of land about Muskegon Lake was organized into the township of Muskegon.

1846. *First Road.*

The first road was cut through the forest to Ravenna to connect with a road to Grand Rapids in 1846. No streets were laid out at this time.

1861. *Village.*

Muskegon was incorporated as a village in 1861.

1869. *City.*

In 1869 with a population of 6,002 Muskegon became a city.

## MUSKEGON SCHOOLS

1848. *First School.*

The first school, a private one, was opened in a dwelling in 1848. Miss Clark was the teacher of this school.

1849. *First School House.*

The first school house was built by subscription in 1849, on the corner of Terrace Street and Clay Avenue. It was a long, low, unpainted building of one story, 20x30 feet and cost \$300. There were two rooms set end to end. It was used for several years, not only for schools but for religious services. Finally it was sold to H. H. Holt and was known for many years as Holt's Hall. It was destroyed in the great fire of 1874, a fire that destroyed one-fourth of the city.

1860. *The Union School.*

In 1860 a new school was built where the Hackley School now stands. The union of the Upper and Lower districts at this time gave the name Union School to this building. This was the largest school building in the city until Muskegon outgrew it, then, as it was an extremely well constructed building, Mr. L. G. Mason bought it, moved it to Jefferson Street and after remodeling it into a residence, occupied it with his family a number of years. This building now belongs to the Catholic Church and is now Mercy Hospital.

*Pioneer Teachers.*

Miss Clark—1848—First School—A Private School.

Wm. D. Holt—1849—First School—House Cor. Terrace and Clay.

Miss Roberts (Mrs. Frank Cole)—1850—Cor. Terrace and Clay.

Margaret McIntyre (Mrs. C. T. Hills)—  
1860—Cor. Terrace and Clay.

Laura Boyer (Mrs. S. H. Stevens)—1863—  
Cor. Terrace and Clay.

Rose Swanson—1860—Store.

Frederick Youse—1860—Store.

Helen Peck (Mrs. Alexander Boyd)—1863—  
Union.

Millie Peck—1864—Union.

Genevieve Davis (Mrs. L. Patten)—1865—  
Union Hudson.

1875. *Central School.*

In 1875 when the old Union building was sold, a new school called the Central was erected on the same site. This was a large brick building containing all modern conveniences. It cost \$50,000. When it was completed, there were six school buildings in the city and twenty teachers were employed.

1875. *First Special Teacher.*

The first special teacher was appointed in 1875. Mrs. M. E. Swayze was employed to teach penmanship.

1875. *First Graduating Class.*

The Class of 1875 was the first to graduate from the Muskegon High School. It was a class of but two graduates, both girls. The high school was located in the Central at this time. There were 102 pupils and three teachers in the high school department.

1876. *First Library.*

Muskegon's first public library was opened

in 1876. It consisted of 1,200 volumes which were placed in a room in the Central School, and Miss Mary Aiken was appointed librarian. The library was under the management of a committee composed of three members of the Board of Education and one member of the Muskegon Library Association.

1878. *Music Teacher Employed by Citizens.*

Through the aid of generous citizens a special teacher of music was employed without cost to the Board in 1878.

1881. *Special Teacher of Music Appointed.*

In 1881 the Board appointed George D. Herrick special teacher of Music.

1883. *High School Moved to Nims.*

Up to 1883 the high school had no separate building. At this time the building long known as the Nims and now called the Mann, was rearranged and given over to the high school and eighth grade.

1884. *Special Teacher of Drawing Appointed.*

The first special teacher of Drawing, Miss Ruth Warner, was appointed in 1884.

1884. *Kindergartens.*

Muskegon was the first city in the state to make the Kindergarten a part of the public school system. In 1884 two kindergarten rooms were opened, one in the Central in charge of Miss Aylesworth, and one in the Nelson with Miss Sarah A. Grigg in charge.

1884. *Ransom School.*

The school on Ransom Street, which was

known as the Ransom School many years, was completed in 1884. It is now called the McLaughlin in honor of Mr. David McLaughlin who was a member of the Board for twenty-five years.

1888. *Hackley Library.*

On the 25th of May, 1888, Mr. Hackley placed at the disposal of the Board of Education \$100,000.00 to erect a public library. July 30, 1888, Mr. Hackley gave \$25,000.00 for books.

1889. *Corner Stone.*

The corner stone of the library was laid on May 25, 1889.

1889. *Lakeside, Bluffton, Port Sherman.*

The villages of Lakeside, Bluffton, and Port Sherman became a part of the city on March 18, 1889.

1889. *Free Textbooks.*

Since 1889 free textbooks have been provided for all pupils below the high school.

1890. *Library Dedicated.*

On October 15, 1890, the Hackley Public Library was dedicated.

1890. *Central School Burned.*

The loss of this fine brick building in 1890 was a great misfortune. Some stores and churches were rented for school purposes.

1890. *Training School.*

The first Training School for teachers was opened in the Froebel building in 1890. Miss Ada Harris was appointed principal of this de-

partment. Nine young women entered as trainers.

1891. *Elementary Science.*

In 1890 a course in elementary science was introduced in the grade schools and Miss Mary Brassil was appointed supervisor.

1891. *Mr. McLaughlin Resigned.*

After twenty-five years of service on the Board of Education, Mr. McLaughlin resigned on account of failing health, January 5, 1891. On February 16, 1891, the teachers of the city tendered Mr. McLaughlin a reception in the library.

1891. *Library Completed.*

The Hackley Public Library was completed July 18, 1891.

1891. *Mr. Hackley's Proposition.*

Mr. Hackley's proposition to furnish a fund of \$75,000 to build two new schools provided the city voted to issue bonds for that amount, bearing interest at 5% and payable in not less than thirty years, was presented to the Board April, 1891.

1893. *Two New Schools.*

The High School on Jefferson Street, and the Hackley School were completed in 1893.

1895. *Manual Training School.*

October 18, 1895, Mr. Hackley gave the city \$30,000 to erect a Manual Training School.

1895. *Committee.*

Mr. Hackley in his official capacity as President of the Board of Education appointed a

committee consisting of Trustees F. A. Nims, R. E. Bunker, F. W. Garber, and Superintendent of Schools David Mackenzie to visit the leading Manual Training Schools of the country.

1896. *Plans and Foundation.*

As a result of the investigation, plans were prepared by Patton & Fisher, architects of Chicago, and work on the foundation was begun in July, 1896.

1897. *Dedication.*

The Manual Training School was completed in February, 1897, and dedicated October 20, 1897.

1900. *Manual Building Enlarged.*

The enrollment in the Manual School increased so rapidly that July 12, 1900, Mr. Hackley provided the means to build additions to it.

1900. *Addition to Library.*

In 1900 Mr. Hackley gave \$25,000.00 to build an addition to the library.

1900. *Gift of Gymnasium.*

Mr. Hackley gave \$15,000 to erect and equip a Gymnasium in 1900.

1902. *Gymnasium Completed.*

The Gymnasium and the additions to the Manual School were completed in 1902.

1902. *Athletic Field.*

On October 24, 1902, Mr. Hackley notified the Board of Education that he had purchased two blocks adjoining the Manual Training



School on the north to be used as an athletic field by the pupils of the school. The cost of this field was \$5,000.

1903. *Physical Training.*

Physical training in charge of a supervisor was begun in the grades in 1903.

1904. *Sewing in the Grades.*

A special teacher of sewing was employed in 1904.

1904. *Gift from Mr. H. N. Hovey.*

November 6, 1904, Mr. H. N. Hovey gave \$5,000, the interest of which was to be used to establish a free bed for librarians and teachers in the Hackley Hospital,

1908. *Annex to High School.*

The Annex to the high school building was completed in 1908.

1909. *Scholarship.*

The Class of 1909 established a Scholarship Fund for high school students.

1910. *Medical Inspection.*

A Medical Inspection Board composed of three doctors and a school nurse was appointed in 1910.

1910. *Backward Children.*

A class for backward children was organized in the Bunker School in 1910.

1910. *Defective.*

A class for defective children was organized in the Hackley school in 1910.

1911. *Dental Clinic.*

In 1911 a room in the Hackley school was

prepared for dental work and dentists of the city engaged to care for children's teeth.

1911. *McLaughlin Annex.*

In 1911 the Annex to the McLaughlin school was completed.

1911. *Summer School.*

In 1911 a summer school was opened in the high school.

1912. *Grade Summer School.*

Summer schools in the grades were opened in 1912. Hackley Art Gallery was dedicated June 21, 1912.

1912. *Agricultural Course.*

A course in agriculture was introduced in the high school in 1912.

1912. *School Gardens.*

School gardens in the grades were begun in 1912.

1913. *Nims School.*

The Nims school, a fire-proof building, was completed in 1913. This is one of the finest schools of its type in the Middle West.

1914. *Professional Study.*

In 1914 the Board established a Professional Study Fund by means of which teachers attending summer school receive an extra \$50 to defray that expense.

1914. *Defective Class.*

In 1914 a permanent department for defective children was organized in the Hackley school.

1914. *Grade Orchestra.*

A grade school orchestra was organized in 1914.

1915. *Vander Laan School.*

The Vander Laan school, a fire-proof building, was completed in 1915. It is equipped with every late improvement.

1915. *Director of Research.*

A Director of Research to test work of elementary schools was employed in 1915.

1916. *Athletic Work.*

An appropriation of \$400 was made in 1916 to increase athletic work for boys in the grammar grades.

1916. *Salary Schedule.*

Teachers' salary schedule was adopted in 1916. Minimum salary increased \$50.

1916. *Playgrounds.*

Summer playgrounds were authorized in 1916 and an appropriation of \$500 made for this work.

1916. *Garden Exhibit.*

The first annual exhibit of school garden produce was held in the Hackley school October 27-28, 1916.

1917. *Fairview.*

The district of Fairview became a part of the city April 1, 1917.

1917. *School Gardens.*

Enrollment in school garden work 412.

1917. *Canning and Drying.*

Several canning and drying demonstrations

were given in connection with garden work in 1917.

1917. *Achievement Day.*

A final meeting of all school gardeners was held in the Hackley school December 17, 1917.

1918. *Military Training.*

Military training was introduced in the high school and seventh grade.

The following is a brief summary of Mr. Hackley's generous gifts for educational purposes, and of the present valuation of the various endowments:

1916. *Property Secured from Gifts.*

|                                       | Real Estate  | Equipment<br>& Furniture | Total        |
|---------------------------------------|--------------|--------------------------|--------------|
| Hackley Public Library.....           | \$212,456.01 | \$ 93,077.71             | \$305,533.72 |
| Hackley Manual Training School.....   | 195,186.11   | 50,868.26                | 246,054.37   |
| Picture Fund Hackley Art Gallery..... |              | 137,458.39               | 137,458.39   |
| Total from Gifts.....                 | \$407,642.12 | \$281,404.36             | \$689,046.48 |

*Hackley Endowments:*

|  |                |                |
|--|----------------|----------------|
| Public Library.....                    | \$ 275,000.00  |                |
| Manual Training School.....            | 610,000.00     |                |
| Julia E. Hackley Educational Fund..... | 1,034,750.00   |                |
|  | \$1,919,750.00 | \$1,919,750.00 |
| Picture Fund*.....                     | 43,033.57      | 43,033.57      |
|  | \$1,962,783.57 | \$2,651,830.05 |

*Income from Hackley Endowments:*

|  | 1915-1916   | 1916-1917   | 1917-1918   |
|--|-------------|-------------|-------------|
| Public Library.....                    | \$13,134.60 | \$13,407.85 | \$13,407.85 |
| Manual Training School.....            | 25,836.36   | 25,926.92   | 25,926.92   |
| Julia E. Hackley Educational Fund..... | 45,885.19   | 48,158.32   | 47,966.65   |
|  | \$84,856.15 | \$87,493.09 | \$87,301.42 |

\*Not an endowment, but balance and accumulation on the original gift of \$150,000 for purchase of paintings.

*Payments from Hackley Endowments:*

|  | 1915-1916   | 1916-1917   |
|--|-------------|-------------|
| To Public Library .....                  | \$ 7,900.00 | \$23,000.00 |
| To Hackley Manual Training School .....  | 18,703.50   | 25,800.00   |
| To Public School for special items ..... | 12,677.50   | 8,865.00    |
| Totals .....                             | \$39,281.00 | \$57,665.00 |
| Unexpended balances .....                | 6,604.19    | 10,858.48   |

At the present time the property derived from the Hackley gifts amounts to more than one-half of the public school property.

## THE STORY OF BATTLE CREEK'S FIRST BANK

BY FOREST G. SWEET

BATTLE CREEK

NEARLY forty years ago a small boy collector of old paper money called at the office of Judge Tolman W. Hall in Battle Creek and with a certain diffidence asked the Judge if he still had any of the signed notes of the old bank of Battle Creek. With great cordiality the gentleman who was seated at his old fashioned desk asked the boy to take a chair at his side, reached into one of the drawers of the desk and drew forth two crumpled strips of paper. Gazing for a moment at them he said, "These two are all I have left and as you seem interested I am going to give you one of them." Then he handed the boy an obligation of the Bank of Battle Creek to pay the bearer on demand two dollars, dated January 18, 1838, signed Sands McCamly, president and Tolman W. Hall, cashier.

The mere transfer of the bill treasured as it then was and still is was only a part of the boon bestowed upon the boy, for being in a reminiscent mood the Judge followed up the gift with a narrative of incidents concerning the operations of wild-cat banks and that of Battle Creek in particular. The story to be told on the present occasion has its genesis and some of its side lights drawn from the remarks of that kindly old gentleman, together with authentic data gathered by the boy in maturer years.

Battle Creek congratulates itself and takes pride, pardonable perhaps, in the fact that in the last 57 years of its industrial and commercial growth it has never had a bank failure or even a suspension of payments to depositors. Such a record, it is believed, is almost unique in the history of American cities, covering as it does three-quarters of the period of settlement of what now comprises the city of Battle Creek. If the pleasure be denied us of including the operations of the first bank started in our midst in this splendid record achieved by our financial institutions in later years, the consolation remains that much of its lack of success can be traced to the system of banking then in vogue in Michigan and elsewhere.

The Bank of Battle Creek was not one of the banks specially chartered by the Michigan legislature but was organized under what is generally known as the Free Banking Act of 1837. An outline of the provisions of this Act cannot here be attempted, but as everyone at all familiar with Michigan history knows, they were so little consonant with rudimentary principles of finance that even an honestly conducted bank could not succeed under the system.

The articles of association of the Bank of Battle Creek were filed with the State authorities February 12, 1838. The capital stock was \$100,000, of which \$30,000 was given as paid in. The officers were Sands McCamly, president, and Tolman W. Hall, cashier.

No name stands out more prominently in the early history of our city than that of Sands McCamly. Prospecting in this vicinity in 1831, he was quick to see the advantages afforded here by abundant water



power and at once he acquired large holdings of land and proceeded to develop the water power by digging the race, thereby making possible the first sawmill and the first gristmill in Battle Creek. It was but natural that such a man of substance and position in the community as Judge McCamly should add to his scarcely onerous duties as postmaster the larger field of banking. In this he was peculiarly fortunate in associating with himself Tolman W. Hall, who then had lately arrived from Vermont, a man of sterling character and familiarly known to residents of a later generation as Judge Hall through long service as justice of the peace.

The names of the other directors and stockholders are not at present available owing to the fact that many of the old records at Lansing are unclassified. The location of the bank office was between the present McCrea and Larkin buildings in Monroe Street. Business was probably begun some time before articles were filed with the State for there are in existence at least three duly signed notes dated January 18, 1838.

Rawdon, Wright and Hatch of New York, the foremost engravers of the day, were engaged to prepare the bank notes, and their task was well executed, as is shown by copies of the notes now existing. They were printed in two different sheets of four bills each. One sheet consisted of one \$2, one \$3, and two \$1 bills; the other of one \$10, one \$20, and two \$5 bills. After being properly numbered, dated, and signed, the notes were then cut apart and were ready for circulation as money.

With the advantage which nearly 80 years give as a perspective, the prospects for ultimate success for

the bank were gloomy indeed. According to Blois' *Gazetteer* for 1838, Battle Creek then had six stores, two taverns, two sawmills, two flour mills, two smitheries, two machine shops, a saddlery, a cabinet shop and 400 inhabitants, a figure which was scarcely an underestimate. Under normal conditions with a prosperous farming community to draw on, the bank might have had a chance to live, but the panic of 1837 had hit the whole country a smashing blow. Michigan in 1836 was selling its wheat at \$2.50 a bushel, in 1838 at \$1.00 and in a depreciated currency at that. Ruin seemed to face merchant and farmer alike. Still people did not realize that over speculation and a disordered currency system were at the root of their troubles and so the Bank of Battle Creek began its drift to destruction.

The bank managed to avoid the rocks for almost a year, but the state examiner's report of December 15, 1838, showed an indebtedness of \$50,130, of which \$23,600 was for bank notes issued. There were only seven depositors, with a total of \$985 to their credit. There was no gold or silver in the bank, and only \$960 in bills of other banks on hand. In face of this desperate situation the bank examiners, one of whom was Digby V. Bell, afterward a resident of Battle Creek, advised the State authorities that the bank be allowed further time for the redemption of its notes. Their report says: "The Bank of Battle Creek there is good reason for assurance will be in possession of the means to effect this desirable object in the course of two weeks, a favorable issue to the pending negotiation for that object being confidently entertained." The expected aid, however, did not materialize and the end came probably about

February 1, 1839. The failure of the bank caused at least one man, the father of Dr. J. H. Kellogg of the Sanitarium, to lose his farm, and it was twelve years before another attempt was made at banking in Battle Creek. Then in 1851 the late L. C. Kellogg started a banking business, which was taken over in 1865 by the present Old National Bank, which thus has an honorable and prosperous record covering a period of sixty-six years.

Enough perhaps has been told of the sober and even gloomy side of the story of Battle Creek's wild-cat bank. A few incidents of another character remain to be noted.

Under the Michigan law all banks issuing notes were required to keep on hand a certain amount of specie to assure their redemption when presented. To provide for the execution of the statute, a State bank examiner was chosen to make regular inspections of each bank. Yankee wit and western grit were equal to the occasion. The banks of southern Michigan raised each their proportionate share of a sum of \$5,000 in gold and were ready for the inspection. When the bank examiner reached Marshall, for example, the gold would be there in the bank for him to count and he would be able to make a satisfactory report to the State officials. No sooner had he left the building than the specie bags would be started post haste for Battle Creek and on his leisurely arrival here, the zealous officer would find and count the same gold and be able to give the Battle Creek bank a clean bill of health. The next day the same story would be repeated in Kalamazoo. That the bank examiner ever knew of the wily bankers'

scheme is, of course, problematical, but consciously or otherwise, the touching intimacy of old friendship must have grown up between him and those gold coins.

This little hoard of real money played another part in bolstering the banker's credit among his own townsmen. When the examiner arrived to begin his inspection his appearance was the signal for the chance dropping in at the bank of many a hanger-on at the store and tavern and the size of the pile of gold then shown lost nothing in his later descriptions to his cronies.

While State inspection had few terrors for the banker, the visit of a holder of his promises to pay was often a source of real anxiety and alarm, especially when cash was low in the till. Judge Hall told of his own worry whenever he saw a stranger approaching the bank. The man might and probably did have some Battle Creek notes and would be sure to ask for their redemption. The Judge confessed that under such circumstances his custom was to make a hurried retreat by way of a back door, leaving in command of the situation, Lou Jackson, Battle Creek's first Negro inhabitant, an habitual lounge around the bank. Lou had his part well learned, and on entering, the stranger would be met with the sight of the darkey sweeping the floor and singing at the top of his voice. All inquiries as to the whereabouts of the cashier would be met with stupid grins and foolish chatter. After discussing in polite terms the fidelity of the cashier and incidentally cussing the Negro, the disappointed man would leave, whereupon Lou gave a signal and the nimble footed cashier returned to his post with a fear

of such further alarms constantly hanging over him.

Curious as it may seem, it remained for the Civil War of 1861 to bring out the notes of the bank of Battle Creek in the largest numbers and to give them the widest circulation. By way of preface to the story of the part these bills played at that time it may be noted that after the disastrous experiences of the wild-cat period, various States passed more stringent laws under which banks might issue notes, and that at the time of the outbreak of the Civil War notes of many banks throughout the country circulated freely at or nearly at par with gold and silver. As the war progressed and the value of greenbacks fell, many of these banks maintained higher credit than the United States Government, and accordingly their notes were taken in preference to greenbacks.

Having these facts in mind and knowing that a large supply of unsigned notes of the Bank of Battle Creek were still in existence, some of the local boys at the front wrote back home for a supply of them, and a generous bunch was sent on from here. Bearing in mind the part Lou Jackson had played in the affairs of the bank at an early date, many of the notes were signed with his name as cashier, an act of retributive justice and delicious humor which none could better appreciate than Judge Hall. For reasons above indicated the passing of the bills was comparatively easy for quite a time and army sutlers and hangers-on as well as Confederate shopkeepers and farmers were willing victims to the charm of Battle Creek notes. Finally the passing of the fraudulent money became such a nuisance that its circulation was prohibited by

the officers and to enforce the order the men were frequently lined up and searched. That this duty was perfunctorily performed is shown when it is stated that within half an hour after the search, plenty of bills were in the soldiers' pockets.

Many an amusing incident might be written of experiences with these bills, but one told by a well-known Battle Creek veteran on himself may suffice. One day when his regiment had been on short rations for many hours a farmer strolled into camp with pies for sale. At once he was surrounded by an eager crowd of purchasers. Our friend, remembering that he had a dollar Battle Creek bill, loudly called out that he would take ten of the pies, and his bill was taken without question. One of the pies disappeared almost at the first bite. The second was being more leisurely enjoyed when our friend on closer inspection found that he was eating rat pie, small care having been taken to remove even the hide or hair of the rodent. The veteran solemnly states that he never tried to pass another Battle Creek bill and is frank to acknowledge that poetic justice was meted out to him, though in a quite disagreeable form.

One of these soldier-issued notes found its way back to Battle Creek recently and its romantic but absolutely true history is this: It is a \$1 bill of the Bank of Battle Creek dated August 9, 1860, and signed by Benj. Williams, cashier. The latter was a well known colored man living in Battle Creek and perhaps his name was used because the man who issued the note thought Lou Jackson's signature was getting a little too common. The note was picked up on the battle-

field of Chickamauga in 1863 by J. B. Hodges, a Confederate soldier, and remained in his possession until his death a short time ago in Forest City, Arkansas. Then it came into the hands of Mr. Joseph Fussell, a prominent banker of that town and a lifelong friend of Mr. Hodges. Mr. Fussell is a frequent visitor at the Sanitarium in this city, and being of the opinion that the bill rightfully belonged here was kind enough to let it remain in Battle Creek in exchange for some old Southern bank bills.

Now that in some small degree there has been traced the part played by these notes through the stirring vicissitudes of two important periods of our local as well as national history, further discussion may be dropped with the hope that nothing may arise in the future, either speculative fever or war, which may offer an excuse to resurrect the notes of the first bank of Battle Creek.



## EARLY DAYS IN DEARBORN

BY HENRY A. HAIGH

DETROIT

GENTLEMEN:

It is a pleasure, and I esteem it an honor, to be asked to address you on this occasion of your annual meeting, when you are assembled to celebrate your successful achievements and to recount the progress of this our wonderful town of Dearborn.

*Remedy of Dearborn*  
The growth of Dearborn during the past four or five years has been indeed phenomenal, even for a suburb of "Dynamic Detroit." This is, I suppose, due mainly to the activities of our distinguished townsman Henry Ford, because of his having located in this his boyhood home his tractor manufacturing plant, which, from present appearances, and the great economic importance of its product, seems destined to become one of the great industrial institutions of the country.

It is astounding to one who spent the happy days of his youth amid the rustic surroundings of this erstwhile quiet little sylvan hamlet, to behold its present prowess and prospective power, and to realize that it stands today a superlatively prosperous, industrial suburb of the greatest, most rapidly developed and most persistent, determined and "dynamic" manufacturing center in this great nation, if not in the world.

All this, though vastly gratifying, is perhaps not more gratefully interesting to us as citizens of Dear-

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born than is the equally patent fact, willingly conceded by all, that the peerless leader of the greatest industry in all this great industrial center is our own modest, unassuming, kindly, generous and well-beloved fellow townsman Henry Ford.

But, Mr. Chairman, proud as I justly am of this prosperous Dearborn of today, fortunate as I feel to have lived to witness the substantial beginning of this promised greatness of my native town, I am, nevertheless, glad that you have asked me to speak tonight about the Dearborn of earlier days.

Ah! those were good old days—those dear, departed, happy days of sleepy, care-free, little old Dearborn of long ago! They are dead and gone forever; the memory of them, once so cherished, seems fading into forgetfulness. And yet there was a tender grace about those days that are dead that may never come back again. And there was a wholesomeness and hopefulness, a friendliness and an undaunted confidence about them that make it useful for us to pause and contemplate their contrasts with the hurly-burly, rushing days of now. Because for real richness of life and that fineness and kindness of feeling which gives a mutual joyfulness and helpfulness, there was something in the simple, sturdy olden time well worth emulating in this glorious but somewhat gilded, money-seeking present.

They were in many respects fairly typical pioneer days—quiet, simple, but very comfortable. Though the people were poor, and by comparison with the wealth abounding now, very poor, yet the poorest of us were rich in resource and contentment, and all were

far, far removed from want or the remotest danger of want.

We were satisfied with what we had, and there were many essential things which are none too easily obtained by even the most forehanded now that were so abundant then that we took them as a matter of course—in fact they seemed almost free.

For instance, I am told that it is impossible to find a house to rent in this whole town. Rents are exorbitantly high for those fortunate enough to find places. Families are crowded two or three in a house, and people literally by thousands are forced to come here daily by trolley and auto from distant habitations where they have sought shelter. But in those old days there was room and to spare for everybody. Oh, there was so much room and space and land, and such unbounded opportunity for everybody! Everybody owned his home, or if, perchance, there was now and then one who wanted to rent, he could have any vacant house in town practically rent free. If he paid the taxes and kept the place in repair, that was all the owner usually cared to ask. And there were always a few old moss-covered habitations vacant, some remaining so till they became “haunted” and were abandoned to the bats and owls. There were two such old houses on my father’s farm and one or two on the old Ten Eyck farm, fairly comfortable habitations, whose histories would be interesting, perhaps thrilling, if told today.

Then we had leisure in those halcyon days, a thing hard to find now! Though all worked, at times very hard, and at certain seasons very long hours, still there

always seemed to be plenty of time for everything, including ample time for talk; and everybody dearly loved a dish of conversation and indulged it to an extent that puts a blush upon our modern formalism and unceasing rush.

Though no one was rich, and money was scarce and wages were low, still the essentials of life were cheap, and while all practiced habitual economy, no one had to deny himself or his family anything needed for comfort. In fact not very much ready money was needed in those good old days, for if one hadn't the cash to pay, he could always get credit at Sloss's store, where he would be carried till fall, and then everybody always paid!

Let me tell you of other things now hard to get and high, but which seemed almost free then. Milk, butter and eggs were so abundant that we took them almost as a matter of course, a bounty of nature like air and water. Every family kept a cow, some had several. No cottage was so poor that it hadn't a shed behind it in which was a cow and a flock of chickens. The cows roamed the highways if the owner wished, or fed in the open fields. There was no outside demand for milk, as I recall, in Dearborn in the early days. It was all consumed at home, some of it made into butter and cheese and the balance fed to the pigs. If one's cow went dry, he borrowed milk from his neighbor till the cow came in. He paid for this in kind when the neighbor's cow went dry. He didn't pay in money. It didn't seem worth it. Today we pay 18 cents a quart for milk. The same is true of eggs. They were so abundant that the price went down in summer to

8 and 10 cents a dozen at Sloss's in trade. He sold them at the price he paid for them in trade. He didn't want two profits. Eggs now are 90 cents a dozen.

And potatoes! There never were such potatoes as grew in Dearborn in those days of virgin soil! They seemed free. They grew in such abundance that their price dropped often to 25 cents a bushel and sometimes lower. Every farmer raised them in quantity; every family had a patch. If one's bin ran low or his supply gave out in spring, he borrowed from his neighbor till the new crop came. If he forgot to return them, it was all right. They were hardly worth returning anyway. They cost \$5.00 a bushel now!

So I might go on tediously telling of other things, invaluable foodstuffs now, that take our money and our breath away to pay for them, that seemed almost as free as air and water then.

For, mark you, the virgin soil of Dearborn was fine and fertile. It raised best onions, biggest apples and most wonderful watermelons that ever grew outdoors. And they always found a ready market in Detroit. The late William Nowlin tells in his story of "The Bark Covered House" about the first load of watermelons taken from Dearborn to Detroit, way back in 1833, when he made the trip with his father by ox team, taking three days for the journey and bringing melons so big that they brought readily a shilling apiece and produced sufficient ready money to furnish the family with supplies for the rest of that season.

For fully fifty years following this first crop of Dearborn watermelons, Dearborn continued to grow wonderful melons. But the fertile soil of Dearborn soon

produced all the staple crops, and continues so to do to this day. I do not recall a single failure of crops in this township in the sixty years I have known it, nor do I recall a single case of complete failure on the part of any of the hardy pioneers who came to Dearborn in the early days. I know that most who came were comparatively poor, and we all know that the descendants of most of them who remain are now comparatively rich. While there was no wealth in the modern sense in Dearborn in the early days, but little ready money and only lowest wages (\$20 a month and board being the maximum for farm labor), I want to tell you that those meager conditions and those low wages afforded at that time, to those who really wanted to get on, a generous opportunity for advancement. And I think it safe to say that a larger proportion of those who worked even for those low wages took advantage of the opportunities then offered than are taking advantage of the big pay and possibly greater opportunities of today. I could weary you with innumerable instances of the successful results of that old-time, humble thrift. I could name you quite a number of determined men, who, starting at that \$20 a month, became the owners of prosperous farms, and I could cite you several well known instances where the descendants of those pioneers have, as a result of that early thrift, become wealthy citizens.

But the pursuit of wealth alone is rather sordid, and we gave little heed to it in those early days. We worked too long and hard to think very much about gain. An eight-hour day was then undreamed of. Eighteen hours was nearer its length in harvest time.

And yet I do not know that any one was hurt by hard work in Dearborn in the early days. Anyway, we had a lot of fun.

I wish I had time to tell you of the wholesome, joy-giving pleasures that followed the round of the seasons in the olden days of Dearborn—of the fishing in the spring, the swimming in the summer, the shooting in the fall, the picnics, the paring bees, the horseback riding, the socials, the dances and the pretty girls. Oh, there were always very pretty girls in Dearborn! Nor must I fail to mention the sleigh rides and the skating parties of those crisp, cold, snappy winters long ago.

There are not many here who can recall the craze for skating that swept over this country about the time of the Civil War. Going to Florida or California in winter was unheard of then. Everybody stayed at home and had the best of fun of the year in winter time. Skating was in vogue. Dearborn caught the craze for it and everybody, young and old, skated, or attempted to. I remember that the late Mr. Gulley had, at a place on the Gulley Farm not half a mile from where we sit, a skating pond that he could flood, with a warmed pavilion at one side, and there were skating parties there all winter. At one time there was a grand fancy dress skaters' carnival, which every one attended, including Uncle Billy Ten Eyck, who had to be supported by two men, and even old Dr. Sweeney in a long fur coat came jauntily around a curve, when his foot slipped from under him and he fell down on the end of his backbone and had lumbago afterward.

Time limits the telling much about people and per-



sonalities that made up the interesting life of early Dearborn. But you can readily see that here was an environment inevitably destined to develop character. And it did bring out character of the choicest kind.

I recall, for instance, three rare old pioneer Justices of the Peace, who, without really knowing it, possessed great natural legal minds, and who for forty years or more settled the disputes of this community so justly and correctly that hardly an appeal was taken from their righteous judgments. These were Titus Dort, of whom we shall learn later, William Daly, whose sons and grandsons are honored citizens of our town, and Charles Brainard, the grandfather of Attorney Tom Long. Squire Brainard's native ability as a jurist appears in reinforced degree in this bright young townsman of ours, whom Mr. Justice Carpenter, formerly of our Supreme Court, has characterized as one of the best lawyers in Michigan.

Many other interesting characters should be referred to, for their lives were really so useful as to merit all the time at my disposal, but I am forced to refer to but few of them and that only too briefly.

For first I must go back to the beginning and tell you that Dearborn to start with was greatly favored by nature in location and in soil formation, facts which cut significant figure in its subsequent life.

Dearborn is located, as you know, along the wooded banks of the winding River Rouge, sufficiently back from the flat country bordering the Detroit River to be high enough for thorough drainage. It has a heavy sub-soil of clay with a surface of as fine rich loam as any good farmer could wish. At a point near the center of

the township, where the village now reposes and where the Arsenal was located, there begins the succession of low rolling sand hills known as the "hog backs," which stretch from there in wavering lines westerly across the state some two hundred miles to the Lake Michigan shore. These were of glacial origin, due to a lingering of the receding glacial mass and the consequent deposit of the worn and ground-up rock forming the sand of these picturesque low hills.

You can see that this slight elevation, surrounded by the flat, level lands, at times soggy and wet, which constituted much of the remainder of Wayne County, made Dearborn an attractive place from the beginning. And so the settlers found it the favorite haunt and abiding place of the abundant wild life then abounding everywhere; and that it was a location favored and frequented by the Indian tribes is evidenced by the numerous old Indian trails centering there and following along both banks of the Rouge, the latter so well worn that they became portions of early territorial highways and later of state roads stretching far across the state.

Here doubtless tarried Seminoles and Chippewas in their seasonal round for game. Here the brave Iroquois may have fought their ancient enemies, the Hurons and Algonquins. Also we may well believe here came the crafty chief Pontiac on the spring and autumn migrations from his winter home on Orchard Lake to his summer home on Bois Blanc Island, where the blue waters of the great strait merge into the shimmering waves of stately Lake Erie.

Pontiac was probably the ablest of all Indian strategists, equalled if at all only by his apt pupil

Tecumseh. His great conspiracy, had it succeeded, would have changed the course of history. He was wise as well as cunning. He knew that Dearborn was a good place to stop.

He spent his winters at Orchard Lake, where game and fur-bearing animals were plentiful, and his summers on beautiful Bois Blanc, fanned by the cooling breezes of Lake Erie, where wild fowl and fish abounded. And in passing to and fro between these places he doubtless made Dearborn, the half-way point, his favored stopping place. With easy imagination, we may see his long lines of ponies wending their leisurely way along those well-worn Rouge trails, headed by the old chief and followed by his braves with their squaws, papooses, dogs and crude equipment, turning in at twilight to the welcome dry and sandy knolls of Dearborn and pitching their tall tepees not far from the very spot on which we are tonight assembled.

This favored region appealed also to the early pioneers, and was the reason for the location here of our beloved village.

Dearborn was settled by as fine and hardy a race of pioneers as ever followed the western trail. They came mainly from the state of New York, though some came from Massachusetts and other eastern states.

They were impelled westward by the great migration which set in shortly after the war of 1812 and reached its culmination about 1837, when Michigan became a state of the American Union. A great stream of sturdy, hardworking home-seekers flowed steadily westward for nearly a quarter of a century, resulting in the settlement of the whole of the lower part of

Michigan, a large part of northern Illinois and a goodly part of Wisconsin.

A large portion of these pioneers passed through Dearborn, and some of the best of them stopped here.

Dearborn was the first stopping point west of Detroit on the great territorial trail, later known as the "Chicago Road," running westerly to Fort Dearborn, Illinois, afterward called Chicago and now the second largest city in the new world.

The old Ten Eyck tavern, built in 1826, located about ten miles west of Detroit, stood directly opposite to where is now the stately entrance to Mr. Ford's estate. It was the first of a series of famous hostelries stretching across the state for the accommodation of this stream of pioneers. I well remember this famous old tavern, which was the scene of numerous and significant pioneer experiences, and I endeavored some years since to describe it in an article which was published in the *Detroit Free Press*, accompanied by a sketch which I made from memory, and also a sketch of the old Ten Eyck homestead, built in 1827, where Mr. Ford formerly resided, both of which I gave to Mr. Ford for safe keeping, as I fancied them the only pictures remaining of two of the earliest places in Dearborn.

But it was the location here by the United States Government of the Detroit Arsenal, so-called, that put Dearborn definitely and permanently on the map of Michigan.

This series of stately structures, built substantially of brick and stone around a hollow square, was an important thing in the early history of Dearborn. Its

location was determined upon, I presume, during the administration of Andrew Jackson, and the structures were completed, I think, during the administration of President Tyler.

At that time the animosities leading to and following the Revolution and the war of 1812 had by no means subsided. Indeed, the old feelings again cropped out in the so-called "Patriot War," a farcical, and, as it now seems, rather silly fiasco, but which came near again bringing the two nations to blows in 1838.

In the early twenties, it became the policy of the War Department to locate garrisons and arsenals for the storage of arms, ordnance and ammunition at strategic points slightly in the rear of important frontier posts. Detroit with Fort Pontchartrain, Fort Shelby and later Fort Wayne, and with famous Fort Gratiot not far north, was one of the most important of all the frontier posts. This is evidenced by the significant fact that Detroit and its surrounding territory, including Dearborn, has been contended for and fought over on no less than five different occasions and has existed under five flags. It was first settled by the French, who came with Cadillac in 1701. It was taken from the French by the English in 1760. It passed to the United States at the close of the Revolutionary War. It was named after General Henry Dearborn, commander of the American forces at the outbreak of the war of 1812. It was surrendered to the English by the ill-fated General Hull, without firing a shot, at the outset of the war of 1812, and it was returned to the United States at the close of that rather useless conflict by the Treaty of Ghent, concluded in 1814 and ratified

by our Senate in 1815. It will probably remain under the Stars and Stripes for some time to come. We have no foreign enemies who want it, and its people are content.

All these formidable forts referred to have faded away and their exact locations have almost been forgotten. Finding no use for them and knowing of no use for them in future; knowing also that the bonds of friendship existing across our Canadian border are stronger than any barriers of wood or stone, and realizing at last that the ties of blood existing between the two great branches of the English race render all these petty defenses useless, they have been allowed to sink back to earth and disappear.

But in 1820 it was thought wise to build an arsenal back of Fort Wayne and Detroit Arsenal was located at Dearborn, and completed about 1831 or '32.

This was the beginning of Dearborn's importance, though some of the old families were already here. The Ten Eycks were here, and the old Ten Eyck Tavern was doing a flourishing business in 1826. The town had been incorporated under the name of "Dearbornville"—later, I think with less euphony, changed to Dearborn. The old Ten Eyck mansion was built in 1827. It was demolished and removed by Mr. Ford to make room for his entrance gates in 1918.

Conrad Ten Eyck, descended from a family of Dutch patroons, had come here from Albany and was a merchant in Detroit as early as 1819. Titus Dort had moved westward from the state of Vermont in 1824, and established the first brick yard in Detroit. In 1829 he came to Dearborn.



The Ten Eyck family was a large and very interesting one. Beside the two sons William and Charles, whom some of you must well remember, there were no less than four daughters, all beautiful women and popular. One married Daniel D. Tompkins, son of the Daniel D. Tompkins at one time Governor of New York and later Vice-President of the United States under President Monroe. "Dan Tompkins" was a "mighty hunter" and a famous character in Dearborn for many years, until his death a few years since. Mr. George Tompkins, our townsman, is his only son. Another daughter married David Sloss, our old time merchant, who successfully ran "Sloss's Store" in Dearborn for over half a century and made a fortune.

The Pardee family came to Dearborn in 1833 and located on a large farm just south of Dearborn. They were followed by the Putnam family and later the Nowlin family, who built the "Bark Covered House" and afterward the brick house still standing on the Nowlin Road. The Purdy family came about that time.

The Ruddiman family came in the spring of 1833 and located in the "Scotch Settlement" along with the Leslies and the Fords. William and Henry Ford, father and uncle of our present distinguished townsman Henry Ford, became thrifty and successful farmers in the Scotch Settlement and so continued to their deaths a few years since. Little did they dream when they plodded westward to this then unknown, backwoods settlement that among the bright and busy children soon to play around their modest thresholds was one destined to become a great national character—



an inventor, manufacturer, financier, philosopher and philanthropist, who would challenge the attention of the world!

Following these early arrivals came a galaxy of settlers too numerous to name in full, but among them the Howards (a famous family), the Van Alstyne, the Dalys, the Gulleys, the Vromans, Ladds, Maxwells, Wallaces, Morhouses, Trowbridges, Clays, Beadlestons, Dr. Sweeny, Dr. Snow, Joseph Coon, John Black, J. W. Alexander, Abraham Lapham, and finally five Englishmen—Thomas Long, Joshua Jubb, Philip Elsey, Joseph Ledbeter and my father Richard Haigh. The last named, however, was not fairly entitled to be called a "settler," for he purchased land already reclaimed, namely, the Howard Farm with its fine old colonial mansion built in 1833-4, and which stands today probably the best preserved of all the old pioneer places in Michigan. I would like to tell about Ed. Howe, a much loved later arrival; also about the Allens, Van Rippers, Hiddens, Magoonahs and Coyne; but time forbids.

But it was the building of the Arsenal that brought Dearborn into prominence and made its early days seem important.

The construction of this considerable army post was commenced and carried to completion under the immediate charge of a bright young army officer, Lieutenant Joshua Howard, of the U. S. engineers. His work must have been appreciated by the War Department, for he remained in command of the new post for quite a number of years.

Recognizing the beauty of the location, he pur-

chased lands adjoining the arsenal grounds, on which he built the house which later became and continued to be the home of my family for seventy years. In this colonial mansion Capt. Howard entertained his numerous friends, including many distinguished army officers, and from this old home his three beautiful daughters were married to three rising young residents of Detroit, who later became very prominent citizens, viz.: General Henry R. Mizner, a distinguished soldier of the Civil War, John Strong and Walter Ingersoll, both successful merchants, but all long since dead. Their descendants, or some of them, still reside in Detroit.

Lieutenant Howard rose to the rank of Colonel. Howard street, Detroit, I am told was named after him. He impressed his personality upon Dearborn decisively and cut an important figure in its early life. Hither he brought his two brothers—Cyrus Howard, later known as “Judge,” and E. C. Howard, for many years postmaster of Dearborn. Many of the Howard descendants still remain among Dearborn’s good people.

Following Col. Howard, as commandants of the post, came a succession of army officers whose interesting families, all cultured people, helped much in the development of the social life of this then western community.

Major Stephen A. Webb succeeded Col. Howard, and I believe remained till 1845. He is remembered as the gallant officer who forcibly lifted the “Old Thompson Tavern” off from Government land and set it in the woods. This old “tavern” had squatted on the government reservation and was doing a good business. As the intruder would not move off, Maj. Webb was

obliged to use force, and in the squabble which ensued, the structure I think caught fire and burned down.

Following Maj. Webb, as commander of the post, came—in the order named—Capt. Collender, Capt. Abeel, Capt. Wilkins, Capt. Michaelis, Capt. Smyser, Col. Parker and Major Todd, the last named retiring about 1870, when the post was abandoned because Detroit and its vicinity was no longer regarded as frontier territory.

The presence in Dearborn for forty years of this important institution, with its soldiers and artisans and their officers, with interesting families, gave the life of the little town a sort of official aspect and relieved the early days of Dearborn of dreariness and that sense of remoteness characteristic of many pioneer settlements.

Here came the young officers from Fort Wayne, on horseback often, with wives or sweethearts, on pleasure bent, and some of these gallant fellows were destined for great deeds later. General U. S. Grant, America's greatest military hero, was a captain in the Fourth Infantry stationed at Fort Wayne in 1838, and doubtless often visited Dearborn in the early days.

During the Civil War the Arsenal was utilized as a recruiting and training station, and sometimes a regiment or a battery, or both, were in training there. I well remember a visit there of General William T. Sherman and members of his staff, about the close of the war period, and they came to my father's house, where General Ord, Department Commander, was stopping, and had refreshments there and spent the evening. It all seemed very exciting.

The real life of Dearborn, however, was not in the

Arsenal, nor the taverns, nor on the teeming highway of pioneer travel. It was on the newly settled farms and among the old families I have referred to. I wish I could tell you some of the many interesting things about these fine old farmer folks. They and their kind were, and are, the bone and sinew of our nation, and they will be its steadfast protectors in time of stress and trouble.

I wish too that I might tell you of the early schools and churches of Dearborn, for both were good; and of the lives of the earnest preachers and priests that faithfully watched and worked for the welfare of their devoted flocks. Father Marker, long the efficient incumbent of the Catholic parish, endeared himself to all inhabitants and set a high mark for Father Sharpe, his worthy and energetic successor.

The Reverend William Dawe of the Methodist Church is the brilliant representative of a goodly line of parish preachers who have made the Ten Eyck Memorial Church the source and center of wide-reaching Christian endeavor; while the Rev. Philip Schenk is the earnest, successful, cultured successor of a faithful line of laborers in the vineyard of Christ's Episcopal Church.

But I am admonished that my time is passing, and that I can detain you only to tell a word or two about certain characters of the early days of Dearborn, whose usefulness and continuing influence justify a concluding reference.

*Titus Dort.* I have referred to him before. He may be regarded as one of the most distinguished of our early settlers. His name appears frequently and

*Luigi*  
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always creditably in the history of the first decade of Michigan's statehood.

He was born in Vermont in 1806, and twenty years later we find him here engaged in the manufacture of the first bricks made in Michigan. Married to the daughter of Alanson Thomas, who had settled on the banks of the Rouge, he began making bricks in Dearborn as early as 1829. And they were good bricks. The U. S. Arsenal Buildings were built of them, and you know how sturdily they stood. The Haigh Homestead was built of them, and you know how securely it still stands.

Important as this first industrial effort proved, it was along other lines that Titus Dort rendered his greatest service to this new community.

In 1835 he was appointed Justice of the Peace by Governor Stevens T. Mason, and held that office under the Territorial Government and later by successive elections under the State Government for many years.

In 1836 he was elected a delegate from Wayne County to the first constitutional convention which met in Ann Arbor that year to consider a constitution for the proposed new state. A previously proposed constitution had a troublesome boundary line between Ohio and Michigan, which came near precipitating the famous, though farcical, "Toledo War." This boundary was not accepted by Congress and changes were proposed. While these changes were rejected by the Ann Arbor Convention, still by the patient work of Mr. Dort and others of like cautious temperament, a compromise was subsequently arrived at, all difficulties avoided, and Michigan received in lieu of the land con-

tended for the rest of the Upper Peninsula of this great State—a veritable empire, as events proved, embracing more than seven hundred miles of shore line of Lake Superior and containing resources in iron, copper and other minerals, to say nothing of the timber and the lands of almost inconceivable value.

The persistence and poise of Titus Dort in this wise and worthy accomplishment showed him to be a statesman of no mean order, and his abilities as such were put to good use for many years. He was elected a representative in the first State Legislature in 1838, and again in 1841 and in 1846. He was elected to the State Senate in 1848 and again in 1850. In 1849 he was Chairman of the Senate Committee on Agriculture, and in collaboration with the late John C. Holmes and others, was instrumental in the organization of the State Agricultural Society, of which Hon. Jonathan Shearer of our neighboring village of Plymouth became the first President, and of the Executive Committee of which Mr. Dort was a member for several years. When it is remembered that this Society was instrumental in bringing about the legislation which developed the Michigan Agricultural College, the first of the great land grant colleges, of untold value to the country and the world, we may safely assert that Dearborn furnished important service in laying the sure foundations for the development of this great commonwealth.

But the Dort family like the Ford family was destined to make a transcendent contribution of vital energy to American progress through its second generation of pioneers. Josiah D. Dort, founder of the prosperous manufacturing firm of Dort, Durant &



Company, out of which evolved by process of development the great General Motors Corporation, the largest aggregation of automobile industries in the world, was born in the town of Dearborn almost within a stone's throw of where we are now sitting.

Dallas Dort, as he was affectionately called, was a nephew of Titus Dort, and, unlike his famous compeer Henry Ford, sought a field for exercise of unbounded energy not in his native hamlet but in the nearby village of Flint. Here in course of time he became the head of the Durant-Dort Company, carriage manufacturers, turning out upwards of a hundred thousand vehicles a year.

When the automobile came along, this active firm took up its manufacture, and while I am not familiar with the details resulting in the transition from carriages to autos, I do know that the "Buick," "Dort," "Oakland" and other standard cars, with which we are all familiar, were successfully developed at Flint, and I do know that Mr. Dort and his associate Mr. W. C. Durant, the Treasurer of the Company, became great factors in this great evolution, the latter becoming a veritable genius for organization, not only in the manufacture of automobiles but for reorganization of companies engaged in such manufacture, showing himself to be a wonderful wizard at merger and development of combined interests—all of which, as stated, resulted in the great General Motors Corporation, which owns the Cadillac, Buick, Oakland, Chevrolet and many other companies, and is the largest aggregation of automobile industry in the world.

Still it must be kept in mind, my fellow townsmen,



that this leviathan of production had to a large extent its natal germination in this, our little town. Dallas Dort is a product of Dearborn. Others helped and later may have led in this great evolution, but so far as Dallas Dort gave initiation and aid, that priceless energy came from Dearborn!

Now, my friends, I know that none of us can ever forget about our neighbor Henry Ford. It is needless for me to recount to you his early trials and struggles. We know them, and we know the wonderful undertakings and the transcendent achievements of this marvelous man. We know his abilities, and something of the aspirations and ambitions of his big and generous heart. We rejoice in his tremendous triumphs, and are proud of his position as a conspicuous American and world figure today.

But what I want you to remember is that he is a product of the early days of Dearborn; that he was born here, started here, stayed here, lives here, and is, and always will be, part and parcel of our town. Then also remembering that his great interests—autos, tractors, ships, railways, furnaces, mines, farms—and all his benefactions had their seed-thought origins in this town, and that his great industrial enterprises if added to those of the General Motors Corporation would constitute the most gigantic industry of the kind in the wide world, and that the product of it all is of such surpassing utility as to be working a world-wide economic revolution and changing, for the better I trust, the basic foundations of human life; and remembering also that all this stupefying realization had its germination and emanation in this erstwhile quiet

*Ford  
integrated*

little town of Dearborn in those early days that I have tried to tell about, you will see that my theme, however poorly presented, had in it elements of startling significance!

But glorious as is the reflection of these great industrial achievements upon the virility and latent capacity of early Dearborn, there were other phases of its early life equally deserving of our admiration. I have made no reference to the sweetest, tenderest and deepest emotions that fired and carried forward the hearts and souls of those early sturdy, steadfast pioneers. I refer to the indomitable determination, self-sacrifice, devotion and desire to help their offspring to better things than they had known, which actuated and impelled those early settlers.

The amount of hardship and hard work, of struggling toil, privation and apparent poverty, which they willingly went through for our poor sakes, may well inspire our appreciation and arouse our grateful sympathy.

And yet I am not sure those hardy homesteaders would accept much sympathy were they here to have it offered to them. They would probably tell us that they had just as good times subduing the wilderness as we have in possessing the fields their labor cleared.

I know it is a fashion of orators to exploit the privations of the pioneers and to invoke for them our sympathy and commiseration. But after all, is not that sympathy quite uncalled for and that commiseration mainly misapplied.

It is true that pioneers were limited in many of our modern commonplace appliances for comfort, and

luxury in its present sense they did not know. But they had many things we do not think about, and some rare and priceless things that we do not have at all. They had the faith that comes from never knowing failure, and the confidence that comes from conquering early obstacles. They were a picked lot, too hardy to fear or feel privation and too hopeful ever to repine. They took hostage from the future, and knew the ransom would surely come in a generous and rich reward.

The poorest of them were not objects of pity, notwithstanding the sympathy our orator's invoke.

Garfield, trudging as a barefoot boy upon the tow-path of the Miami Canal, was winning wisdom and acquiring qualities which later made him a statesman and a leader of his people.

Grant, bareheaded boy and tanned, romping the rugged shores of the Ohio, was unconsciously building a simple, sturdy determination which made him victor in many battles.

Lincoln, sprawled prone upon the cheerless cabin floor, reading by the light of a burning pine knot, was absorbing, all unrealized, more than college or university could have given, and was acquiring from those austere surroundings qualities of mind and heart which later made his sturdy figure a beacon in the world's history, and gave him a force and beauty and simplicity of diction unsurpassed in the literature of any language of mankind.

No, not many pioneers appeal for pity, perhaps least of all those lucky ones who cast their lots in dear old Dearborn—long and hard and tirelessly as they labored.

Let us, nevertheless, keep them in grateful memory, and, as we behold about us all these abundant and bountiful results of their foresight and devotion, render to them continuous tribute of admiration, affection and respect.

## GENERAL JOSEPH BROWN

BY W. B. HARTZOG, PH.D.

MASON

ON June 2, 1916, I went down town and while conversing with a company of men I remarked,

"Ninety-two years ago a few pioneers were erecting the first house built within the limits of Lenawee County on a spot just north of the big bridge over the Raisin."

"Is that so!" said one. "Who was the founder of this town, anyway?"

Then I thought of the eighth verse of the first chapter of Exodus, "Now there arose a new king over Egypt, who knew not Joseph."

"Well," I said, "the house referred to was that of Musgrove Evans, the pathfinder, but in reality the founder of Tecumseh was his brother-in-law, Joseph W. Brown."

When General Brown came to the bank of the Raisin, he was 31 years old. He relates that he was born November 26, 1793, in Falls Township, Bucks County, Pennsylvania. He was the youngest of a family of eleven children. When he was six years of age his parents moved to Jefferson County, New York. He grew up on a farm.

Before his removal to the Territory of Michigan he had gained considerable reputation. He held the prize for having the finest farm in Jefferson County. He was a man of great business ability, acting as agent for a

French nobleman, James LeRay, who was an extensive land owner in Jefferson County. He had familiarized himself with saw mills and flour mills. He read law and was a surveyor. He had experience in military affairs. He was married to Cornelia Tryon, the daughter of the most prominent business man in Columbia County, New York. To this union were born seven sons and four daughters. His parents were Quakers, but the general, after removing to this country, became an Episcopalian. He gave the land and considerable money to promote St. Peter's church in Tecumseh.

Strange to say, notwithstanding that his parents were Quakers, who as a religious body are opposed to war, both he and an older brother became prominent military men. His brother, Jacob, won distinction fighting the Indians and British and died at Washington in 1827, being at that time commander-in-chief of the American army.

At the age of 24 Joseph W. was commissioned an adjutant in the regular cavalry by DeWitt Clinton, Governor of New York, and by the same authority was made a captain in a rifle company of the One Hundred and Eighth regiment of New York infantry on April 24, 1818, and lieutenant-colonel in the same regiment on March 27, 1819. After arriving here Lewis Cass, Governor of Michigan, appointed him Chief Justice of this region, and a little later colonel of the Eighth regiment of Michigan militia. He was a member of the commission to locate the county seat of Hillsdale County, receiving his appointment from Governor Cass, October 25, 1830.

April 21, 1831, President Andrew Jackson appointed him brigadier-general of the Third brigade. On January 18, 1832, Governor Stevens T. Mason appointed him a member of the commission to locate the county seat of Berrien County. July 5, 1836, President Jackson again recognized his ability by making him register of the land office at Ionia, Mich. March 13, 1839, he was appointed major-general of the Michigan militia, and on April 16 of the same year he was promoted to brigadier-general of the Michigan State Guards. July 12 of the same year Governor Mason honored him with a place on the Board of Regents of the University of Michigan. In the year 1840 he was examiner of cadets at West Point. Governor Shannon of Ohio selected him in 1848 to become associate judge of Lucas County, Ohio.

It is very evident that he must have been a man of intelligence, executive ability and great physical endurance to have filled all those positions so acceptably and kept his own business running at Tecumseh.

In 1833, when Mr. Owen, the Indian agent, located where the city of Chicago now stands, came hurriedly through this country spreading the news that the Sac and Fox Indians under Black Hawk were on the war-path, General Brown assumed command of the Eighth Michigan and led them westward by rapid marches. The prompt action of the militia of the several States alarmed the Indians and they retired.

When the trouble came on regarding the boundary line between Ohio and Michigan in 1835, General Brown again organized the men of lower Michigan and



forced the Ohio men to desist until the Federal Government could adjust the matter.

Very soon after the first company of settlers arrived, Musgrove Evans, at the suggestion of General Brown, surveyed and laid out the village plat. He laid out the village into squares of 24 rods each. Each square was divided into eight lots and each lot was 6 by 12 rods.

In the summer of 1825 General Brown built the first frame house. It was located on the corner lot bounded on the north by Chicago Street and on the west by Maumee Street. This was conducted as a tavern. In 1827 the general sold his frame house to James T. Bolland and erected what was long known as the Peninsular house in Brownville. As early as the fall of 1824 Wing, Evans and Brown erected a saw mill, which was the most important institution of the embryo village. In 1826 they erected a grist mill, which was also a necessity.

The Michigan Legislature, at the suggestion of General Brown, located the county seat at Tecumseh in 1824. The commission appointed ordered set apart for the public benefit four parks. A pleasure park on the northwest corner of Chicago and Maumee Streets, a court house and jail park on the southwest corner of Chicago and Maumee Streets, for a cemetery on the northwest corner of Ottawa and Kilbuck Streets, and a military parade park on the southwest corner of Shawnee and Ottawa Streets. They also authorized a bridge built across the Raisin.

For a number of years General Brown owned and resided in the large house on the west side of the road

north of the Brownville bridge. There he entertained many eminent men who came to Tecumseh from time to time. It is said that General Brown plowed the first furrow in Lenawee County. He established a stage coach route from Detroit to Chicago.

One of his sons, Egbert B. Brown, became a brigadier-general in the Union army during the Civil War. One of his daughters married the son of Chief Justice Waite of the United States Supreme Court. When the State Pioneer Society meeting was held February 7, 1878, General Egbert B. Brown wrote a letter to his aged father on "Early Recollections of the Village of Tecumseh." It was read during the session of the society and printed in Vol. II of the *Michigan Pioneer Collections*. It is an exceedingly interesting and valuable historical document.

In March, 1868, the first county historical association was organized. General J. W. Brown was chosen president. Benjamin L. Baxter was chosen secretary. The name adopted was "The Raisin Valley Historical Society."

The reunion of the state and county historical societies was held at Tecumseh, June 12, 1878. F. A. Dewey, Esq., president of the county society, and Hon. John J. Adam, president of the state society, presided. It was a great affair. Several bands enlivened the occasion. The crowd was large, several hundred feet of tables had been prepared. A platform holding 200 people was erected and the old pioneers were seated thereon. General Brown and Ezra Blood were the only men left of the original party who came to this region in June, 1824. They occupied the place of honor

on the platform. General Brown was nearly 85 years old and Ezra Blood was nearly 80. Hon. Perley Mills, Hon. Levi Bishop, Judge C. A. Stacy and Aunt Laura Haviland delivered addresses.

In the Tecumseh *Herald* we read, under the date of December 2, 1880, the following item:

"On the 26th of November General Brown reached his eighty-seventh birthday. The general is in the most feeble state, and we are sorry to say that every day his infirmities increase. Unless some miraculous power intervenes he will probably never survive another birthday. He is in an almost helpless condition, requiring the constant service of Mr. S. H. Niblack to attend him."

In the issue of December 9 we read:

"The venerable General Brown, who has been lying seriously ill at Sink's hotel (now known as the Barrett house, room 24) for several weeks, passed quietly away this morning. The funeral services will be held at the Episcopal church tomorrow, Friday afternoon, at half-past one o'clock. Arrangements have been made to carry out the general's wishes to have the members of his old Toledo Masonic lodge participate in the funeral services."

In the issue of December 15 a lengthy article appears, written by the editor of the *Herald*, S. C. Stacy, regarding General Brown. I quote a few paragraphs from this interesting appreciation:

"General Brown has long been regarded as the foremost man living among the hardy band of pioneers who established the first white settlement of Lenawee county in the summer of 1824.

"In business and social relations he took a prominent and active position. He was a public spirited citizen and the business prominence of Tecumseh in an early day was due in a large measure to his enterprise and management. \* \* \* \*

"He was an original corporator of St. Peter's Episcopal church in this village and donated the lot upon which that church was built. He was selected a vestryman of the parish as organized and also frequently at the annual elections by the congregation afterwards. He was a delegate to the convention called to organize the Protestant Episcopal church in the diocese of Michigan and often represented the parish thereafter in the annual conventions of this diocese. His last appearance in that body was when the present bishop was elected. He received the communion during the last few days of his illness at the hands of his rector in company with his daughter, Mrs. Henry Waite, and his granddaughter, Miss Lizzie Brown, of Toledo, Ohio. \* \* \* \*

"The funeral services were held on Friday afternoon last at St. Peter's church, conducted by the rector, Rev. T. Phelps, and his remains were laid away in the old family lot in our beautiful evergreen cemetery. His ashes repose in his old home, which witnessed the busy events of his early life. May the sod rest lightly on his coffin and may all the citizens of Tecumseh revere the memory of her foremost and earliest pioneer."

Beneath a spreading pine in Brookside cemetery stands a monument about eight feet high surmounted by a cross. On either side are numerous graves. To

the extreme left next to the drive lies the body of the general. By his side lies the body of the noble pioneer wife who died in 1857. The numerous inscriptions on the tombstone reveal something of the sorrows of the family. One son was drowned at the age of six years in 1841. Two sons, aged respectively ten and twelve years, were drowned on Christmas day, 1843. A son grown to manhood, William A. Brown, was killed April 1, 1853, by a robber at Stockton, California.

In personal appearance the general was tall, erect, broad shouldered, weighing in his prime about 200 pounds. His hair was dark. His head large and round and supported by a large neck. He wore a full beard.

In intellectuality he was above the average. He was a reader and a thinker, but the times in which he lived led him to be preeminently practical and a man of affairs. His judgment was excellent and leading men in the nation came to respect his opinions.

He was pleasant and agreeable in manner; he mixed freely with men and enjoyed social intercourse.

He lived a long and useful life. He held at various times many important positions of honor and responsibility. He filled all of them with credit to himself and with entire satisfaction to those whom he served. (From the *Adrian Daily Telegram*, July 5, 1916.)

*first* *just then*

## MEMORIES OF EARLY MARQUETTE

BY MRS. PHILO M. EVERETT

MARQUETTE

**I**T often brightens the present to look back upon the past. In 1851 we looked upon a small number of houses scattered here and there among the pines, mostly built of logs, and one small store, from whence all the necessities to sustain the little community were distributed, mostly in small allowances so that none should fare better than his neighbors, and all depended upon the good or ill success of the forge that was to commence making Bloom iron as soon as the ore could be brought by the sleighs from the mine. That was Marquette.

In the autumn of 1850 the little steamer Napoleon was chartered to bring supplies and, as usual, attempted to do more than she was able to accomplish. Being overladen with freight for upper lake ports she passed by Marquette, hoping to be able to call here with a full load after it should be too late to go further up the lake. There was then no mail communication between this place and the outer world except by boat; consequently there was great fear that we should be left without food for man and beast. November came with its storms and snows and still no boat came; winter seemed closing in upon us as day after day went gliding by, and all eyes and hearts ached in vainly looking so long and anxiously for the Scootie-nobbie-quon, as the Indians called a steamboat. The first thing in the morning and

the last at night was to cast a long lingering look on the sea of waters and then turn away with a sickening fear that there was but little hope that relief would ever reach us but every prospect that want and famine would soon be in our midst. All business was at a standstill; it was no use to go on with the work, for everything depended upon the arrival of supplies. December first dawned cold and stormy; all hope seemed gone, and there was nothing now to do but look over our remaining stores to see how long they could possibly be made to last, and how much we could divide with our neighbors. At last it was decided to kill the horses and divide the coarse feed left among the most needy families of women and children, and send the men away through the wilderness.

December 13 and 14 dawned mild and hazy and hope revived a little. The morning of the 15th I fancied I saw a faint smoke now and then through the haze and we watched it long and anxiously. My breakfast remained untasted, and when fully convinced it was the smoke of a steamer I told two young lads they might go out and shout propeller! propeller! as loud as they pleased, and then every home sent out its inmates to swell the cry. Men shouted and swung their remnants of hats, women tore off and waved their aprons, and the little feet that were bare for the want of shoes that were on that boat danced out in the cold and their owners shouted too. One man whose fine span of horses had given out the day before for want of food, and one of which had been put in an old shanty to die, exclaimed, "Now, if old Bill is not dead I can save him." There is probably no one living in this place now, and



who did not witness this scene, but can imagine the feelings of the crowd that greeted that boat and made the echoes ring with their glad shouts. There on board was the food to fill the mouths of wives and little ones, and warm shoes and clothing to cover their shivering bodies. What is shining gold and silver worth where there is nothing to be had for either? All now was peace and harmony, and plenty covered every board. Nothing unites a community like the sharing of each with the other in joy or sorrow.

January 1, 1851, opened mild and pleasant, but not anticipating New Year's calls I had not spread my table with tempting luxuries but had sat down to think over the happy days spent far away, and of the many friends who perhaps would miss my hospitalities and greetings; when the door of my parlor, dining room and kitchen (all in one) opened and there before me was a group of laughing Indians of all ages, from the brave old Chief Mau-je-ki-jik, and his squaw, to all the little niches and all the members of his tribe he could muster. As the outer door opened, all the other members of my family fled through the inner door and looked through a crack to see how I would receive my callers; but I had no time to arrange a program, for the old Chief rushed up and greeted me with a *kiss*, and all the rest followed his example. One young brave had painted his face to indicate that he was in love, instead of having an engagement ring to proclaim the fact. I cannot tell exactly how the red paint was put on, but I know it was in lines pointing to his heart. His long black hair was braided and hung down the sides of his face, and braided in with it were small brass thimbles strung on a

soiled pink ribbon, and when he moved his head they produced a tinkling sound. The old Chief appeared in his accustomed blanket and embroidered leggings and moccasins, and his wife had on a rather scant broadcloth skirt, elaborately embroidered with porcupine quills and beads. Fortunately I had plenty of good substantial food to set before them, and they all went away satisfied. Of course I felt honored, as I should, that such distinguished guests had put on their best attire to call on me; and if the young brave was in love with himself I can assure you he was without a rival so far as I was concerned.

Later in the day Mr. Jed Emmons, of Detroit, and Mr. R. J. Graveraet and Captain S. Moody called. I had rather suspected that these gentlemen had induced my first callers to pay me their respects but they disclaimed all knowledge of it. Mr. G. informed me that the Indians always made it a point at Mackinac and the Sault to call upon the white people, and probably the fashion had reached us here. Every New Year after that for a number of years I spread the table for them and they never failed to come and "eat salt" with me, and I have always had their friendship and good will. Of all that called upon me that day I know of but one now living. Mr. Emmons was the last of the three gentlemen named above to fall asleep among the orange groves in Florida. Capt. Samuel Moody, for valiant conduct and bravery on the field of battle, was promoted to the rank of Major and received three wounds in the battle of Cold Harbor. After having had half of his left hand shot away he led his company into a second fight and there had his right

arm shot off, when he was carried to the rear, and surrendered to his last enemy, death, in a hospital three days afterwards. Robert J. Graveraet, the social genial gentleman, who gave much time and attention to the early opening of this country and, perhaps, laid the foundation for others to build fortunes upon it, passed from toil into eternity in his early manhood, and his grave is in "our midst." A grateful friend has erected a monument to his memory in our beautiful cemetery. The brave old Chief sleeps with his fathers in an unknown grave, and of him much in praise could be said, but I must now leave him and conclude this paper.

I am going to close with a letter written by my husband, Philo M. Everett, to his brother at an earlier day, which is not without interest:

Jackson, November 10th, '45.

Dear Brother:

Since I have returned from Lake Superior Charles (Charles Johnson) tells me he promised to let you know all about my excursion there, which he wishes me to do, so I will undertake to.

I left here the 23rd of July last and returned the 24th of October. I had some talk about going up there last winter, but did not think seriously of going until a short time before I left. It was with a good deal of trouble that I could get any one to join me in the enterprise but at last I accomplished it by forming a company of thirteen. No one can make a location in the mineral district without a permit from the Secretary of War. We had seven permits and I was appointed treasurer and agent to explore and make locations.

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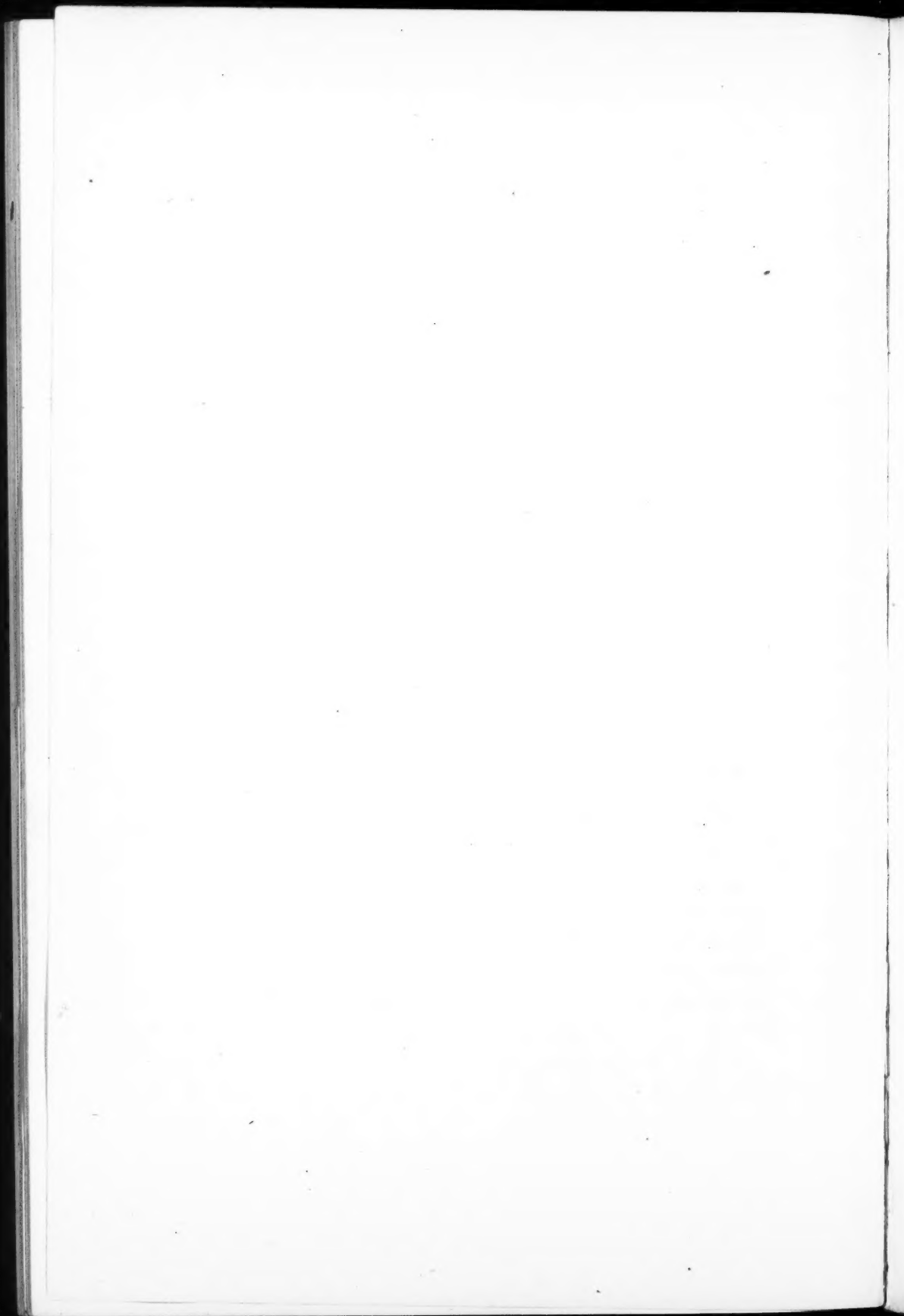
I took four men from Jackson, Mich., and hired me a guide at the Lake Superior; bought me a boat and coasted up the lake to Copper Harbor which is over 300 miles from the Sault Ste. Marie. There are no white men on that lake but those who go there for mining purposes. I was most of the time with Indians and those of the wildest nature.

We incurred much danger and hardship. The lake is one of the most boisterous in the world. I have seen it when our sails would not flop and in fifteen minutes blowing a gale and the seas in a few moments more running as high as a house; and that is what makes it so dangerous for small boats to navigate. There are many bays to cross and some places the rocks are perpendicular for many miles and no landing at all. If a small boat is caught here in one of those common, but severe, squalls it must be lost or ride out the gale. We have often been wet for days together. When we left the shore to explore we took one blanket each, and what flour and pork we could carry, and we were obliged to go ahead rain or shine, for our provisions were stented for so many days, and we found ourselves short many times. I passed one day fourteen swamps, and we could scarcely ever cross a swamp with dry feet, and at night lay on the ground.

When we were coasting, sometimes we had land for our beds, at others gravel, or cobble stones, and sometimes the soft side of a rock. Once, I remember, we lay on the rocks near the shore and in the night the wind blew the water up the rocks to us and our beds of rock, as well as our backs, were found in the morning to be in the water.

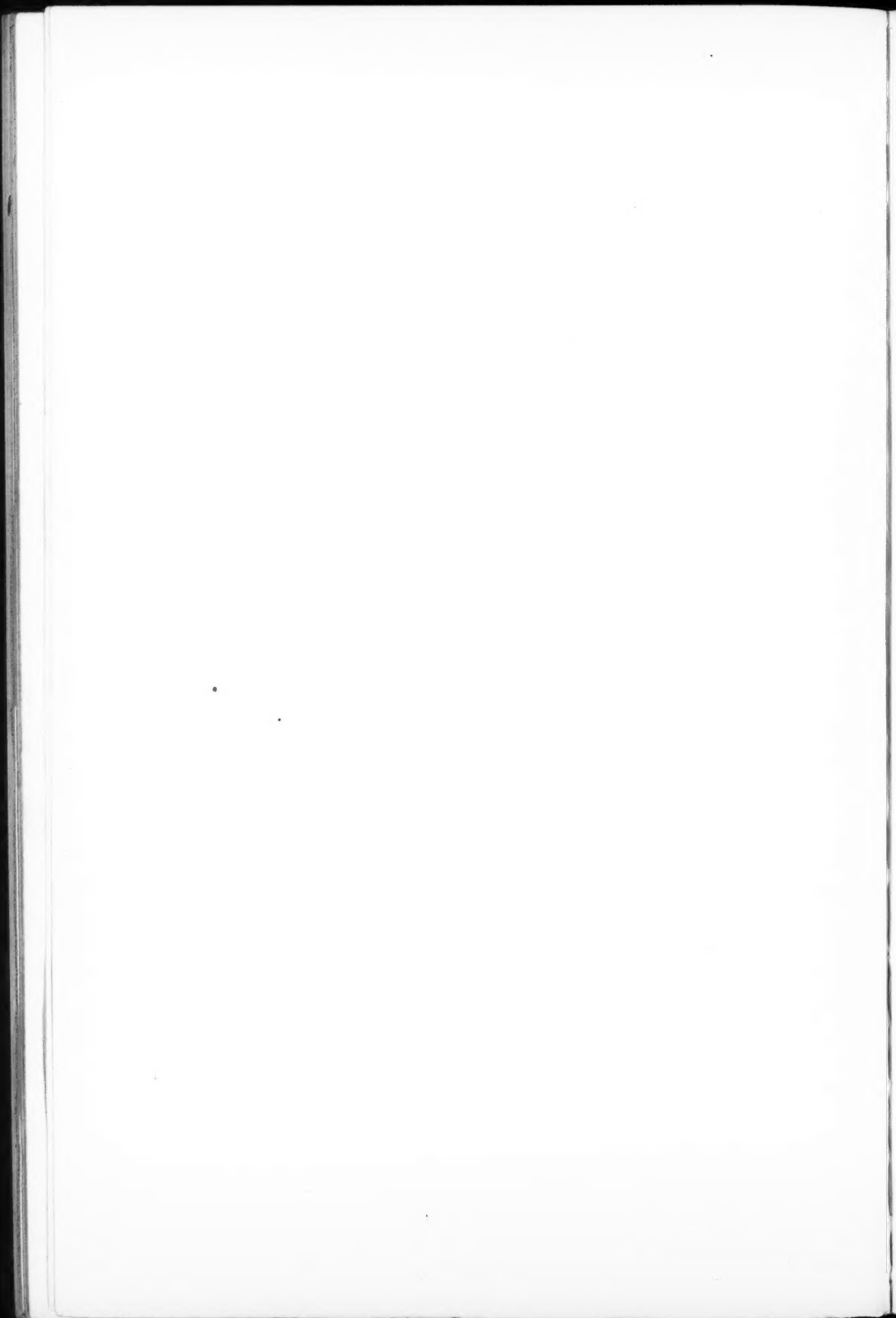
We found many curiosities, many good agates, and we made several locations; one we called iron at the time. It is a mountain 150 feet high of solid ore, and looks as bright as a bar of iron just broken; but since I have returned home it has been smelted and produces iron and something else, some say gold, and some say gold and copper. I have a breast-pin, and the best of judges cannot tell the difference from the best of gold; at all events, it is creating a great excitement here and in Detroit. What it will amount to I am not able to say. I have 200 shares. Shares are held at \$50.00 but none offered at that. I am not anxious to sell until it is thoroughly tested. If there is good in it I can make a handsome property out of it.

We have other locations of copper. All locations are one mile square. We will send a company of men up in the spring to make other locations. Our half-breed Indian is still in our employ, with lots of other Indians this winter. I think there is no doubt but that we shall have one location of lead and silver in the spring. We had not time to survey it out this fall. Our company is called the Jackson Mining Company. We have had several letters from the Brokers in Wall Street, New York, applying for shares in our company. One man in New York owns twenty-five shares in the company. I send you a plat of our company. I have promised Charles five shares. The copper fever rages here more than any other.



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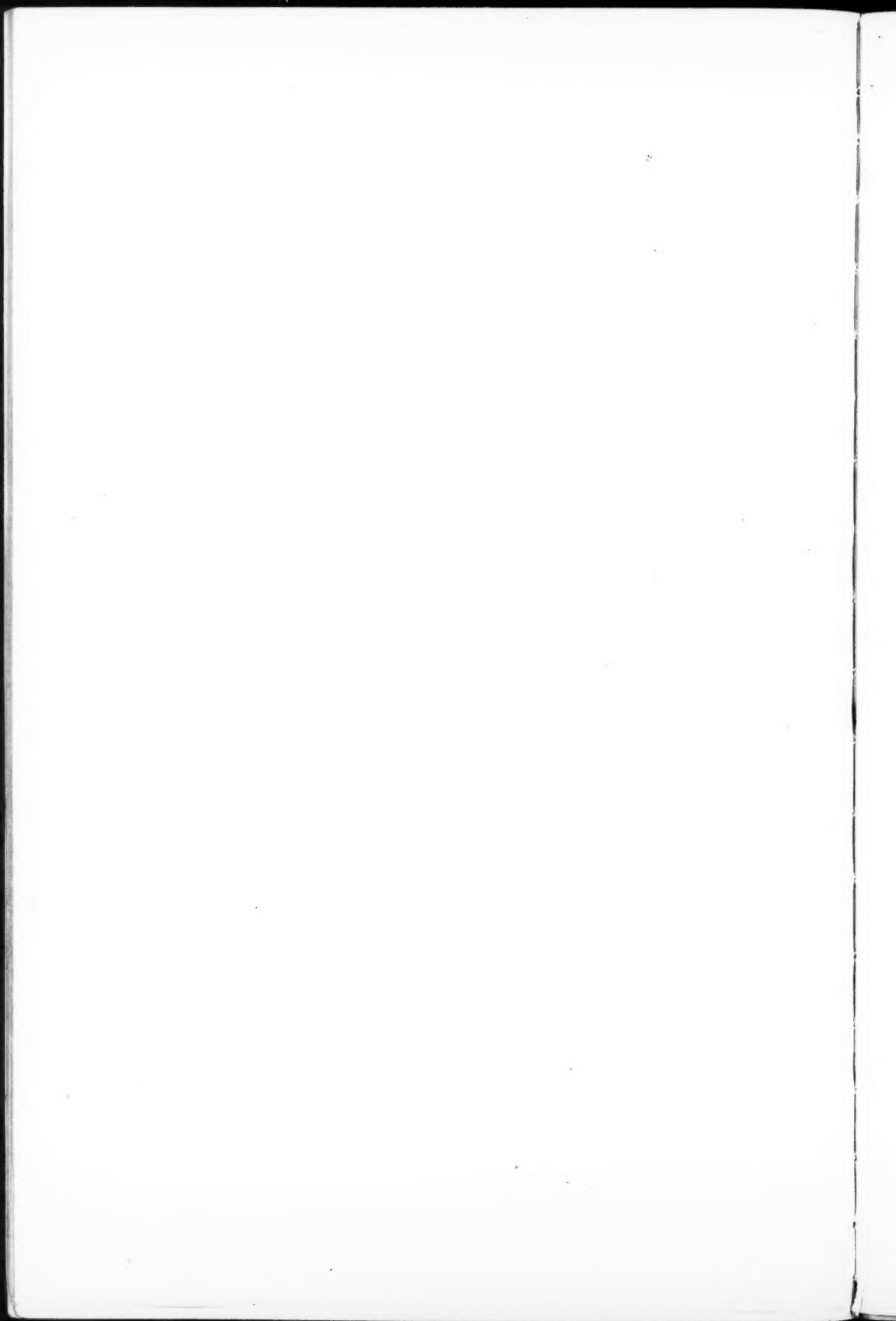
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